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THE GOLDEN BOOK^{*} MAGAZINE

VOL. IX

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No. 51

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Who's Who in the Golden Book



IN 1892, at the age of thirty-four, Richard Harding Davis was born. He was the idol of school boys; all journalists were trying to write like R. H. D.; he lived the dream of some, reading in hammocks. He was young, handsome, and dashing, and he transferred his adventurous life into swiftly recording prose.

Already he had written *Gallegher: A Newspaper Story* as the fruit of reporting experiences in his home town, Philadelphia. He had been a reporter in New York, and had traveled all over the country, perfecting an already almost-perfect reportorial sense. He had been to England, and had caught the brilliant pageant of the end of the century in *Our English Cousins*. He had been to Cairo, and been disgusted by the rouged face of a corpse in Greece. Later, in Paris, although he denounced its Yvette Guilbert and the Moulin Rouge, he turned its brilliance into prose as brilliant. Then came Central America in 1895, and the publication of *Soldiers of Fortune*.

Through a rapid succession of colourful experiences and to a chorus of growing acclaim he moved from Moscow to Hungary; from there to Cuba, and then to Greece to report a war. Here he earned the title of "war correspondent" which sent him to Cuba again in 1898 at the outbreak of the war with Spain. Here R. H. D. had some of his greatest adventures, performed some of his bravest deeds, and wrote some of his best articles. Nothing he was ever to do again—except for a sudden flaming up in 1914, at Vera Cruz and in Belgium—was to come up to the glory of these hours. He died in 1916.

Gallegher, The Bar Sinister, A Walk Up the Avenue, all of which we have reprinted, show Mr. Davis at his lightly moving, effortless best. Even more than a chronicler of a period, he was a teller of good yarns for all time.

Even the finest and most agreeable women, such as those with whom I have been careful to surround myself in my domestic existence, are monsters of cruelty.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

WHETHER YOU ALWAYS agree with him or not—and in the above statement he does seem to be carrying things a bit too far—you realize, after reading much of Arnold Bennett, that he knows women. He writes about them, directly and indirectly, with certitude. His Elsie of *Riccyman Steps*, his Constance and Sophie of *The Old Wives' Tale*, his Mary of the high hand are convincing, revealing studies of the feminine heart and mind.

Ernest Arnold Bennett came to London in 1888 from North Staffordshire, a raw boy of twenty-one whose literary tastes were confined to Quida and boys' serials. His career started in a solicitor's office at six shillings a week, and his first literary effort was entitled "How to Draw Up a Bill of Costs." From there he went to the editorship of the magazine *Woman*, and soon became established as a literary critic. Then, in 1892, his first novel, *A Man from the North*, was published, and with the excess of the profits over the cost of typewriting he bought a new hat. Encouraged by this, perhaps, he thenceforth abandoned journalism and devoted himself to literature.

He has produced innumerable novels—some, so he says, for fame, some for fun, and some for money. He has written a dozen plays, an autobiography, articles, essays, and such treatises as *Married Life*, *Mental Efficiency*, and *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*. His first novel to earn recognition was *Anna of the Five Towns* (1902), and fame followed with the publication of *The Old Wives' Tale* in 1908, and *Clayhangers* in 1910. *Mr. Prohack* and *Riccyman Steps* widened and deepened this fame.

Reading a story of Arnold Bennett's, said C. Lewis Hind, is "like buying goods at an old-established, reliable London shop. Whatever you purchase—shirts, braces, or collars—you know that they will be the best material and the best workmanship, honestly made . . . and the buttons will never drop off."



ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE to you Skippy Skinner, the all-American boy, who makes his first appearance in the GOLDEN BOOK this month. Skippy is in reality only the seven or eight years old that he looks—for Percy Crosby did not conceive the idea of a Skippy until he returned from the War and began contributing to *Life*, where Skippy and his friends first appeared. Since then, the leading illustrated magazines, and newspapers from coast to coast and throughout the world have made Skippy and his creator household words.



BESIDES BEING AN associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*, Frederick Lewis Allen finds time to write magazine articles, stories, and skits such as "Wanted: An Income Taximeter," and we are glad that he does. Mr. Allen was born in Boston in 1890. He graduated from Groton and Harvard, the *Atlantic Monthly* staff, teaching, war-work, the secretaryship of the Corporation of Harvard University, and finally, according to his own confession, he graduated also

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from New England. Since 1923, when he joined the staff of *Harper's*, he has been a confirmed New Yorker.

For thirty years French literature was dominated in the eyes of all the world by the fame of Anatole France. Although his influence declined in the last period of his life, the value of his art was still widely recognized. His ideas were questioned, but not his style nor the services rendered by him to the language. In his old age he was revered as a genius and a patriarch.

THESE ARE STRONG WORDS for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is not noted for its effusiveness. But then, there is something so indisputable in the quality of Anatole France's writing—in his lucidity of thought and charm of expression—that readers who know his work are not surprised to find even the *Britannica* expanding a bit.

Anatole France, whose real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault, grew up around his father's bookshop—one of those old bookshops which exist no more, where literary men gathered of an evening to discuss all manner of things. He began his literary career writing publisher's puffs, weekly criticisms in the *Univers Illustré*, and a little poetry, to amuse himself. He was thirty-seven before he published his first ambitious piece of prose writing, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), which was immediately acclaimed.

During the next forty years, however, Anatole France wrote a great deal, and he was always genial, graceful, and profound without being dull. Among his best known books are several volumes of pungent, well-fashioned short stories; *Thaïs*, an historical and philosophical novel; *Les Dieux ont Soif*, a novel of the French Revolution; *Le Lys Rouge*, a powerful study of jealousy in high society; the delicious satire *L'Île des Pingouins*; and the ironic comedy *Crainquebille*.

In 1896 he was elected to the French Academy, and from then until the time of his death in 1924, honours continued to be heaped upon him.

STACY AUMONIER died last Christmas, at the age of 41, having achieved a literary reputation of the quiet kind which seems likely to endure. In a handful of books he proved himself a master of dramatic and amusing situations—such as that in which Miss Bracegirdle finds herself—which he built up and unraveled with rare speed, charm, and humour. Mr. Aumonier began to write in 1913. Before that time, he had won considerable attention as a decorative designer and landscape painter, and his original skits, given in person, made him a huge success at London parties. His books include three novels—*Olga Bardel*, *Justice Outside*, and *Heartbeat*—and three or four collections of short stories—*Three Bars' Interval*, *The Love-a-Duck*, *Odd Fish*, and *Miss Bracegirdle and Others*.

THE AMERICAN KIPLING," "The American de Maupassant," "The American Gogol," "The Y. M. C. A. Broccaccio," "The Homer of the Tenderloin," "The Twentieth Century Haroun-Al-Raschid," "The Bret Harte of the City," "The Little Shop Girl's Knight," "The Greatest Living Writer of Short Stories"—these were some of the titles showered upon William Sydney Porter, alias O. Henry, by a world which wasted no time in taking him to its heart.

O. Henry turned out more than two hundred and fifty stories in the ten years during which he wrote. This was an average of one story every two weeks—a record not to be beaten by many other short-story writers of far less claim to fame. For O. Henry, with all his faults—and he has serious defects as a writer of real literature—did write many stories whose adroit unexpectedness and appealing human quality have dug their way deep into the American heart. Then, too, he set a pattern and a fashion in short-story technique which hundreds of writers since have followed.

O. Henry was born, bred, and somewhat educated in a small North Carolina town, from which he set forth

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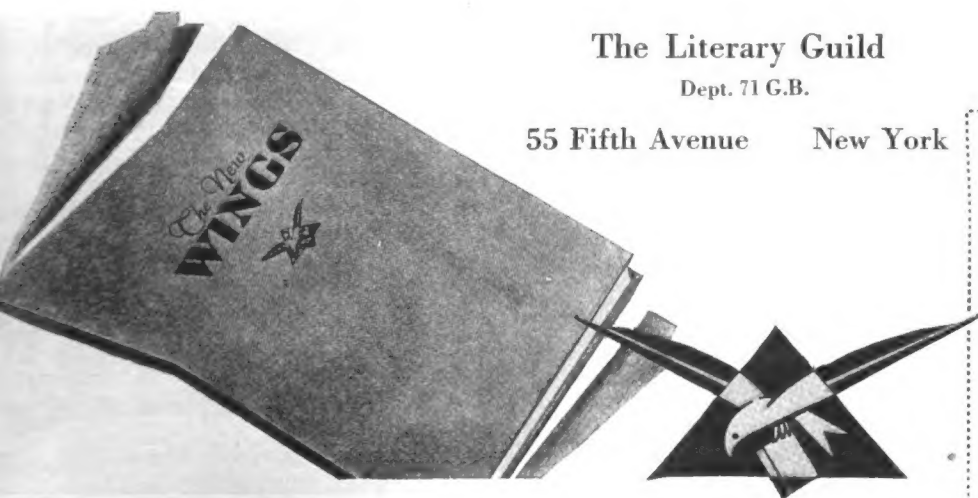
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at the age of twenty-one—a drug clerk without literary aspirations—for a ranch in Texas. But he made an indifferent rancher, and soon moved on to Austin, where he was successively land-office clerk, editor, and bank-teller. Convicted of embezzling bank funds, although there is now no doubt that he was innocent, he spent three years in prison. Here he began to write. After his release he went to New York and continued to produce stories at great speed until the time of his premature death in 1910.

ARKADYI TIMOFEOVITCH AVERCHENKO was a clerk in a Sebastopol shipping office, then a coal-mine worker. He was founder of the sparkling Russian weekly, *Satiricon*, and author of a score of volumes which have been translated into many languages—although only a few scattered stories have appeared in English. Averchenko's art is distinctly Russian, but his airy little satires, such as "The Legend of the Old Lake," stand out pleasantly against the more sombre literature which we are apt to associate with the name of his country.

SUDDENLY AND INTENSELY the art of the woodcut—almost forgotten since the introduction of the photo-engraving process forty years ago—has come back to life. Woodcuts now loom on every side: in books, in advertisements, on Christmas cards. In view of this renaissance, Mr. Ernest Knaufft has traced for us the development of woodcutting since its early days, and he complains that he has not been able, in the small space allotted, to cover one-half of the important facts. The family history of the woodcut is long and fascinating.

Mr. Knaufft is an artist and teacher of art as well as a writer on art subjects. He has taught at the Chautauqua Summer School, and was for many years Director of the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts. He has taught at Princeton, Purdue University and the New York School of Design; has edited *The Art Student* and *The Little Artist*, contributed regularly to the *International Studio* and other magazines, and written a book entitled *Drawing for Printers*.

WING-COMMANDER HONOURABLE MAURICE BARING, O. B. E. 1918, was born in 1874, the fourth son of Lord Revelstoke, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He entered the diplomatic service in 1898, and spent the next five years in Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. In 1904 he resigned and went to Manchuria as war correspondent for the *London Morning Post*. Following this he acted as special correspondent for the *Post* and *Times* in Russia, Constantinople, and the Balkans. During the World War he wrote special dispatches,

and held many other distinguished posts. He published steadily during these years a wide variety of books—a complete list of which would take at least three inches of type here. They include poetry, plays, novels, essays, comment and travel books. "Rehearsal" is representative of his graceful talent.

I can claim for these short stories of Leonard Merrick that each, by its perfection of form and the sincerity of its making, takes rank as a work of art. In none is there a word too little or a word too much. Everywhere one sees evidence of the pain through which the soul of the artist has passed on its way to the joy of creation. Everywhere is seen the firmness of outline which only comes by conviction of truth and the light and shade which is only attained by a man who loves his craft.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

NOT LONG AFTER MERRICK began to write—about 1900, in London—one after another of his fellow craftsmen discovered him. They were not quiet about their discovery, and in 1918, when a complete edition of his works was published, they fought heartily for the honour of writing prefaces to each volume. Among those who finally did so were Sir James Barrie, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, William J. Locke, A. Neil Lyons, William Dean Howells and Maurice Hewlett.

Mr. Merrick is a sensitive little man, whose chief pleasures are reading other persons' novels and seeing other persons' plays. He likes to write about actors and journalists—he has been both. He also has a predilection for artists and poets—he is both an artist and a poet. The books of his which we like best are *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, *The Man Who Understood Women*, *A Chair on the Boulevard*, *The Actor-Manager*, and *To Tell You the Truth*.

WHEN RICHARD HARDING DAVIS was in London in 1892, he once sat opposite a strange, ugly man with a bleating voice and a thousand affectations. It was Oscar Wilde—no longer the Oscar of the early days of the æsthetic movement, clad in velvet, long-haired, surrounded with an aura of peacock feathers, lilies and blue china, but a correct dandy whose paradoxical and biting wit made him both courted and feared by English society.

Said Mr. Wilde to Mr. Davis, "So you are from Philadelphia, ah, yes! The city in which Washington is buried."

"Nonsense," said Davis cheerfully. "he's buried at Mount Vernon." Now, in 1892, people did not say Nonsense to Mr. Wilde, however carelessly. A moment later, Mr. Wilde said, speaking of a certain artist:

"Do let's hear what Mr. Davis thinks. Americans talk so amusingly of art."

"I never talk about things when I don't

WHEN "forty - fives" swung from every hip and ham and eggs cost three dollars a plate—not so long ago; when any lad with a good, broad back could ship on a privateer and get paid for committing murder—only a few years back—books were not popular. The children had them for school. But a boy ceased to be a child at fourteen. Adventure—in person—stood at every corner. There was no need to read about him.

Today he is harder to find, —in person,—but much easier to find in books. Today we take our Adventures sitting at ease in a comfortable chair with cigarettes or candy within reach. Today we let the story tellers bring Adventure to us.

Life has changed; less blood is shed; instead of shooting or strangling we take our grievances to court. But the call of wild, far places, of border lands unconquered, of endless horizons and uncharted seas continues to pound in our ears. We are all adventurers at heart, all lovers of a well-fought fight, all worriers of strength and courage and daring.

Who writes your Adventure for you? Who gives you the thrills that are missing from real life? Have you ever read any Joseph Conrad? Have you met any of his friends? The people who move his books are his "friends" rather than his "heroes". They are not all handsome, noble and fearless—but they are all real. They are real because a great many of them actually lived. Conrad met them when he was a sailor. All the things they do are true—because he saw them done.

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Joseph Conrad. One of them says that he envies people who have not read Conrad—because they can experience that supreme pleasure which can never be his in its full power again—the pleasure of reading Conrad for the first time.

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before you spend a penny, if these Adventures are the kind that you enjoy.

YOUTH contains three short novels: *Youth*, *Heart of Darkness* and *The End of the Tether*. A ship burns to the water's edge; the horror of unknown Africa and the terrible heat of the tropic sun undermine the white man's stamina; the traditions of the sea war against white greed and Malay superstition.

TYPHOON takes you through a hurricane and mutiny. Seamen and literary critics the world over unite in calling this the greatest sea tale ever written.

THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS is a true, colorful picture of ships and the men who ran them—"As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail, or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to the westerly gale!"

THE ROVER is a salty yarn of the days of "wooden ships and iron men". Love, intrigue and battle in the time of Nelson and Trafalgar. Conrad's last published work. Issued almost at the moment of his death, before its well earned fame could reach his ears.

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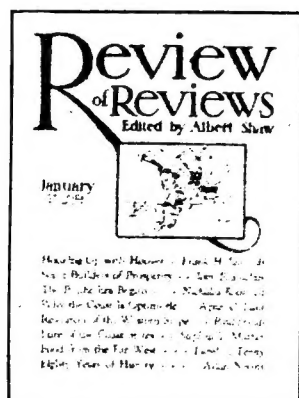
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know the facts," Davis replied. For a moment Mr. Wilde was silent; then retorted, "That must limit your conversation fearfully." There are at least a hundred anecdotes of this sort about Mr. Wilde.

His whole name was Oscar O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. He was born in Dublin in 1856. His father was a famous Irish surgeon and his mother was a poetess. Wilde was a brilliant student, both at Trinity College and at Oxford, but his fame was to be far more colourful than that of a scholar. Before he left Oxford he had become the head of the "aesthetic movement" which was to sweep the country. And while his effeminate poses, the chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, and his "too-too" costumes earned him duckings in the Cherwell, and much hearty dislike, soon after he left Oxford for London he had become one of the outstanding personalities of his day. In 1888 *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* appeared, and was greeted with the delight it deserves—as were the clever comedies such as *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* which sparkled with his peculiar wit. *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), *Salome* (1893), and others of his works recognized as brilliant, shocked and disgusted more than they pleased, and helped to earn him ostracism from society. In 1893 his powerful *Bilal of Reading Gaol* was published as the result of two years spent in prison for offending public morals, and from then until his death in 1900 he lived in poverty and exile on the Continent.

RAFANEL SABATINI was born in Jesi, central Italy, in 1875, was educated in Switzerland and Portugal, and now lives in London. He published his first novel, *The Tavern Knight*, in 1904, and has continued to produce since then at the rate of one or more books a year. Almost without exception his stories are historical in setting and romantic in tone, and Sabatini has therefore been called the modern Dumas. And certainly when one thinks of him—as when one thinks of Dumas—one sees a swashbuckling knight, and hears the clash of sword blades. "His Last Chance" is a more whimsical and less bloodthirsty story than most of Sabatini's, but it is none the less delightful for that.

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE comes close in this issue. We refer to the readers who have thought it too long (that they may learn patience), and to those readers who have thought it too short (that they may know when they have had enough), to the *Miyako*, a long Tokyo newspaper. Here a series has been running for thirteen years and is still going strong. The story—*Mountain Pass*, by Nakazato Kaisei—is historical, and can be procured in twenty-five published volumes.



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This being the case—if you have ever thought of joining the club—it does seem sensible to get the facts as to how it operates *as quickly as possible*, and then (if you want to) join before this special “first-book-free” offer expires. This will happen soon; for our membership increased by almost fifty thousand in 1928. So, if you are interested, *mail the coupon now*, before you forget to do so.



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Authors and Books

IT SEEMS AS IF book publishers like nothing so much as an event. . . . It doesn't matter whether it is a new book by a distinguished author or a distinguished book by a new author . . . or the last word about the late war or the first word about the next war. . . . Just so long as it is special enough the publishers are happy. But it makes life pretty exciting for the poor book reviewer. Ours is just one long Fourth of July. . . . Recently a resounding pop was made by Arnold Bennett's latest story. For, needless to say, a new novel by Arnold Bennett is an event. . . . Even when it is a frivolous book in which Mr. Bennett is just having fun. . . . *Accident* is a frivolous book, all right, but it is a good many other things, too. If Mr. Bennett spends chapters describing with relish the *de luxe* appointments of a railroad compartment, he somehow shows you the unchangeable nature of women or the insecurity of life at the same time. . . . And he contrives to make eating a banana as thrilling as the railroad wreck itself—and there is a railroad wreck, a splendid railroad wreck . . . as well as escaping daughters-in-law and pursuing husbands. . . .

ANOTHER EVENT, and as delightful a satire as we have struck in a long time, is André Maurois' *A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles*. On this wonderful island dwell artists, painters, sculptors—all famous—and the Beos—the people who do the work. To André Maurois' considerable skill, David Garnett the translator has added the flavour of his own beautiful English. . . . It is only fair that Mr. Garnett should translate M. Maurois' book, for M.

Maurois translated Mr. Garnett's *Lady into Fox* into French . . . all very tit for tat. . . . We liked, too, the four woodcuts by Edward Carrick. . . . Keep this book for the first day of spring fever. . . .

THE NUMBER of much-thumbed copies of Omar Khayyam's verses in America today, if placed end-to-end, would reach . . . well, probably all the way to Persia. . . . And now Hafiz, Omar's successor and superior in Persian poetry, has at last found his Fitzgerald in Clarence K. Streit, who has rendered him into English Rubaiyat. . . . We like Hafiz better than Omar, who always did seem a bit corpulent to us. . . . His delicacy and music are admirably preserved in the translation, which the Viking Press publishes. . . . Mr. Streit appoints a life of Hafiz, too, and an essay on translating Persian poetry which some one may find helpful. . . .

published by Dutton, and was also the recently-established Book League of America's choice for January.



Arnold Bennett, from a caricature by "Low"

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN is one of those events we were talking about when, somehow, we got sidetracked. . . . It is a first novel, but it has not been dismissed by the reviewers with the usual "promising." . . . Far from it. H. W. Freeman, its author, graduated from Oxford not long ago, and then spent two years as a farm hand in Suffolk, where the scene of the novel is laid. . . . The book has a quiet strength which has earned it such phrases as "an epic of the soil," "huge and unforgettable," with "a slow-moving dignity and beauty akin to nature itself." Some reviewers rank Mr. Freeman with Knut Hamsun and even Hardy . . . which is doing pretty well by a young lad. Henry Holt publishes it, and the Book-of-the-Month Club voted for it unanimously, or something. . . .

QUESTION—What would you do if you were a book publisher and received the following telegram, as did Houghton Mifflin Company recently—"Please rush twenty-five pounds of cod"?

ANSWER—Send twenty-five copies of Rafael Sabatini's *Hounds of God*, of course.

THE STORY OF ISADORA DUNCAN's last years, 1921-1927, as told by Irma Duncan, her adopted daughter, and Allan Ross MacDougall, an old friend, has just appeared. This in spite of the fact that when the manuscript was sent from Russia to the publishers, Covici-Friede, the Soviet Government confiscated three chapters, and Irma Duncan had to smuggle out duplicate copies. . . . Isadora's endeavours to establish a school



A woodcut by Edward Carrick, from André Maurois' *A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles*.

JO VAN AMMERS-KÜLLER, author of *The Rebel Generation*—which in a couple of months of fast selling has earned the title of "the Dutch *Forsyte Saga*"—was herself a rebel in her own generation. . . . At fifteen she was sent away to school for writing a story about love—not a subject for a nice young Dutch maiden to be thinking about. . . . In Holland, being sent away to school is like being expelled from school over here, we are told. . . . *The Rebel Generation* is

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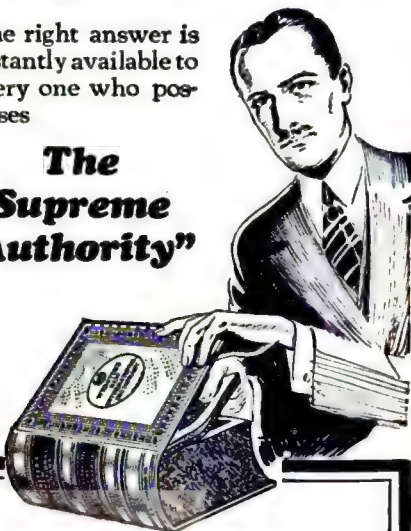
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of the dance under the Soviet, her last marriage, her final American tour and tragic death are all included here in a sympathetic account. . . . The authentic Isadora Duncan flavour—and nothing in the world is quite like it—is given by many of her own letters, notes, and photographs. . . . Horace Liveright is also publishing an account of her tempestuous last years, *The Untold Story*, by Mary Desti, a friend of Miss Duncan. . . .

O. E. ROLVAAG'S LATEST novel, *Peder Victorious*, was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, so to speak. . . . Any successor to *Giants in the Earth* was bound to get off to a good start. . . . But *Peder Victorious* would make its own way to fame if no one had ever heard of O. E. Rolvaag before. . . . It is a story of the struggle between the first and second generation of Scandinavian pioneers to our Northwestern plains, told with great strength, tenderness, and simplicity. . . . Harper's publishes it. . . .

MANUEL KOMROFF has quite won our hearts by collecting into one fat volume *The Great Fables of the World*. And Lincoln MacVeagh, publisher, has done the right thing by it in the way of paper and print—not to mention Mrs. Lincoln MacVeagh's engaging black-and-white illustrations. . . . It has everything in it—from the Sanskrit *Pilpay*, the Hebrew Talmud, and Æsop, to Stevenson, Ambrose Bierce, and Tolstoy. . . . It seems, when you have thumbed its pages through, as though all the wit and wisdom of the world had at one time or another been put into a fable. . . .

A REAL COWBOY HAS gotten himself into the American Institute of Graphic Arts. . . . Ross Santee's book, *Cowboy*, written and illustrated by himself and published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, has been selected by the American Book Illustration Exhibit as one of the twenty-two best illustrated books of 1925. . . .

YOU DO NOT HAVE to be a book collector to enjoy A. Edward Newton's *This Book-Collecting Game*. Some of the most delightful phases of book-collecting are to be found in it, without ever thumbing a catalogue or finding that you have been badly done by sweet old booksellers who look like characters out of Dickens. . . . All you need in order to cherish Mr. Newton is an interest in literature and a delight in charming literary style. . . . One of the nicest things about Mr. Newton is that he discourses about the insides as well as the rarity and format of his books, and accomplishes countless

little essays on literature in the course of chatting about things he loves. . . .

IF YOU WANT to get excited all over again about the *Italia* tragedy, read the two conflicting accounts which were simultaneously published a few weeks ago. . . . Maurice Parajanine in his book, *The Krassin* [The Macaulay Company], gives what seems to be an accurate though certainly a violently anti-Italian account of the affair. . . . while an Italian, Davide

Guidici, in his *The Tragedy of the Italia* [Appleton], sets forth the Italian side. . . . The two books come to grips over several important points . . . such as the finding of Zappi and Mariano, who, with Malmgren who died, had spent weeks on the ice. . . . Parajanine says:

"Zappi was bulky with heavy clothing. He had practically three complete suits. A set of underwear, woolen outer clothing and a fur overcoat were his own. Another overcoat and a pair of heavy stockings had belonged to Malmgren. Finally, he had on Mariano's outer clothing and his stockings; in all, three pairs of stockings and a pair of sealskin boots.

"A low rampart ran along one side of the ice pan, giving a pitiful bit of shelter from the wind. Here lay Mariano dressed in a shirt and a pair of short knee breeches, both very wet. His feet lying on the ice, were without any protection or covering whatever. The temperature was very slightly above freezing."

Guidici says:

"It was Captain Zappi. The valiant navigation officer of the *Italia* warmly wrung the hands that were extended to him, murmured his thanks in a voice choked with emotion, and replied with wave of the hand to the cheers and the waving of hats of the crew who had remained on the icebreaker.

"Others of the rescue party had meanwhile run toward the other man lying on the ice. Behind a hummock and protected by a shallow trench of snow, Captain Mariano was lying in a pool of watery snow, wrapped in a light blanket soaked in water."

Again, Parajanine reports that medical examination showed that Zappi had eaten within five or six days; Mariano not for two weeks. Guidici says nothing of this . . . and, where Parajanine quotes delirious Mariano as saying to Zappi, "When I die you can eat me, but not before"—Guidici omits the significant last phrase. . . .

AN INVITATION into a poet's mind . . . that is what Professor Caroline F. E. Spurgeon of the University of London offers you in her Keats's *Shakespeare*, just



Isadora Duncan, from a drawing by Sugar for *The Untold Story*.

Last night—Richard the Lion-Hearted crushed Athelstane—before my very eyes!

MY friend Walter Scott and I sat breathless. Our eyes were riveted upon three heavily armored knights spurring their great stallions against a single horseman. His shield bore the Spanish word *Desdichado*,—Disinherited.

The *Disinherited Knight* at first seemed a match for his three grim opponents. Wheeling like a hawk he drove his sharp lance viciously against one and then another. Now he plunged at Athelstane the Saxon—now at Front-de-Boeuf the Norman—now at Sir Brian the Crusader. Yet it was clear that against such odds he must soon yield, unless . . .

Suddenly from the other end of the lists, a trumpet blared a shrill note of defiance. From his gaily-flagged pavillion a tall knight on a coal black horse thundered across the field into the fray.

"To the rescue, Black Knight!" yelled the watching thousands.

Straight as an arrow galloped the Black Knight. With such force did he meet



Front-de-Boeuf that their horses recoiled backward on their haunches. Then a flashing sword stroke and Front-de-Boeuf, horse and all, crashed to the ground.

The Black Knight then swerved his rearing charger. In a moment the powerful Athelstane was also crushed, before my very eyes!

The crowd screamed its applause of the Black Knight. Yet none realized that they cheered their true King of England, Richard the Lion-Hearted—secretly returned from The Third Crusade to regain his throne from a treacherous brother! No one guessed that within a few days his traitorous enemies would collapse with the fiery ruins of their own castle—the gray-haired Ulrica perched atop the flaming turret, shrieking her war song like one of the ancient furies!

Tonight I Shall See D'Artagnan Fight Baron Sheffield

The rendezvous is behind the Luxembourg. Dumas will take me there secretly, for Musketeers are forbidden to fight duels. Another night I will see Edmond Dantes dance in delirious joy as he scoops up jewels in the cave of Monte Cristo. Some other evening I will stand with Carlyle in the crowded Place de la Revolution, hushed, while a nation kills its king—or I shall stand beside that arrogant goldsmith Cellini as he disputes with the great Duke.

If your life is not filled with exciting nights like these, I am sorry for you. You are missing a great pleasure which costs you

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that it was printed almost word for word, gave me a good bit of encouragement."

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brought out by the Oxford University Press. Professor Spurgeon in this volume has reproduced much from Keats's own heavily annotated set of Shakespeare, now in the possession of George Armour of Princeton, and has illuminated it by her comments. . . . You learn what plays and poems of Shakespeare Keats liked best, and in his scribbled comments on the margins you can trace the development of Shakespeare's influence on Keats's own writing. . . .

GRACE PERKINS, author of *Angel Child*, had to decide recently whether to play the leading rôle in *All the King's Horses*—which her husband Fulton Oursler wrote, and which is soon to be produced—or to stick to literature. P. S.—Literature got the job, and the Rae D. Henkle Company will publish her new book as soon as it is finished . . . we don't know just when. . . .

YOU CAN'T TELL about Major P. M. Stewart. One minute he may be shark-fishing in the Antipodes, and then if the pesky fish don't bite fast enough, he's off to Africa, where he will go out to shoot antelope and come back, as like as not, with an elephant. . . . All this is faithfully set down in his *Travel and Sport in Many Lands*, published by Doubleday, Doran—a book pleasantly free from the he-man egotism which annoys us in many volumes of this kind, and full of amusing anecdotes instead. . . .

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR visited Yucatan not long ago and came back with a number of drawings and all sorts of anecdotes and opinions about the ancient Mayas. The result is a book called *Across the Gulf*, published by the Alderbrink Press of Chicago. . . . The drawings and woodcuts which illustrate it struck us as excellent—full of the originality and power of the best Mayan art. And if we think the pictures in the book are stronger than the text . . . well, Mr. Seymour is an artist, not an author. . . .



From *Across the Gulf*, by Ralph Fletcher Seymour

JULIAN GREEN is a young American who has been ranked as "the foremost French novelist of his generation." Although both his parents were American, he was born in Paris and never set foot in America until after the War, when he spent several years at the University of Virginia. . . . He writes in French because he thinks in French, although after his visit to America he lost "the European prejudice" against America which had been his till then. . . . His *Voyageur sur la Terre* is shortly to appear

in English under the title *The Pilgrim on the Earth*. It shows what a fuss they make over him in Europe that this book is first being brought out in an edition limited to 350 copies—175 of which are for America—to sell at \$25 the volume. . . . At least that is our idea of having a fuss made over you. . . .

THE ANNUAL HARPER'S \$10,000 Prize Novel Competition is under way again. . . . The winner, to be chosen by Carl Van Doren, Ellen Glasgow, and Jesse Lynch Williams, receives \$2,000 outright and \$8,000 later as a minimum guarantee of royalties. . . . Among the winners of recent years are Margaret Wilson, Anne Parrish and Glenway Wescott. . . . Dust off your typewriters. . . .

THE GROlier CLUB put on an exhibition of children's books in late January that was most engaging. . . . We wanted one of those miniature Bibles, of course, a sixteenth century edition of *Aesop*, a Franklin family primer, the *History of Goody Two-Shoes* (a first edition, 1794), the *Natural History of Beasts*, various books on morals, manners and etiquette. Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, a Cruikshank *Grimm's*, Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, P. Cox's *Brownies*, Kipling's *Jungle Books* and a *Morte d'Arthur* illustrated by Beardsley. . . .

WHY NOT RESIGN your job and become a professional prize-winner? All you have to do is buy Olivia Huebner Dennis's book *How to Win Prize Contests*, issued by Putnam's, and then sit back while frequent checks for \$5,000 come rolling in. . . .

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY is best known perhaps as an admirable translator of Horace, and the author of *Marpessa and To Helen* *Middle-aged*, which have both won Poetry Society of America awards. . . . In *Many Devices*, just published by Appleton, these are gathered together with numerous other pleasant and graceful bits of verse.

WITH EVERYBODY talking about "talkies," as if the end of the silent drama had come, it is a comfort to find some one who knows his cinema and who still thinks as we do that, after all, they are not so much. Cosmo Hamilton says: "I do not believe that even the most perfect 'talkies' will kill the silent film. In my opinion, after their first flush of novelty they will take second place in the programmes of cinema theatres, among the news reels and the 'comics,' and then

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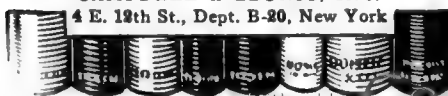


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AND WHILE WE are speaking of movies it seems just the moment to remind you that baths in milk, such as movie-stars delight in, have a very sound precedent. . . . Charles James Fox, celebrated eighteenth century English statesman, while still in petticoats, was once exhibited to a dinner party. Seeing a large bowl of cream on the table, young Charles desired to get into it. Forthwith, the bowl was placed on the floor, and in he hopped . . . which strikes us as extravagant, if not a trifle over-indulgent. . . . There are several other examples of Lord Holland's original methods of child-training in Lady Louisa Stuart's *Notes on Jesse George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, published by the Oxford University Press. . . .

ISA GLENN'S *Transport* is an army transport, not the other kind. . . . Her story is about the startling effects on a group of people of three weeks in these rather cramped quarters. . . . This is Mrs. Glenn's fourth novel, and each one receives higher praise from the critics. . . . It is published by Knopf. . . .

SAVE YOUR PENNIES for a copy of the modern version of the *Canterbury Tales* to be brought out next fall by Covici-Friede. . . . William Van Wyck is the editor, and the illustrations are to be by Rockwell Kent. . . .

EMIL LUDWIG is as popular in South as in North America. On Buenos Aires best-seller lists, both his *Napoleon* and *Son of Man* hold honoured places. . . . In fact, Germany ought to be quite jealous of the way the Americas have taken her son to their hearts. . . . Emil Ludwig is forty-seven years old, and has been writing since he was fifteen. His first biography was written when he was thirty. Of his theory of biography-writing, he says:

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From *Père Marquette*, by Agnes Repplier.

IN 1672 A KINDLY little French priest named Jacques Marquette was dispatched into the American wilderness. With five others he navigated Lake Michigan in two bark canoes, cut his way through hundreds of miles of forest, and finally swept down the Wisconsin into the Mississippi. After exploring to within seven hundred miles of its delta, he made his arduous way back as he had come . . . a total distance of two thousand five hundred miles through unknown territory and among hostile Indian tribes. . . . In *Père Marquette*, published by Doubleday, Doran, Agnes Repplier takes these facts of history and biography and without distortion or embroidery makes a moving human story.

THE NEW "SAKI" BOOKS have been brought out by The Viking Press. . . . *When William Came*, a satiric novel, and *The Square Egg*, sketches, plays, illustrations, and a biography of "Saki" (Hector Hugh Munro). . . .

A SMALL BAND of worshippers was nearly always to be found gathered over a showcase in the New York Public Library where lay Lewis Carroll's neat manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland*, with his own amusing drawings—just as he did them for the original "Alice." . . . Nearby lies one of the fabulously expensive first editions. . . . Appleton has a facsimile of this first edition—John Tenniel drawings and all—which would satisfy all but the born collector. . . .

THREE HUNDRED YEARS ago John Bunyan was born, and a special edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is being issued to celebrate the tercentenary. It will be a very nice edition, with special antique paper and reproductions of fourteen of W. Strang's famous Bunyan etchings. Rae D. Henkle is bringing it out. . . .

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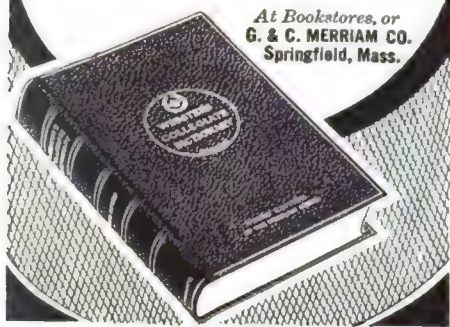
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YOU MAY NOW HAVE the plays of J. M. Barrie in one neat volume on your bookshelf. . . . There are nearly two dozen of them between the covers of the not-too-cumbersome volume of 871 pages which Scribner's, in a kindly moment, has issued. . . . And speaking of Barrie, we note that the British Government has recently bought his birthplace, a cottage at Kirriemuir, Scotland, as a literary shrine for the nation . . . which does not happen so often to a man while he is still alive. . . .

A PRIZE BOOK: Ulrich B. Phillips, professor of American history at the University of Michigan, has been awarded \$2,500, in addition to book royalties, by Little, Brown and Company for his manuscript, *Life and Labour in the Old South*. The judges were James Truslow Adams, Worthington C. Ford, and Allan Nevins. . . . Professor Phillips has already published several books, among them an authoritative volume on *American Negro Slavery*, and is a distinctly prominent gentleman in historical circles. . . .

BOSTON SCHOOLMASTERS in Colonial times had a hard life. . . . They not only had to teach the three R's, but to instill culture in a rude people. . . . Here are one schoolmaster's rules of deportment, as unearthed by Lothrop Stoddard: "Smell not of thy Meat, nor put it to thy Nose; turn it not the other side upward to view it upon thy Plate or Trencher. Throw not anything under the Table. . . . Foul not the napkin all over, but at one corner only. . . . Gnaw not bones at the Table, but clean them with thy Knife (unless they be very small ones) and hold them not with the whole hand, but with Two Fingers. . . ." Mr. Stoddard's book, *The Story of Youth*, is full of good advice such as this, gleaned from the ages. . . .

WE SEE WHY the John Reed Memorial Prize for poetry was awarded to Elizabeth Madox Roberts, although we have never read a poem of hers so far as we know. . . . But we have just finished *Jingling in the Wind*, and our memory of *The Time of Man and My Heart and My Flesh* is excellent. . . . And all three of them are the prose of a splendid

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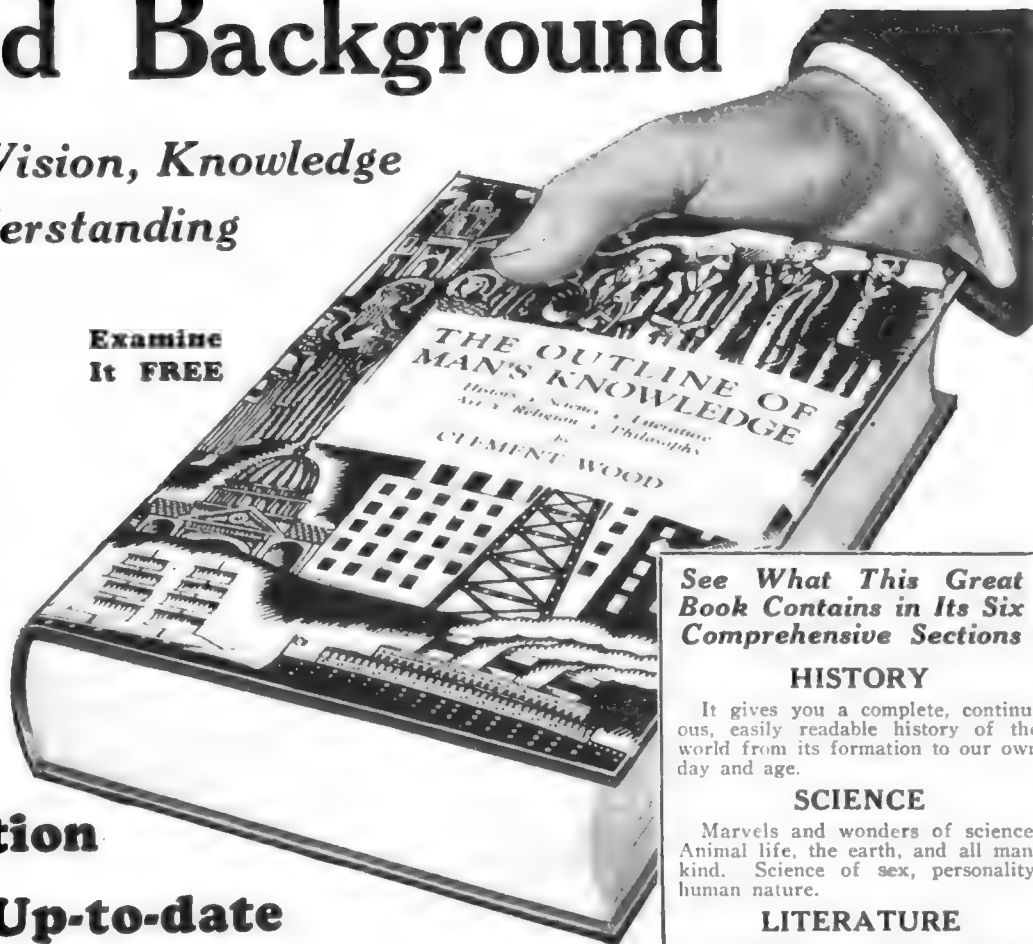
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poet. . . . Her book of poetry, published by the Viking Press, is called *Under the Tree*. . . . *The Time of Man* has just been translated into German by S. Fischer Verlag of Berlin. . . . Just ask for *Seit Menschengedenken*. . . .

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F. F.

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PEACH BLOSSOMS, by Hugo West. Longmans, Green. To be published March 13. Newly translated novel of Argentine peasant life, by a leading South American author.

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THE little ship steams slowly out of the harbor. And no one looks behind as the island vanishes in the noonday haze. It is the Island of Living Dead—Culion.

On the forward deck is a young Filipino mother, her eyes shining at the thought of rejoining children whom she had never hoped to see again. And here's a veteran American soldier—coming home. Here's a boy of twelve, only half aware of the horror he is escaping. These people are lepers who have been cured—lepers not doomed to watch their hands and faces rot slowly away—lepers who are clean.

For leprosy is curable. A year ago General Leonard Wood brought back the news that a single American doctor, H. Windsor Wade, isolated in the Philippine leper colony at Culion, had cured over a thousand of these unfortunates. The general's last public speech before his death was an appeal for funds to aid Dr. Wade in his great fight.

Dr. Wade stands out as one of the true heroes of science. He has sentenced himself to live among people suffering from the most hideous disease known to man. With pitifully inadequate equipment—with but few trained assistants—in the face of apparently insuperable handicaps—he has accomplished miracles.

General Wood asked for two million dollars for this cause. The first million has already been contributed by 15,000 Americans. The bulk of this fund will be used for research work to perfect the cure which as yet is successful only with those in the early stages of leprosy.

There are three million lepers—scattered all over the world. This loathsome disease has even crept into our own country. But now at last, there is hope for these miserable sufferers, for the methods worked out at Culion will be given to the whole world. Such a great cause as this is not charity—it is opportunity. It is a cause to which you will feel proud to have contributed.

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by
**GLENN
FRANK**

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

*"Maps are
a stimulant
to my mind"*



BOOKS, newspapers, magazines, and the ceaseless flow of propagandist pamphlets bring us so many facts, so many opinions, and so many ideas that the job of selection and assimilation becomes yearly more difficult.

Maybe the ancient Greeks thought more because they read less!

I have found that a liberal use of charts and maps helps greatly in finding a way through this modern maze.

No good executive presents to his board a wordy document and a wilderness of figures if he can state his problem with a series of sweeping curves on a graph. Put before a board in graphic form, ideas, policies, and situations that are complex become clear by virtue of the fact that every aspect of the idea or situation is shown at one glance in its relation to the other aspects involved.



When we read, facts enter our minds in single file. And, entering one at a time, many of the facts lose the association with related facts that the writer intended. Some form new and strange associations. Most of them never find their right place, but float about in a muddy whirl until they sink out of sight.

A map or chart gives us all it has at once.

I look at a map of Europe. There is France. There is Germany. There is Russia. There are the new states born from the womb of the World War—Czechoslovakia and the rest. I see them in their relation at one glance. The whole of Europe is one fact to me. I might read a book on France, then on Germany, then on Russia, then on the new states. And Europe might become to me not one fact but a dozen facts

that did not fit together in my mind.

I like books of travel. A good volume on geography fascinates me. But when I want to sense the world as a living organism, I look at a map.

Sometimes books are a sedative to my mind.

Maps are a stimulant to my mind.

✓ ✓ ✓

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Yes, the world we live in has changed . . . changed marvelously for the better.

Have you ever stopped to consider the part advertising has played in this change? Glance over the advertisements in this magazine. How many of the products mentioned are old friends of yours, familiar because you already own them or intend to get them soon! And the articles in your own home. Every one of them, probably, is advertised, either here or elsewhere. *The chances are you first learned of them through the advertisements.*

Advertising is important to you because it keeps you informed of the changes in the world. It tells you of new products, of improved designs and workmanship and materials. It helps you to spend your money wisely and well. It points you to the better things of life.

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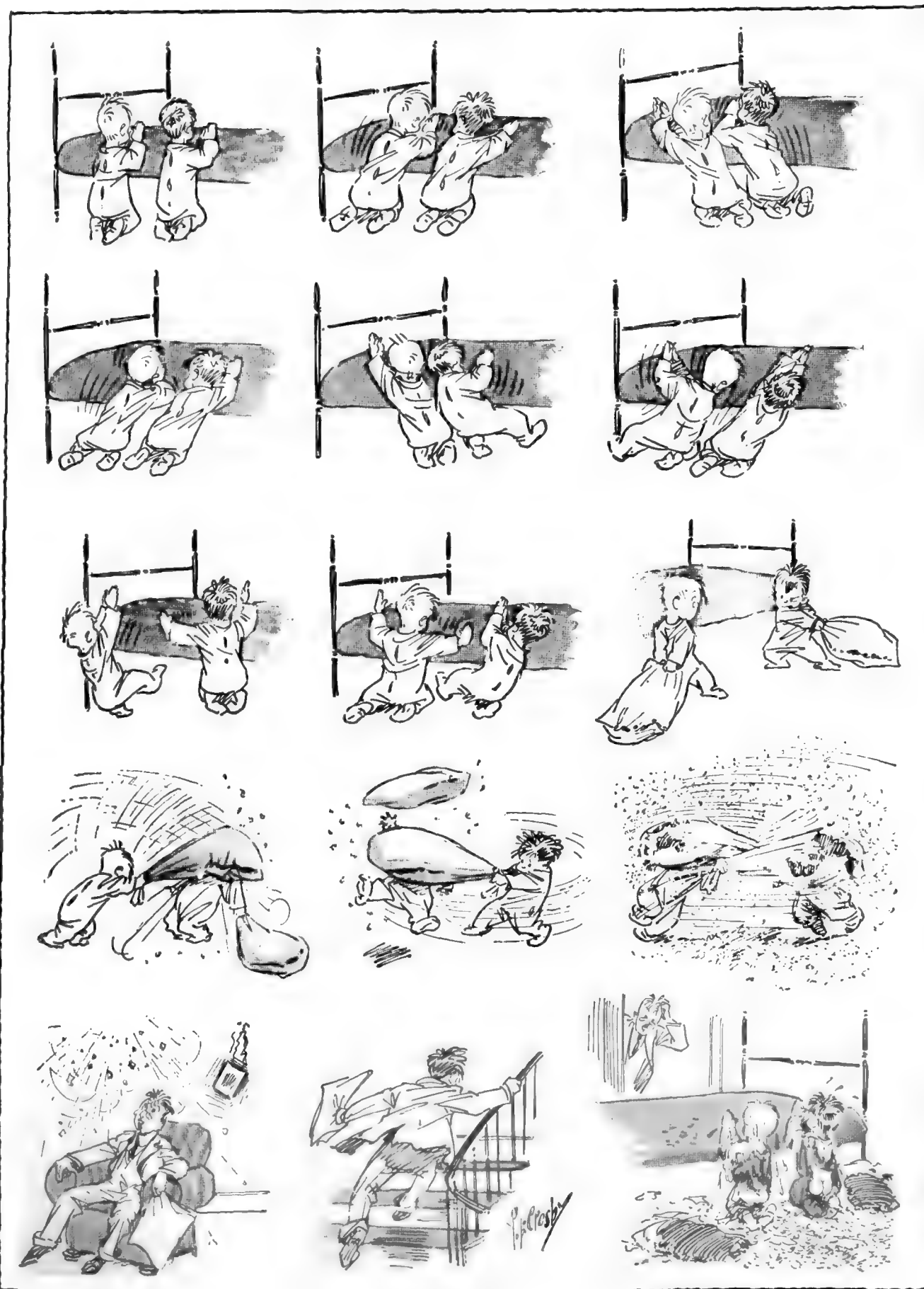
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Skippy's Pal Spends the Night with Him

By PERCY L. CROSBY



The world we live in

TODAY the world is literally at our doors. A spin of a dial, and we listen to the President in Washington, or a football game in San Francisco. From our talking machines the greatest of operatic stars sing to us, the foremost dance orchestras play lively syncopation of our choosing. Our automobiles stand ready to whisk us over smooth boulevards to new scenes. Monday is no longer blue: the family washing is done by electricity; so, too, is the cooking, and the preserving of foods, and the sweeping of floors.

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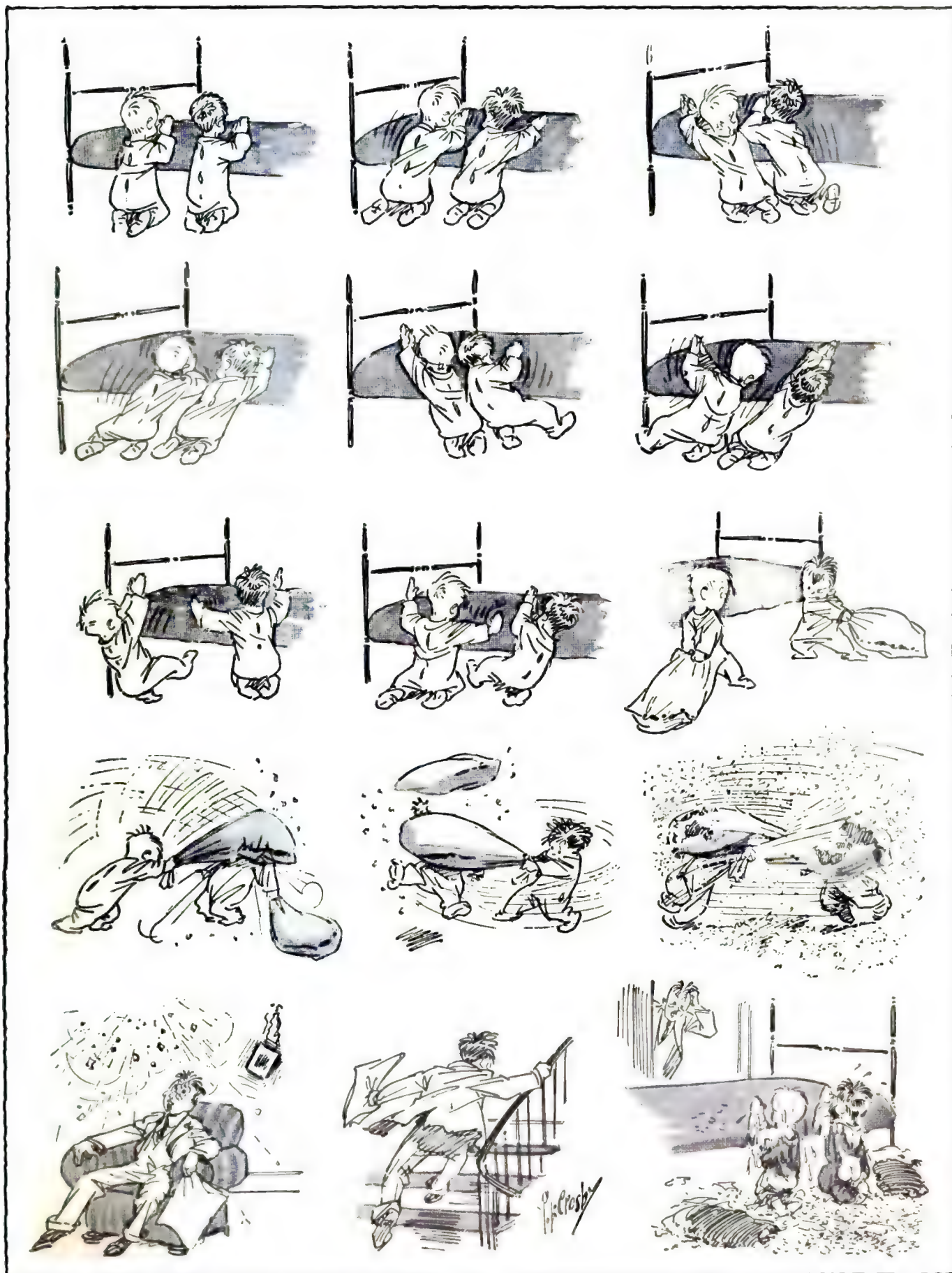
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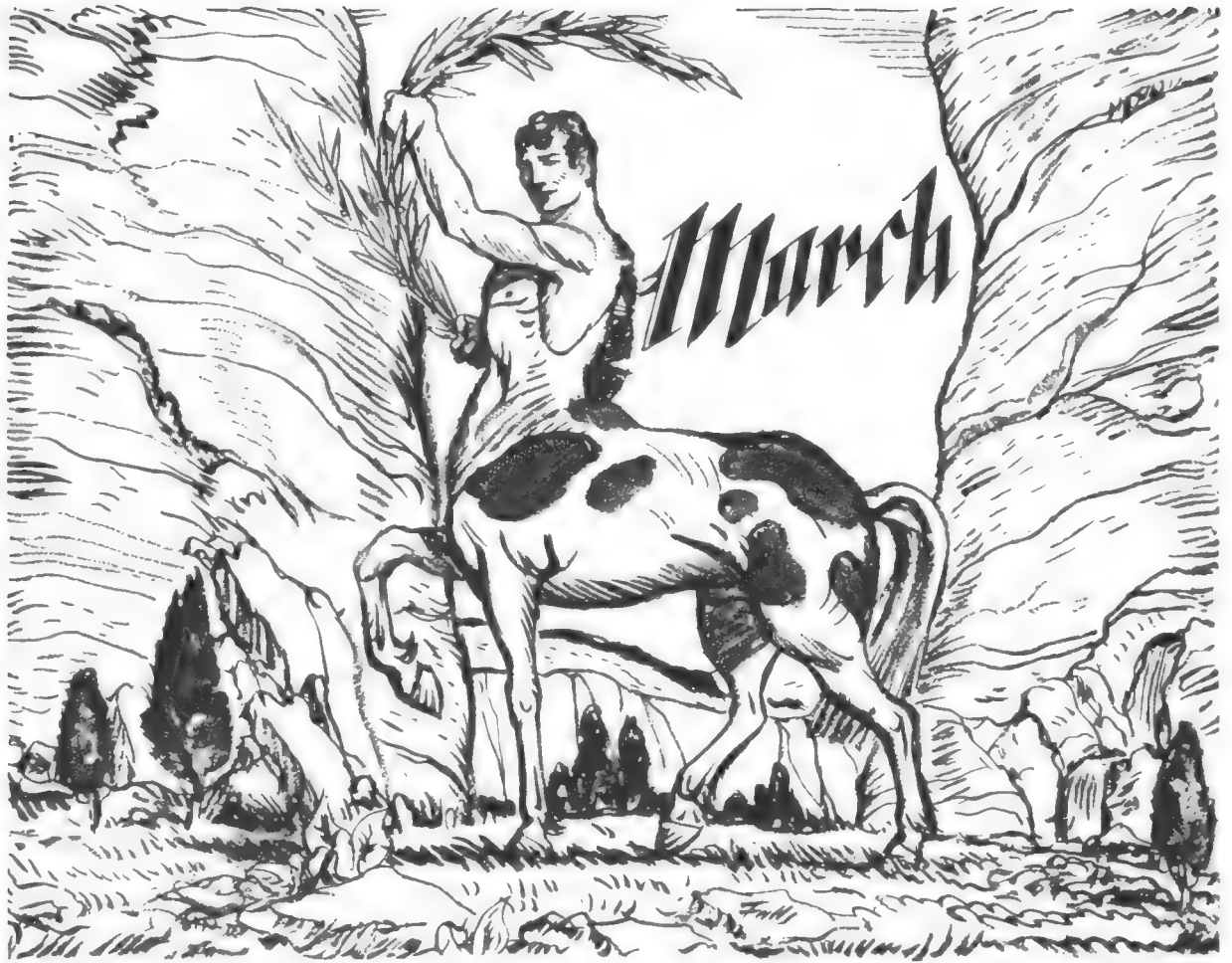
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Drawn by C. B. Falls

The Earth-Child

OUT of the veins of the world comes the blood of me ;
 The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea ;
 The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget ;
 Long ago was I friends with the wind ; I am friends with it yet.

The hills are gray, they are strange ; they breed desire
 Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire ;
 For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,
 And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies ;
 There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies ;
 When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,
 I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the gray-brown streams,
 Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;
 To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they are whirled,
 For my dreams are one with my body, yea, one with the world.

GERALD GOULD.

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 51

Gallegher:

A Newspaper Story

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Richard Harding Davis.

WE HAD HAD SO MANY office-boys before Gallegher came among us that they had begun to lose the characteristics of individuals, and became merged in a composite photograph of small boys, to whom we applied the generic title of "Here, you"; or, "You, boy."

We had had sleepy boys, and lazy boys, and bright, "smart" boys, who became so familiar on so short an acquaintance that we were forced to part with them to save our own self-respect.

They generally graduated into district-messenger boys, and occasionally returned to us in blue coats with nickel-plated buttons, and patronized us.

But Gallegher was something different from anything we had experienced before. Gallegher was short and broad in build, with a solid, muscular broadness, and not a fat and dumpy shortness. He wore perpetually on his face a happy and knowing smile, as if you and the world in general were not impressing him as seriously as you thought you were, and his eyes, which were very black and very bright, snapped intelligently at you like those of a little black-and-tan terrier.

All Gallegher knew had been learned on the streets; not a very good school in itself, but one that turns out

very knowing scholars. And Gallegher had attended both morning and evening sessions. He could not tell you who the Pilgrim Fathers were, nor could he name the thirteen original States, but he knew all the officers of the twenty-second police district by name, and he could distinguish the clang of a fire-engine's gong from that of a patrol-wagon or an ambulance fully two blocks distant. It was Gallegher who rang the alarm when the Woolwich Mills caught fire, while the officer on the beat was asleep, and it was Gallegher who led the "Black Diamonds" against the "Wharf Rats," when they used to stone each other to their hearts' content on the coal-wharves of Richmond.

I am afraid, now that I see these facts written down, that Gallegher was not a reputable character; but he was so very young and so very old for his years that we all liked him very much nevertheless. He lived in the extreme northern part of Philadelphia, where the cotton- and woollen-mills run down to the river, and how he ever got home after leaving the *Press* building at two in the morning, was one of the mysteries of the office. Sometimes he caught a night car, and sometimes he walked all the way, arriving at the little house, where his mother and himself lived alone, at

four in the morning. Occasionally he was given a ride on an early milk-cart, or on one of the newspaper delivery wagons, with its high piles of papers still damp and sticky from the press. He knew several drivers of "night hawks"—those cabs that prowl the streets at night looking for belated passengers—and when it was a very cold morning he would not go home at all, but would crawl into one of these cabs and sleep, curled up on the cushions, until daylight.

Besides being quick and cheerful, Gallegher possessed a power of amusing the *Press's* young men to a degree seldom attained by the ordinary mortal. His clog-dancing on the city editor's desk, when that gentleman was up-stairs fighting for two more columns of space, was always a source of innocent joy to us, and his imitations of the comedians of the variety halls delighted even the dramatic critic, from whom the comedians themselves failed to force a smile.

But Gallegher's chief characteristic was his love for that element of news generically classed as "crime."

Not that he ever did anything criminal himself. On the contrary, his was rather the work of the criminal specialist, and his morbid interest in the doings of all queer characters, his knowledge of their methods, their present whereabouts, and their past deeds of transgression often rendered him a valuable ally to our police reporter, whose daily *feuilletons* were the only portion of the paper Gallegher deigned to read.

In Gallegher the detective element was abnormally developed. He had shown this on several occasions, and to excellent purpose.

Once the paper had sent him into a Home for Destitute Orphans which was believed to be grievously mismanaged, and Gallegher, while playing the part of a destitute orphan, kept his eyes open to what was going on around him so faithfully that the story he told of the treatment meted out to the real orphans was sufficient to rescue the unhappy little wretches from the individual who had them in charge, and to have the individual himself sent to jail.

GALLEGHER'S KNOWLEDGE of the aliases, terms of imprisonment, and various misdoings of the leading criminals in Philadelphia was almost as thorough as that of the chief of police himself, and he could tell to an hour when "Dutchy Mack" was to be let out of prison, and could identify at a glance "Dick Oxford, confidence man," as "Gentleman Dan, petty thief."

There were, at this time, only two pieces of news in any of the papers. The least important of the two was the big fight between the champion of the United States and the would-be champion, arranged to take place near Philadelphia; the second was the Burrbank murder, which was filling space in newspapers all over the world, from New York to Bombay.

Richard F. Burrbank was one of the most prominent of New York's railroad lawyers; he was also, as a matter of course, an owner of much railroad stock, and a very wealthy man. He had been spoken of as a political possibility for many high offices, and, as the counsel for a great railroad, was known even further than the great railroad itself had stretched its system.

At six o'clock one morning he was found by his

butler lying at the foot of the hall stairs with two pistol wounds above his heart. He was quite dead. His safe, to which only he and his secretary had the keys, was found open, and \$200,000 in bonds, stocks, and money, which had been placed there only the night before, was found missing. The secretary was missing also. His name was Stephen S. Hade, and his name and his description had been telegraphed and cabled to all parts of the world. There was enough circumstantial evidence to show, beyond any question or possibility of mistake, that he was the murderer.

It made an enormous amount of talk, and unhappy individuals were being arrested all over the country, and sent on to New York for identification. Three had been arrested at Liverpool, and one man just as he landed at Sydney, Australia. But so far the murderer had escaped.

WE WERE ALL TALKING about it one night, as everybody else was all over the country, in the local room, and the city editor said it was worth a fortune to anyone who chanced to run against Hade and succeeded in handing him over to the police. Some of us thought Hade had taken passage from some one of the smaller seaports, and others were of the opinion that he had buried himself in some cheap lodging-house in New York, or in one of the smaller towns in New Jersey.

"I shouldn't be surprised to meet him out walking, right here in Philadelphia," said one of the staff. "He'll be disguised, of course, but you could always tell him by the absence of the trigger finger on his right hand. It's missing, you know; shot off when he was a boy."

"You want to look for a man dressed like a tough," said the city editor; "for as this fellow is to all appearances a gentleman, he will try to look as little like a gentleman as possible."

"No, he won't," said Gallegher, with that calm impertinence that made him dear to us. "He'll dress just like a gentleman. Toughs don't wear gloves, and, you see, he's got to wear 'em. The first thing he thought of after doing for Burrbank was of that gone finger, and how he was to hide it. He stuffed the finger of that glove with cotton so's to make it look like a whole finger, and the first time he takes off that glove they've got him—see? and he knows it. So what youse want to do is to look for a man with gloves on. I've been a-doing it for two weeks now, and I can tell you it's hard work, for everybody wears gloves this kind of weather. But if you look long enough you'll find him. And when you think it's him, go up to him and hold out your hand in a friendly way, like a bunco-steerer, and shake his hand; and if you feel that his forefinger ain't real flesh, but just wadded cotton, then grip to it with your right and grab his throat with your left, and holler for help."

There was an appreciative pause.

"I see, gentleman," said the city editor, dryly, "that Gallegher's reasoning has impressed you; and I also see that before the week is out all of my young men will be under bonds for assaulting innocent pedestrians whose only offense is that they wear gloves in mid-winter."

It was about a week after this that Detective Hefflefinger, of Inspector Byrnes's staff, came over to Philadelphia after a burglar, of whose whereabouts he had been misinformed by telegraph. He brought the warrant, requisition, and other necessary papers with him, but the burglar had flown. One of our reporters had worked on a New York paper, and knew Hefflefinger, and the detective came to the office to see if he could help him in his so far unsuccessful search.

He gave Gallagher his card, and after Gallagher had read it, and had discovered who the visitor was, he became so demoralized that he was absolutely useless.

"One of Byrnes's men" was a much more awe-inspiring individual to Gallagher than a member of the Cabinet. He accordingly seized his hat and overcoat, and, leaving his duties to be looked after by others, hastened out after the object of his admiration, who found his suggestions and knowledge of the city so valuable, and his company so entertaining, that they became very intimate, and spent the rest of the day together.

In the meanwhile the managing editor had instructed his subordinates to inform Gallagher, when he condescended to return, that his services were no longer needed. Gallagher had played truant once too often. Unconscious of this, he remained with his new friend until late the same evening, and started the next afternoon toward the *Press* office.

AS I HAVE SAID, Gallagher lived in the most distant part of the city, not many minutes' walk from the Kensington railroad station, where trains ran into the suburbs and on to New York.

It was in front of this station that a smoothly shaven, well-dressed man brushed past Gallagher and hurried up the steps to the ticket office.

He held a walking-stick in his right hand, and Gallagher, who now patiently scrutinized the hands of everyone who wore gloves, saw that while three fingers of the man's hand were closed around the cane, the fourth stood out in almost a straight line with his palm.

Gallagher stopped with a gasp and with a trembling all over his little body, and his brain asked with a throb if it could be possible. But possibilities and probabilities were to be discovered later. Now was the time for action.

He was after the man in a moment, hanging at his heels and his eyes moist with excitement.

He heard the man ask for a ticket to Torresdale, a little station just outside of Philadelphia, and when he was out of hearing, but not out of sight, purchased one for the same place.

The stranger went into the smoking-car, and seated himself at one end toward the door. Gallagher took his place at the opposite end.

He was trembling all over, and suffered from a slight feeling of nausea. He guessed it came from fright, not of any bodily harm that might come to him, but at the probability of failure in his adventure and of its most momentous possibilities.

The stranger pulled his coat collar up around his ears, hiding the lower portion of his face, but not concealing the resemblance in his troubled eyes and

close-shut lips to the likenesses of the murderer Hade.

They reached Torresdale in half an hour, and the stranger, alighting quickly, struck off at a rapid pace down the country road leading to the station.

Gallagher gave him a hundred yards' start, and then followed slowly after. The road ran between fields and past a few frame houses set far from the road in kitchen gardens.

Once or twice the man looked back over his shoulder, but he saw only a dreary length of road with a small boy splashing through the slush in the midst of it and stopping every now and again to throw snowballs at belated sparrows.

After a ten-minutes' walk the stranger turned into a side road which led to only one place, the Eagle Inn, an old roadside hostelry known now as the headquarters for pot-hunters from the Philadelphia game market, and the battle-ground of many a cock-fight.

Gallagher knew the place well. He and his young companions had often stopped there when out chest-nutting on holidays in the autumn.

The son of the man who kept it had often accompanied them on their excursions, and though the boys of the city streets considered him a dumb lout, they respected him somewhat, owing to his inside knowledge of dog- and cock-fights.

The stranger entered the inn at a side door, and Gallagher, reaching it a few minutes later, let him go for the time being, and set about finding his occasional playmate, young Keppler.

Keppler's offspring was found in the woodshed.

"'Tain't hard to guess what brings you out here," said the tavern-keeper's son, with a grin; "it's the fight."

"What fight?" asked Gallagher, unguardedly.

"What fight? Why, *the* fight," returned his companion, with the slow contempt of superior knowledge. "It's to come off here tonight. You knew that as well as me; anyway, your sportin' editor knows it. He got the tip last night, but that won't help you any. You needn't think there's any chance of your getting a peep at it. Why, tickets is two hundred and fifty a piece!"

"Whew!" whistled Gallagher, "where's it to be?"

"In the barn," whispered Keppler. "I helped 'em fix the ropes this morning, I did."

"Gosh, but you're in luck," exclaimed Gallagher, with flattering envy. "Couldn't I jest get a peep at it?"

"Maybe," said the gratified Keppler. "There's a winder with a wooden shutter at the back of the barn. You can get in by it, if you have some one to boost you up to the sill."

"Sa-ay," drawled Gallagher, as if something had but just that moment reminded him. "Who's that gent who come down the road just a bit ahead of me—him with the cape-coat? Has he got anything to do with the fight?"

"Him?" repeated Keppler in tones of sincere disgust. "No-o, he ain't no sport. He's queer, Dad thinks. He come here one day last week about ten in the morning, said his doctor told him to go out 'n the country for his health. He's stuck up and citified, and wears gloves, and takes his meals private in his room, and all that sort of ruck. They was saying in the

saloon last night that they thought he was hiding from something, and Dad, just to try him asks him last night if he was coming to see the fight. He looked sort of scared, and said he didn't want to see no fight. And then Dad says, 'I guess you mean you don't want no fighters to see you.' Dad didn't mean no harm by it, just passed it as a joke; but Mr. Carleton, as he calls himself, got white as a ghost, an' says, 'I'll go to the fight willing enough,' and begins to laugh and joke. And this morning he went right into the bar-room, where all the sports were setting, and said he was going into town to see some friends; and as he starts off he laughs an' says, 'This don't look as if I was afraid of seeing people, does it?' but Dad says it was just bluff that made him do it, and Dad thinks that if he hadn't said what he did, this Mr. Carleton wouldn't have left his room at all."

GALLEGHER HAD GOT all he wanted, and much more than he had hoped for—so much more that his walk back to the station was in the nature of a triumphal march.

He had twenty minutes to wait for the next train, and it seemed an hour. While waiting he sent a telegram to Hefflefinger at his hotel. It read: "Your man is near the Torresdale station, on Pennsylvania Railroad; take cab, and meet me at station. Wait until I come. GALLEGHER."

With the exception of one at midnight, no other train stopped at Torresdale that evening, hence the direction to take a cab.

The train to the city seemed to Gallegher to drag itself by inches. It stopped and backed at purposeless intervals, waited for an express to precede it, and dallied at stations, and when, at last, it reached the terminus, Gallegher was out before it had stopped and was in the cab and off on his way to the home of the sporting editor.

The sporting editor was at dinner and came out in the hall to see him, with his napkin in his hand. Gallegher explained breathlessly that he had located the murderer for whom the police of two continents were looking, and that he believed, in order to quiet the suspicions of the people with whom he was hiding, that he would be present at the fight that night.

The sporting editor led Gallegher into his library and shut the door. "Now," he said, "go over all that again."

Gallegher went over it again in detail, and added how he had sent for Hefflefinger to make the arrest in order that it might be kept from the knowledge of the local police and from the Philadelphia reporters.

"What I want Hefflefinger to do is to arrest Hade with the warrant he has for the burglar," explained Gallegher; "and to take him on to New York on the owl train that passes Torresdale at one. It don't get to Jersey City until four o'clock, one hour after the morning papers go to press. Of course, we must fix Hefflefinger so's he'll keep quiet and not tell who his prisoner really is."

The sporting editor reached his hand out to pat Gallegher on the head, but changed his mind and shook hands with him instead.

"My boy," he said, "you are an infant phenomenon. If I can pull the rest of this thing off tonight it will mean the \$5,000 reward and fame galore for you and the paper. Now, I'm going to write a note to the managing editor, and you can take it around to him and tell him what you've done and what I am going to do, and he'll take you back on the paper and raise your salary. Perhaps you didn't know you've been discharged?"

"Do you think you ain't a-going to take me with you?" demanded Gallegher.

"Why, certainly not. Why should I? It all lies with the detective and myself now. You've done your share, and done it well. If the man's caught, the reward's yours. But you'd only be in the way now. You'd better go to the office and make your peace with the chief."

"If the paper can get along without me, I can get along without the old paper," said Gallegher, hotly. "And if I ain't a-going with you, you ain't neither, for I know where Hefflefinger is to be, and you don't, and I won't tell you."

"Oh, very well, very well," replied the sporting editor, weakly capitulating. "I'll send the note by a messenger; only mind, if you lose your place, don't blame me."

Gallegher wondered how this man could value a week's salary against the excitement of seeing a noted criminal run down, and of getting the news to the paper, and to that one paper alone.

From that moment the sporting editor sank in Gallegher's estimation.

Mr. Dwyer sat down at his desk and scribbled off the following note:

I have received reliable information that Hade, the Burr-bank murderer, will be present at the fight tonight. We have arranged it so that he will be arrested quietly and in such a manner that the fact may be kept from all other papers. I need not point out to you that this will be the most important piece of news in the country tomorrow.

Yours, etc.,

MICHAEL E. DWYER.

The sporting editor stepped into the waiting cab, while Gallegher whispered the directions to the driver. He was told to go first to a district-messenger office, and from there up to the Ridge Avenue Road, out Broad Street, and on to the old Eagle Inn, near Torresdale.

IT WAS A MISERABLE NIGHT. The rain and snow were falling together, and freezing as they fell. The sporting editor got out to send his message to the *Press* office, and then lighting a cigar, and turning up the collar of his great-coat, curled up in the corner of the cab.

"Wake me when get there, Gallegher," he said. He knew he had a long ride, and much rapid work before him, and he was preparing for the strain.

To Gallegher the idea of going to sleep seemed almost criminal. From the dark corner of the cab his eyes shone with excitement, and with the awful joy of anticipation. He glanced every now and then to where the sporting editor's cigar shone in the darkness,

and watched it as it gradually burned more dimly and went out. The lights in the shop windows threw a broad glare across the ice on the pavements, and the lights from the lamp-posts tossed the distorted shadow of the cab, and the horse, and the motionless driver, sometimes before and sometimes behind them.

AFTER HALF AN HOUR Gallegher slipped down to the bottom of the cab and dragged out a lap-robe, in which he wrapped himself. It was growing colder, and the damp, keen wind swept in through the cracks until the window-frames and woodwork were cold to the touch.

An hour passed, and the cab was still moving more slowly over the rough surface of partly paved streets, and by single rows of new houses standing at different angles to each other in fields covered with ash-heaps and brick-kilns. Here and there the gaudy lights of a drug-store, the forerunner of suburban civilization, shone from the end of a new block of houses, and the rubber cape of an occasional policeman showed in the light of the lamp-post that he hugged for comfort.

Then even the houses disappeared, and the cab dragged its way between truck farms, with desolate-looking glass-covered beds, and pools of water, half-caked with ice, and bare trees, and interminable fences.

Once or twice the cab stopped altogether, and Gallegher could hear the driver swearing to himself, or at the horse, or the roads. At last they drew up before the station at Torresdale. It was quite deserted, and only a single light cut a swath in the darkness and showed a portion of the platform, the ties, and the rails glistening in the rain. They walked twice past the light before a figure stepped out of the shadow and greeted them cautiously.

"I am Mr. Dwyer, of the *Press*," said the sporting editor, briskly. "You've heard of me, perhaps. Well, there shouldn't be any difficulty in our making a deal, should there? This boy here has found Hade, and we have reason to believe he will be among the spectators at the fight tonight. We want you to arrest him quietly, and as secretly as possible. You can do it with your papers and your badge easily enough. We want you to pretend that you believe he is this burglar you came over after. If you will do this, and take him away without anyone so much as suspecting who he really is, and on the train that passes here at 1.20 for New York, we will give you \$500 out of the \$5,000 reward. If, however, one other paper, either in New York or Philadelphia, or anywhere else, knows of the arrest, you won't get a cent. Now, what do you say?"

The detective had a great deal to say. He wasn't at all sure the man Gallegher suspected was Hade; he feared he might get himself into trouble by making a false arrest, and if it should be the man, he was afraid the local police would interfere.

"We've no time to argue or debate this matter," said Dwyer, warmly. "We agree to point Hade out to you in the crowd. After the fight is over you arrest him as we have directed, and you get the money and the credit of the arrest. If you don't like this, I will arrest the man myself, and have him driven to town, with a pistol for a warrant."

Hefflefinger considered in silence and then agreed unconditionally. "As you say, Mr. Dwyer," he returned. "I've heard of you for a thoroughbred sport. I know you'll do what you say you'll do; and, as for me, I'll do what you say and just as you say, and it's a very pretty piece of work as it stands."

They all stepped back into the cab, and then it was that they were met by a fresh difficulty, how to get the detective into the barn where the fight was to take place, for neither of the two men had \$250 to pay for his admittance.

But this was overcome when Gallegher remembered the window of which young Keppler had told him.

In the event of Hade's losing courage and not daring to show himself in the crowd around the ring, it was agreed that Dwyer should come to the barn and warn Hefflefinger; but if he should come, Dwyer was merely to keep near him and to signify by a prearranged gesture which one of the crowd he was.

They drew up before a great black shadow of a house, dark, forbidding, and apparently deserted. But at the sound of the wheels on the gravel the door opened, letting out a stream of warm, cheerful light, and a man's voice said, "Put out those lights. Don't youse know no better than that?" This was Keppler, and he welcomed Mr. Dwyer with effusive courtesy.

The two men showed in the stream of light, and the door closed on them, leaving the house as it was at first, black and silent, save for the dripping of the rain and snow from the eaves.

THE DETECTIVE and Gallegher put out the cab's lamps and led the horse toward a long, low shed in the rear of the yard, which they now noticed was almost filled with teams of many different makes, from the Hobson's choice of a livery stable to the brougham of the man about town.

"No," said Gallegher, as the cabman stopped to hitch the horse beside the others, "we want it nearest that lower gate. When we newspaper men leave this place we'll leave it in a hurry, and the man who is nearest town is likely to get there first. You won't be a-following of no hearse when you make your return trip."

Gallegher tied the horse to the very gate-post itself, leaving the gate open and allowing a clear road and a flying start for the prospective race to Newspaper Row.

The driver disappeared under the shelter of the porch, and Gallegher and the detective moved off cautiously to the rear of the barn. "This must be the window," said Hefflefinger, pointing to a broad wooden shutter some feet from the ground.

"Just you give me a boost once, and I'll get that open in a jiffy," said Gallegher.

The detective placed his hands on his knees, and Gallegher stood upon his shoulders, and with the blade of his knife lifted the wooden button that fastened the window on the inside, and pulled the shutter open.

Then he put one leg inside over the sill, and, leaning down, helped to draw his fellow-conspirator up to a level with the window. "I feel just like I was burglarizing a house," chuckled Gallegher, as he dropped noiselessly to the floor below and refastened the

shutter. The barn was a large one, with a row of stalls on either side in which horses and cows were dozing. There was a hay-mow over each row of stalls, and at one end of the barn a number of fence-rails had been thrown across from one mow to the other. These rails were covered with hay.

In the middle of the floor was the ring. It was not really a ring, but a square, with wooden posts at its four corners through which ran a heavy rope. The space enclosed by the ropes was covered with sawdust.

Gallegher could not resist stepping into the ring, and after stamping the sawdust once or twice, as if to assure himself that he was really there, began dancing around it, and indulging in such a remarkable series of fistic manoeuvres with an imaginary adversary that the unimaginative detective precipitately backed into a corner of the barn.

"Now, then," said Gallegher, having apparently vanquished his foe, "you come with me." His companion followed quickly as Gallegher climbed to one of the hay-mows, and crawling carefully out on the fence-rail, stretched himself at full length, face downward. In this position, by moving the straw a little, he could look down, without being himself seen, upon the heads of whomsoever stood below. "This is better'n a private box, ain't it?" said Gallegher.

The boy from the newspaper office and the detective lay there in silence, biting at straws and tossing anxiously on their comfortable bed.

IT SEEMED fully two hours before they came. Gallegher had listened without breathing, and with every muscle on a strain, at least a dozen times, when some movement in the yard had led him to believe that they were at the door.

And he had numerous doubts and fears. Sometimes it was that the police had learned of the fight, and had raided Keppler's in his absence, and again it was that the fight had been postponed, or, worst of all, that it would be put off until so late that Mr. Dwyer could not get back in time for the last edition of the paper. Their coming, when at last they came, was heralded by an advance-guard of two sporting men, who stationed themselves at either side of the big door.

"Hurry up, now, gents," one of the men said with a shiver, "don't keep this door open no longer'n is needful."

It was not a very large crowd, but it was wonderfully well selected. It ran, in the majority of its component parts, to heavy white coats with pearl buttons. The white coats were shouldered by long blue coats with astrakhan fur trimmings, the wearers of which preserved a cliqueness not remarkable when one considers that they believed everyone else present to be either a crook or a prize-fighter.

There were well-fed, well-groomed clubmen and brokers in the crowd, a politician or two, a popular comedian with his manager, amateur boxers from the athletic clubs, and quiet, close-mouthed sporting men from every city in the country. Their names if printed in the papers would have been as familiar as the types of the papers themselves.

And among these men, whose only thought was of

the brutal sport to come, was Hade, with Dwyer standing at ease at his shoulder—Hade, white, and visibly in deep anxiety, hiding his pale face beneath a cloth traveling-cap, and with his chin muffled in a woollen scarf. He had dared to come because he feared his danger from the already suspicious Keppler was less than if he stayed away. And so he was there, hovering restlessly on the border of the crowd, feeling his danger and sick with fear.

WHEN HEFFLEFINGER first saw him he started up on his hands and elbows and made a movement forward as if he would leap down then and there and carry off his prisoner single-handed.

"Lie down," growled Gallegher; "an officer of any sort wouldn't live three minutes in that crowd."

The detective drew back slowly and buried himself again in the straw, but never once through the long fight which followed did his eyes leave the person of the murderer. The newspaper men took their places in the foremost row close around the ring, and kept looking at their watches and begging the master of ceremonies to "shake it up, do."

There was a great deal of betting, and all of the men handled the great roll of bills they wagered with a flippant recklessness which could be accounted for in Gallegher's mind only by temporary mental derangement. Some one pulled a box out into the ring and the master of ceremonies mounted it, and pointed out in forcible language that as they were almost all already under bonds to keep the peace, it behooved all to curb their excitement and to maintain a severe silence unless they wanted to bring the police upon them and have themselves "sent down" for a year or two.

Then two very disreputable-looking persons tossed their respective principals' high hats into the ring, and the crowd, recognizing in this relic of the days when brave knights threw down their gauntlets in the lists as a sign that the fight was about to begin, cheered tumultuously.

This was followed by a sudden surging forward, and a mutter of admiration much more flattering than the cheers had been, when the principals followed their hats, and slipping out of their great-coats, stood forth in all the physical beauty of the perfect brute.

Their pink skin was as soft and healthy looking as a baby's, and glowed in the lights of the lanterns like tinted ivory, and underneath this silken covering the great biceps and muscles moved in and out and looked like the coils of a snake around the branch of a tree.

Gentleman and blackguard shouldered each other for a nearer view; the coachmen, whose metal buttons were unpleasantly suggestive of police, put their hands, in the excitement of the moment, on the shoulders of their masters; the perspiration stood out in great drops on the foreheads of the backers, and the newspaper men bit somewhat nervously at the ends of their pencils.

And in the stalls the cows munched contentedly at their cuds and gazed with gentle curiosity at their two fellow-brutes, who stood waiting the signal to fall upon, and kill each other if need be, for the delectation of their brothers.

An original wood block by Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh.

It was one of the bitterest fights between two men that this country has ever known.



"Take your places," commanded the master of ceremonies.

In the moment in which the two men faced each other the crowd became so still that save for the beating of the rain upon the shingled roof and the stamping of a horse in one of the stalls, the place was as silent as a church.

"Time," shouted the master of ceremonies.

The two men sprang into a posture of defence, which was lost as quickly as it was taken, one great arm shot out like a piston-rod; there was the sound of bare fists beating on naked flesh; there was an exultant indrawn gasp of savage pleasure and relief from the crowd, and the great fight had begun.

HOW THE FORTUNES of war rose and fell, and changed and rechanged that night, is an old story to those who listen to such stories; and those who do not will be glad to be spared the telling of it. It was, they say, one of the bitterest fights between two men that this country has ever known.

But all that is of interest here is that after an hour of this desperate brutal business the champion ceased to be the favourite; the man whom he had taunted and bullied, and for whom the public had but little sympathy, was proving himself a likely winner, and under his cruel blows, as sharp and clean as those from a cutlass, his opponent was rapidly giving way.

The men about the ropes were past all control now; they drowned Keppler's petitions for silence with oaths and inarticulate shouts of anger, as if the blows had fallen upon them, and in mad rejoicings. They swept from one end of the ring to the other, with every muscle leaping in unison with those of the man they favoured, and when a New York correspondent mut-

tered over his shoulder that this would be the biggest sporting surprise since the Heenan-Sayers fight, Mr. Dwyer nodded his head sympathetically in assent.

IN THE EXCITEMENT and tumult it is doubtful if any heard the three quickly repeated blows that fell heavily from the outside upon the big doors of the barn. If they did, it was already too late to mend matters, for the door fell, torn from its hinges, and as it fell a captain of police sprang into the light from out of the storm, with his lieutenants and their men crowding close at his shoulder.

In the panic and stampede that followed, several of the men stood as helplessly immovable as though they had seen a ghost; others made a mad rush into the arms of the officers and were beaten back against the ropes of the ring; others dived headlong into the stalls, among the horses and cattle, and still others shoved the rolls of money they held into the hands of the police and begged like children to be allowed to escape.

The instant the door fell and the raid was declared Hefflefinger slipped over the cross rails on which he had been lying, hung for an instant by his hands, and then dropped into the centre of the fighting mob on the floor. He was out of it in an instant with the agility of a pickpocket, was across the room and at Hade's throat like a dog. The murderer, for the moment, was the calmer man of the two.

"Here," he panted, "hands off, now. There's no need for all this violence. There's no great harm in looking at a fight, is there? There's a hundred-dollar bill in my right hand; take it and let me slip out of this. No one is looking. Here."

But the detective only held him the closer.

"I want you for burglary," he whispered under his

breath. "You've got to come with me now, and quick. The less fuss you make, the better for both of us. If you don't know who I am, you can feel my badge under my coat here. I've got the authority. It's all regular, and when we're out of this d—d row I'll show you the papers."

He took one hand from Hade's throat and pulled a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"It's a mistake. This is an outrage," gasped the murderer, white and trembling, but dreadfully alive and desperate for his liberty. "Let me go, I tell you! Take your hands off of me! Do I look like a burglar, you fool?"

"I know who you look like," whispered the detective, with his face close to the face of his prisoner. "Now, will you go easy as a burglar, or shall I tell these men who you are and what I *do* want you for? Shall I call out your real name or not? Shall I tell them? Quick, speak up; shall I?"

THERE WAS SOMETHING SO exultant—something so unnecessarily savage in the officer's face that the man he held saw that the detective knew him for what he really was, and the hands that had held his throat slipped down around his shoulders, or he would have fallen. The man's eyes opened and closed again, and he swayed weakly backward and forward, and choked as if his throat were dry and burning. Even to such a hardened connoisseur in crime as Gallegher, who stood close by, drinking it in, there was something so abject in the man's terror that he regarded him with what was almost a touch of pity.

"For God's sake," Hade begged, "let me go. Come with me to my room and I'll give you half the money. I'll divide with you fairly. We can both get away. There's a fortune for both of us there. We both can get away. You'll be rich for life. Do you understand—for life!"

But the detective, to his credit, only shut his lips the tighter.

"That's enough," he whispered, in return. "That's more than I expected. You've sentenced yourself already. Come!"

Two officers in uniform barred their exit at the door, but Hefflefinger smiled easily and showed his badge.

"One of Byrnes's men," he said, in explanation; "came over expressly to take this chap. He's a burglar; 'Arlie' Lane, *alias* Carleton. I've shown the papers to the captain. It's all regular. I'm just going to get his traps at the hotel and walk him over to the station. I guess we'll push right on to New York tonight."

The officers nodded and smiled their admiration for the representative of what is, perhaps, the best detective force in the world, and let him pass.

Then Hefflefinger turned and spoke to Gallegher, who still stood as watchful as a dog at his side. "I'm going to his room to get the bonds and stuff," he whispered; "then I'll march him to the station and take that train. I've done my share; don't forget yours!"

"Oh, you'll get your money right enough," said Gallegher. "And, sa-ay," he added, with the appreciative nod of an expert, "do you know, you did it rather well."

Mr. Dwyer had been writing while the raid was settling down, as he had been writing while waiting for the fight to begin. Now he walked over to where the other correspondents stood in angry conclave.

The newspaper men had informed the officers who hemmed them in that they represented the principal papers of the country, and were expostulating vigorously with the captain, who had planned the raid, and who declared they were under arrest.

"Don't be an ass, Scott," said Mr. Dwyer, who was too excited to be polite or politic. "You know our being here isn't a matter of choice. We came here on business, as you did, and you've no right to hold us."

"If we don't get our stuff on the wire at once," protested a New York man, "we'll be too late for tomorrow's paper, and——"

Captain Scott said he did not care a profanely small amount for tomorrow's paper, and that all he knew was that to the station-house the newspaper men would go. There they would have a hearing, and if the magistrate chose to let them off, that was the magistrate's business, but that his duty was to take them into custody.

"But then it will be too late, don't you understand?" shouted Mr. Dwyer. "You've got to let us go *now*, at once."

"I can't do it, Mr. Dwyer," said the captain, "and that's all there is to it. Why, haven't I just sent the president of the Junior Republican Club to the patrol wagon, the man that put this coat on me, and do you think I can let you fellows go after that? You were all put under bonds to keep the peace not three days ago, and here you're at it—fighting like badgers. It's worth my place to let one of you off."

What Mr. Dwyer said next was so uncomplimentary to the gallant Captain Scott that that overwrought individual seized the sporting editor by the shoulder and shoved him into the hands of two of his men.

THIS WAS MORE THAN the distinguished Mr. Dwyer could brook, and he excitedly raised his hand in resistance. But before he had time to do anything foolish his wrist was gripped by one strong, little hand, and he was conscious that another was picking the pocket of his great-coat.

He slapped his hands to his sides, and looking down, saw Gallegher standing close behind him and holding him by the wrist. Mr. Dwyer had forgotten the boy's existence, and would have spoken sharply if something in Gallegher's innocent eyes had not stopped him.

Gallegher's hand was still in that pocket into which Mr. Dwyer had shoved his note-book filled with what he had written of Gallegher's work and Hade's final capture, and with a running descriptive account of the fight. With his eyes fixed on Mr. Dwyer, Gallegher drew it out, and with a quick movement shoved it inside his waistcoat. Mr. Dwyer gave a nod of comprehension. Then glancing at his two guardsmen, and finding that they were still interested in the wordy battle of the correspondents with their chief, and had seen nothing, he stooped and whispered to Gallegher: "The forms are locked at twenty minutes to three. If you don't get there by that time it will be of no use,

but if you're on time you'll beat the town—and the country too."

Gallegher's eyes flashed significantly, and nodding his head to show he understood, started boldly on a run toward the door. But the officers who guarded it brought him to an abrupt halt, and, much to Mr. Dwyer's astonishment, drew from him what was apparently a torrent of tears.

"Let me go to me father. I want me father," the boy shrieked, hysterically. "They've 'rested father. Oh, daddy, daddy. They're a-goin' to take you to prison."

"Who is your father, sonny?" asked one of the guardians of the gate.

"Keppler's me father," sobbed Gallegher. "They're a-goin' to lock him up, and I'll never see him no more."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the officer, good-naturedly; "he's there in that first patrol wagon. You can run over and say good night to him, and then you'd better get to bed. This ain't no place for kids of your age."

"Thank you, sir," sniffed Gallegher, tearfully, as the two officers raised their clubs, and let him pass out into the darkness.

The yard outside was in a tumult, horses were stamping and plunging and backing the carriages into one another; lights were flashing from every window of what had been apparently an uninhabited house, and the voices of the prisoners were still raised in angry expostulation.

Three police patrol wagons were moving about the yard, filled with unwilling passengers, who sat or stood, packed together like sheep, and with no protection from the sleet and rain.

GALLEGHER STOLE OFF into a dark corner, and watched the scene until his eyesight became familiar with the position of the land.

Then, with his eyes fixed fearfully on the swinging light of a lantern with which an officer was searching among the carriages, he groped his way between horses' hoofs and behind the wheels of carriages to the cab which he had himself placed at the furthestmost gate. It was still there, and the horse, as he had left it, with its head turned toward the city. Gallegher opened the big gate noiselessly, and worked nervously at the hitching strap. The knot was covered with a thin coating of ice, and it was several minutes before he could loosen it. But his teeth finally pulled it apart, and with the reins in his hands he sprang upon the wheel. And as he stood so, a shock of fear ran down his back like an electric current, his breath left him, and he stood immovable, gazing with wide eyes into the darkness.

The officer with the lantern had suddenly loomed up from behind a carriage not fifty feet distant, and was standing perfectly still, with his lantern held over his head, peering so directly toward Gallegher that the boy felt that he must see him. Gallegher stood with one foot on the hub of the wheel and with the other on the box waiting to spring. It seemed a minute before either of them moved, and then the officer took a step forward, and demanded sternly, "Who is that? What are you doing there?"

There was no time for parley then. Gallegher felt that he had been taken in the act, and that his only chance lay in open flight. He leaped up on the box, pulling out the whip as he did so, and with quick sweep lashed the horse across the head and back. The animal sprang forward with a snort, narrowly clearing the gate post, and plunged off into the darkness.

"Stop!" cried the officer.

SO MANY OF Gallegher's acquaintances among the 'longshoremen and mill hands had been challenged in so much the same manner that Gallegher knew what would probably follow if the challenge was disregarded. So he slipped from his seat to the footboard below, and ducked his head.

The three reports of a pistol, which rang out briskly from behind him, proved that his early training had given him a valuable fund of useful miscellaneous knowledge.

"Don't you be scared," he said, reassuringly, to the horse; "he's firing in the air."

The pistol-shots were answered by the impatient clangour of a patrol wagon's gong, and glancing over his shoulder Gallegher saw its red and green lanterns tossing from side to side and looking in the darkness like the side-lights of a yacht plunging forward in a storm.

"I hadn't bargained to race you against no patrol wagons," said Gallegher to his animal; "but if they want a race, we'll give them a tough tussle for it, won't we?"

Philadelphia, lying four miles to the south, sent up a faint yellow glow to the sky. It seemed very far away, and Gallegher's braggadocio grew cold within him at the loneliness of his adventure and the thought of the long ride before him.

It was still bitterly cold.

The rain and sleet beat through his clothes, and struck his skin with a sharp chilling touch that set him trembling.

EVEN THE THOUGHT of the over-weighted patrol wagon probably sticking in the mud, some safe distance in the rear, failed to cheer him, and the excitement that had so far made him callous to the cold died out and left him weaker and nervous.

But his horse was chilled with the long standing, and now leaped eagerly forward, only too willing to warm the half-frozen blood in its veins.

"You're a good beast," said Gallegher, plaintively. "You've got more nerve than me. Don't you go back on me now. Mr. Dwyer says we've got to beat the town." Gallegher had no idea what time it was as he rode through the night, but he knew he would be able to find out from a big clock over a manufactory at a point nearly three-quarters of the distance from Keppler's to the goal.

He was still in the open country and driving recklessly, for he knew the best part of his ride must be made outside the city limits.

He raced between desolate-looking corn-fields with bare stalks and patches of muddy earth rising above the thin covering of snow. Truck farms and brick-

yards fell behind him on either side. It was very lonely work, and once or twice the dogs ran yelping to the gates and barked after him.

Part of his way lay parallel with the railroad tracks, and he drove for some time beside long lines of freight and coal cars as they stood resting for the night. The fantastic Queen Anne suburban stations were dark and deserted, but in one or two of the block-towers he could see the operators writing at their desks, and the sight in some way comforted him.

Once he thought of stopping to get out the blanket in which he had wrapped himself on the first trip, but he feared to spare the time, and drove on with his teeth chattering and his shoulders shaking with the cold.

He welcomed the first solitary row of darkened houses with a faint cheer of recognition. The scattered lamp-posts lightened his spirits, and even the badly paved streets rang under the beats of his horse's feet like music. Great mills and manufactories, with only a night-watchman's light in the lowest of their many stories, began to take the place of the gloomy farm-houses and gaunt trees that had startled him with their grotesque shapes. He had been driving nearly an hour, he calculated, and in that time the rain had changed to a wet snow, that fell heavily and clung to whatever it touched. He passed block after block of trim workmen's houses, as still and silent as the sleepers within them, and at last he turned the horse's head into Broad Street, the city's great thoroughfare, that stretches from its one end to the other and cuts it evenly in two.

HE WAS DRIVING noiselessly over the snow and slush in the street, with his thoughts bent only on the clock-face he wished so much to see, when a hoarse voice challenged him from the sidewalk. "Hey, you, stop there, hold up!" said the voice.

Gallegher turned his head, and though he saw that the voice came from under a policeman's helmet, his only answer was to hit his horse sharply over the head with his whip and to urge it into a gallop.

This, on his part, was followed by a sharp, shrill whistle from the policeman. Another whistle answered it from a street-corner one block ahead of him. "Whoa," said Gallegher, pulling on the reins. "There's one too many of them," he added, in apologetic explanation. The horse stopped, and stood, breathing heavily, with great clouds of steam rising from its flanks.

"Why in hell didn't you stop when I told you to?" demanded the voice, now close at the cab's side.

"I didn't hear you," returned Gallegher, sweetly. "But I heard you whistle, and I heard your partner whistle, and I thought maybe it was me you wanted to speak to, so I just stopped."

"You heard me well enough. Why aren't your lights lit?" demanded the voice.

"Should I have 'em lit?" asked Gallegher, bending over and regarding them with sudden interest.

"You know you should, and if you don't, you've no right to be driving that cab. I don't believe you're the regular driver, anyway. Where'd you get it?"

"It ain't my cab, of course," said Gallegher, with an easy laugh. "It's Luke McGovern's. He left it outside Cronin's while he went in to get a drink, and he took too much, and me father told me to drive it round to the stable for him. I'm Cronin's son. McGovern ain't in no condition to drive. You can see yourself how he's been misusing the horse. He puts it up at Bachman's livery stable, and I was just going around there now."

Gallegher's knowledge of the local celebrities of the district confused the zealous officer of the peace. He surveyed the boy with a steady stare that would have distressed a less skilful liar, but Gallegher only shrugged his shoulders slightly, as if from cold, and waited with apparent indifference to what the officer would say next.

In reality his heart was beating heavily against his side, and he felt that if he was kept on a strain much longer he would give way and break down. A second snow-covered form emerged suddenly from the shadow of the houses.

"What is it, Reeder?" it asked.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the first officer. "This kid hadn't any lamps lit, so I called to him to stop and he didn't do it, so I whistled to you. It's all right, though. He's just taking it round to Bachman's. Go ahead," he added, sulkily.

"Get up!" chirped Gallegher. "Good night," he added, over his shoulder.

Gallegher gave an hysterical little gasp of relief as he trotted away from the two policemen, and poured bitter maledictions on their heads for two meddling fools as he went.

"They might as well kill a man as scare him to death," he said, with an attempt to get back to his customary flippancy. But the effort was somewhat pitiful, and he felt guiltily conscious that a salt-warm tear was creeping slowly down his face, and that a lump that would not keep down was rising in his throat.

"'Tain't no fair thing for the whole police force to keep worrying at a little boy like me," he said, in shame-faced apology. "I'm not doing nothing wrong, and I'm half froze to death, and yet they keep a-nagging at me."

IT WAS SO COLD that when the boy stamped his feet against the foot-board to keep them warm, sharp pains shot up through his body, and when he beat his arms about his shoulders, as he had seen real cabmen do, blood in his finger-tips tingled so acutely that he cried aloud with the pain.

He had often been up that late before, but he had never felt so sleepy. It was as if some one was pressing a sponge heavy with chloroform near his face, and he could not fight off the drowsiness that lay hold of him.

He saw, dimly hanging above his head, a round disc of light that seemed like a great moon, and which he finally guessed to be the clock face for which he had been on the lookout. He had passed it before he realized this; but the fact stirred him into wakefulness again, and when his cab's wheels slipped around the City Hall corner, he remembered to look up at the other big clock face that keeps awake over



An original woodcut by Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

His only answer was to hit his horse sharply and to urge it into a gallop.

the railroad station and measures out the night.

He gave a gasp of consternation when he saw that it was half-past two, and that there was but ten minutes left to him. This, and the many electric lights and the sight of the familiar pile of buildings, startled him into a semi-consciousness of where he was and how great was the necessity for haste.

HE ROSE IN HIS seat and called on the horse, and urged it into a reckless gallop over the slippery asphalt. He considered nothing else but speed, and looking neither to the left nor right dashed off down Broad Street into Chestnut, where his course lay straight away to the office, now only seven blocks distant.

Gallegher never knew how it began, but he was suddenly assaulted by shouts on either side, his horse was thrown back on its haunches, and he found two men in cabmen's livery hanging at its head, and patting its sides, and calling it by name. And the other cabmen who have their stand at the corner were swarming about the carriage, all of them talking and swearing at once, and gesticulating wildly with their whips.

They said they knew the cab was McGovern's, and they wanted to know where he was, and why he wasn't on it; they wanted to know where Gallegher had stolen it, and why he had been such a fool as to drive it into the arms of its owner's friends; they said that it was about time that a cab-driver could get off his box to take a drink without having his cab run away with, and some of them called loudly for a policeman to take the young thief in charge.

Gallegher felt as if he had been suddenly dragged

into consciousness out of a bad dream, and stood for a second like a half-awakened somnambulist.

They had stopped the cab under an electric light, and its glare shone coldly down upon the trampled snow and the faces of the men around him.

Gallegher bent forward, and lashed savagely at the horse with his whip.

"Let me go," he shouted, as he tugged impotently at the reins. "Let me go, I tell you. I haven't stole no cab, and you've got no right to stop me. I only want to take it to the *Press* office," he begged. "They'll send it back to you all right. They'll pay you for the trip. I'm not running away with it. The driver's got the collar—he's 'rested—and I'm only a-goin' to the *Press* office. Do you hear me?" he cried, his voice rising and breaking in a shriek of passion and disappointment. "I tell you to let go those reins. Let me go, or I'll kill you. Do you hear me? I'll kill you." And leaning forward, the boy struck savagely with his long whip at the faces of the men about the horse's head.

Some one in the crowd reached up and caught him by the ankles, and with a quick jerk pulled him off the box, and threw him on to the street. But he was up on his knees in a moment, and caught at the man's hand.

"Don't let them stop me, mister," he cried, "please let me go. I didn't steal the cab, sir. S'help me, I didn't. I'm telling you the truth. Take me to the *Press* office, and they'll prove it to you. They'll pay you anything you ask 'em. It's only such a little ways now, and I've come so far, sir. Please don't let them stop me," he sobbed, clasping the man about the knees. "For Heaven's sake, mister, let me go!"

The managing editor of the *Press* took up the india-rubber speaking-tube at his side, and answered, "Not yet" to an inquiry the night editor had already put to him five times within the last twenty minutes.

Then he snapped the metal top of the tube impatiently, and went up-stairs. As he passed the door of the local room, he noticed that the reporters had not gone home, but were sitting about on the tables and chairs, waiting. They looked up inquiringly as he passed, and the city editor asked, "Any news yet?" and the managing editor shook his head.

The compositors were standing idle in the composing-room, and their foreman was talking with the night editor.

"Well," said that gentleman, tentatively.

"Well," returned the managing editor, "I don't think we can wait; do you?"

"It's a half-hour after time now," said the night editor, "and we'll miss the suburban trains if we hold the paper back any longer. We can't afford to wait for a purely hypothetical story. The chances are all against the fight's having taken place or this Hade's having been arrested."

"But if we're beaten on it——" suggested the chief. "But I don't think that is possible. If there were any story to print, Dwyer would have had it here before now."

The managing editor looked steadily down at the floor.

"Very well," he said, slowly, "we won't wait any longer. Go ahead," he added, turning to the foreman with a sigh of reluctance. The foreman whirled himself about, and began to give his orders; but the two editors still looked at each other doubtfully.

As they stood so, there came a sudden shout and the sound of people running to and fro in the reportorial rooms below. There was the tramp of many footsteps on the stairs, and above the confusion they heard the voice of the city editor telling some one to "run to Madden's and get some brandy, quick."

No one in the composing-room said anything; but those compositors who had started to go home began slipping off their overcoats, and everyone stood with his eyes fixed on the door.

It was kicked open from the outside, and in the doorway stood a cab-driver and the city editor, supporting between them a pitiful little figure of a boy, wet and

miserable, and with the snow melting on his clothes and running in little pools to the floor. "Why, it's Gallagher," said the night editor, in a tone of the keenest disappointment.

Gallegher shook himself free from his supporters, and took an unsteady step forward, his fingers fumbling stiffly with the buttons of his waistcoat.

"Mr. Dwyer, sir," he began faintly, with his eyes fixed fearfully on the managing editor, "he got arrested—and I couldn't get here no sooner, 'cause they kept a-stopping me, and they took me cab from under me—but——" he pulled the notebook from his breast and held it out with its covers damp and limp from the rain, "but we got Hade, and here's Mr. Dwyer's copy."

And then he asked, with a queer note in his voice, partly of dread and partly of hope, "Am I in time, sir?"

The managing editor took the book, and tossed it to the foreman, who ripped out its leaves and dealt them out to his men as rapidly as a gambler deals out cards.

Then the managing editor stooped and picked Gallagher up in his arms, and, sitting down, began to unlace his wet and muddy shoes.

Gallegher made a faint effort to resist this degradation of the managerial dignity; but his protest was a very feeble one, and his head fell back heavily on the managing editor's shoulder.

TO GALLEGHER THE incandescent lights began to whirl about in circles, and to burn in different colours; the faces of the reporters kneeling before him and chafing his hands and feet grew dim and unfamiliar, and the roar and rumble of the great presses in the basement sounded far away, like the murmur of the sea.

And then the place and the circumstances of it came back to him again sharply and with sudden vividness.

Gallegher looked up, with a faint smile, into the managing editor's face. "You won't turn me off for running away, will you?" he whispered.

The managing editor did not answer immediately. His head was bent, and he was thinking, for some reason or other, of a little boy of his own, at home in bed. Then he said, quietly, "Not this time, Gallagher."

Gallegher's head sank back comfortably on the older man's shoulder, and he smiled comprehensively at the faces of the young men crowded around him. "You hadn't ought to," he said, with a touch of his old impudence, "'cause—I beat the town."

The Fawn and Her Mother

A FAWN ONE DAY SAID TO HER MOTHER: "Mother, you are bigger than a dog, and swifter and better-winded, and you have horns to defend yourself; how is it that you are so afraid of the hounds?" She smiled and said:

"All this, my child, I know full well; but no sooner do I hear a dog bark, than, somehow or other, my heels take me off as fast as they can carry me."



Drawing by Louise Thoron, from *The Great Fables* (Dial Press).

Wanted: An Income Taximeter



A cartoon by Donahey, from the Cleveland Plain Dealer

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Frederick L. Allen

I SEE THAT MR. MELLON and his friends in Washington are engaged in their annual sport of lowering the income taxes. This is all right so far as it goes; but if they want to make a real hit with a suffering public, why don't they invent an income-tax blank that can be filled out without the aid of slide-rule, a dictionary, and a staff of learned statisticians? I have just been taking the examination in higher mathematics known as Form 1040,

and I speak from a full heart and an aching mind.

The moment I saw the paper I knew I was going to flunk. The beginning of it was comparatively easy, but I didn't let that fool me. In my college days I knew too many fellows who would come out of the examination room groaning that the first question was such a snap that they spent an hour and a half writing on it, and didn't even get to question 7b. So after printing my name and address in beautiful big letters, I started in concisely:

1. *Are you a citizen or resident of the United States?*

Answer: *Both.*

2. *Is this a joint return of husband and wife?*

Answer: *I'm doing all the work myself, if that's what you mean.*

3. *Were you married and living with husband or wife on the last day of your taxable year?*

Answer: *Yes and no; wife, not husband.*

I got this far and stopped. That last question kept running in my mind. *Were you married and living with husband or wife on the last day of your taxable year?* It had a sort of lyrical quality, although the scansion was not quite perfect. It faintly suggested the work of Alfred, Lord Tennyson on an off day. Would I be given extra credit if I caught the spirit of the thing and answered in verse? Perhaps the examiner expected something like this:

Was I married and living with husband or wife

On the last long day of my taxable year?

On the last long day when the old year tarried

I was living with some one to whom I was married.

Or possibly even this:

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mellon dear,

Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the taxable year,

Of all the taxable year, Mellon, the last and merriest day;

I'll be married and living with my wife, and it will certainly pay.

But with the next question came disillusionment. No longer did the bard of the Treasury strum his lyre. He descended from Parnassus to the sombre levels of prose and asked, *How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective were receiving their chief support from you on the last day of your taxable year?*

That fatal day again! Little, thought I, do we realize till long afterwards which are the really significant days. I looked at the instructions. Four hundred dollars apiece for dependents on that day, and I had let the chance slip! Next year I should be prepared. I took my engagement pad, turned to the page for December 30, 1929, and wrote firmly:

"Tomorrow is the last day of my taxable year. Have guest room ready for mental and physical defectives."

It was while I was looking at the instructions that I began to realize why so many of our young men are unwilling to get married nowadays. Getting married (or, as the unromantic Mr. Mellon would put it, having a change of status) involves too much mathematics.

"Listen," I cried to my wife, who was reading in the next room, "aren't you glad our status didn't change during the year? I'll bet you can't understand this." And I read from the instructions:

In case the status of a taxpayer changes during the taxable year, the personal exemption shall be the sum of an amount which bears the same ratio to \$1,000 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was single bears to 12 months, plus an amount which bears the same ratio to \$2,500 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was a married person living with husband or wife or was head of a family bears to 12 months.

"What are you reading?" said my wife sleepily. "A bear story? I thought you were figuring out your income tax."

"So I am," said I.

"All I could hear," said she, "was something about bears—single bears and family bears. Didn't you say 'family bears to 12 months'?"

I looked at the instructions again. "Yes, but——"

"Well," said the voice from the next room, "what do they think we're running—a zoo? Tell them we have no bears; tell them all our bears are more than 12 months old; tell them—look here, do we get credit for bears, or do we have to pay for them? It might come in handy to know in case we're offered one some time. 'A delightful pet,' we could say to our visitors, 'and we get a reduction on our income tax for him. In confidence I may add that he's a family bear, with defective dependents.'"

I gave her up as hopeless, and turned swiftly to the section marked INCOME.

For some minutes I worked busily, and the figures flew. I consulted Schedule A, I consulted instruction 18, I stated nature of income, explained in Table on page 2. I was away down in Item 3a, trying to decide whether I had claimed exemption during the year, and if so, from what, when my wife wandered in and looked over my shoulder.

"Are you going to claim obsolescence?" said she.

"Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the instructions, and I read, "Enter on line 15 the amount claimed as depreciation by reason of exhaustion, wear and tear, obsolescence or depletion."

"I was thinking of your hat," she went on amiably. "You know—the gray one. That sentence sounds to me like a direct invitation to make a claim on that hat. Only if you do it, you seem to be letting yourself in for a good deal. The very next sentence says, 'If obsolescence is claimed, explain why useful life is less

than actual life.' That would seem to call for a short metaphysical essay."

I looked long and hard at the instructions. *Useful life is less than actual life.* "I don't know just what that means," said I, "but I don't like it. It has a cynical sound. Do you think it proper for the Government to circulate a document like this, which may fall into the hands of the young? Think of the young men—minors having a net income of \$1,000 or \$2,500, according to the marital status, or a gross income of \$5,000—who may read this and go about saying hopelessly to one another, 'It's true, it's true, as we feared. There is no Santa Claus, and useful life is less than actual life.' Here is the Collector of Internal Revenue, who only a little while ago was writing poems about living with husband or wife, practically admitting that the whole thing is a miserable farce. 'Why go on with it any longer?' he seems to imply. 'Why not become a decedent, and let your executors or administrators make returns for you on Form 1040 or 1040A?'"

"Something ought to be done about it," agreed my wife. "You might write to Mr. Mellon. But meanwhile don't forget your hat."

IT WAS DAYS and days later in the taxable year when I finished my ordeal of additions, explanations, deductions, and computations, and, sitting in the midst of a perfect snowdrift of scratch-paper, feebly set down the last item of all—BALANCE OF TAX. It wasn't very big, that last item; the newspapers will not itch to publish it; but by the time I reached it the words in the tax-return which had come to have the most vivid meaning to me were exhaustion and depletion.

Oh, Mr. Mellon, why must you make things so complicated for us? Why don't you just ask us how much money we have made during the year and tell us what to divide it by, and ask us whether we had rather pay in advance or have it put on next month's bill?

"Words, Words.."

FINANCE, *n.* The art or science of managing revenues and resources for the best advantage of the

manager. The pronunciation of this word with the "i" long and the accent on the first syllable is one of America's most precious discoveries and possessions.

MONEY, *n.* A blessing that is of no advantage to us excepting when we part with it. An evidence of culture and a passport to polite society. Supportable property. *The Devil's Dictionary* (BIERCE)



By Sykes, from the New York Evening Post.



By Clive Weed, from the New York Evening World.

Crainquebille

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by Winifred Stephens



Illustrations by
J. Earle Schrack

I

IN EVERY SENTENCE pronounced by a judge in the name of the sovereign people, dwells the whole majesty of justice. The august character of that justice was brought home to Jérôme Crainquebille, costermonger, when, accused of having insulted a policeman, he appeared in the police court. Having taken his place in the dock, he beheld in the imposing, sombre hall magistrates, clerks, lawyers in their robes, the usher wearing his chains, *gendarmes*, and, behind a rail, the bare heads of the silent spectators. He himself occupied a raised seat, as if some sinister honour were conferred on the accused by his appearance before the magistrate. At the end of the hall, between two assessors, sat the President Bourriche. The palm-leaves of an officer of the Academy decorated his breast. Over the tribune were a bust representing the Republic, and a crucifix, as if to indicate that all laws divine and human were suspended over Crainquebille's head. Such symbols naturally inspired him with terror. Not being gifted with a philosophic mind, he did not inquire the meaning of the bust and the crucifix; he did not ask how far Jesus and the symbolical bust harmonized in the Law Courts. Nevertheless, here was matter for reflection; for, after all, pontifical teaching and canonical law are in many points opposed to the constitution of the Republic and to the civil code. So far as we know, the Decretals have not been abolished. Today, as formerly, the Church of Christ teaches that only those powers are lawful to which it has given its sanction. Now the French Republic claims to be independent of pontifical power. Crainquebille might reasonably say:

"Gentlemen and magistrates, in so much as President Loubet has not been anointed, the Christ, whose image is suspended over your heads, repudiates you through the voice of councils and of Popes. Either He

is here to remind you of the rights of the Church, which invalidate yours, or His presence has no rational signification."

Whereupon President Bourriche might reply:

"Prisoner Crainquebille, the kings of France have always quarrelled with the Pope. Guillaume de Nogaret was excommunicated, but for so trifling a reason he did not resign his office. The Christ of the tribune is not the Christ of Gregory VII. or of Boniface VIII. He is, if you will, the Christ of the Gospels, who knew not one word of canonical law, and had never heard of the holy Decretals."

Then Crainquebille, not without reason, might have answered:

"The Christ of the Gospels was an agitator. Moreover, he was the victim of a sentence which, for nineteen hundred years, all Christian peoples have regarded as a grave judicial error. I defy you, Monsieur le Président, to condemn me in His name to so much as forty-eight hours' imprisonment."

But Crainquebille did not indulge in any considerations either historical, political, or social. He was wrapped in amazement. All the ceremonial with which he was surrounded impressed him with a very lofty idea of justice. Filled with reverence, overcome with terror, he was ready to submit to his judges in the matter of his guilt. In his own conscience he was convinced of his innocence; but he felt how insignificant is the conscience of a costermonger in the face of the panoply of the law, and the ministers of public prosecution. Already his lawyer had half persuaded him that he was not innocent.

A summary and hasty examination had brought out the charges under which he laboured.

II. Crainquebille's Misadventure

UP AND DOWN THE TOWN went Jérôme Crainquebille, costermonger, pushing his barrow before him and crying: "Cabbages! Turnips! Carrots!" When he had leeks he cried: "Asparagus!" For leeks are the asparagus of the poor. Now it happened that on October 20, at noon, as he was going down the Rue Montmartre, there came out of her shop the shoe-

maker's wife, Madame Bayard. She went up to Crainquebille's barrow, and, scornfully taking up a bundle of leeks, she said:

"I don't think much of your leeks. What do you want a bundle?"

"Sevenpence halfpenny, mum, and the best in the market!"



"But haven't I told you that I am waiting for my money?"

learning respect for authority. But now his position was a peculiar one; he was torn asunder between what was his due and what was his duty. His was not a judicial mind. He failed to understand that the possession of an individual's rights in no way exonerated him from the performance of a social duty. He attached

"Sevenpence halfpenny for three wretched leeks?"

And disdainfully she cast the leeks back into the barrow.

Then it was that Constable 64 came and said to Crainquebille:

"Move on."

MOVING ON WAS WHAT Crainquebille had been doing from morning till evening for fifty years. Such an order seemed right to him, and perfectly in accordance with the nature of things. Quite prepared to obey, he urged his customer to take what she wanted.

"You must give me time to choose," she retorted sharply.

Then she felt all the bundles of leeks over again. Finally she selected the one she thought the best, and held it clasped to her bosom as saints in church pictures hold the palm of victory.

"I will give you sevenpence. That's quite enough; and I'll have to fetch it from the shop, for I haven't the money with me."

Still embracing the leeks, she went back into the shop, whither she had been preceded by a customer, carrying a child.

Just at this moment Constable 64 said to Crainquebille for the second time:

"Move on."

"I'm waiting for my money," replied Crainquebille.

"And I'm not telling you to wait for your money; I'm telling you to move on," retorted the constable grimly.

Meanwhile, the shoemaker's wife in her shop was fitting blue slippers on to a child of eighteen months, whose mother was in a hurry. And the green heads of the leeks were lying on the counter.

For the half century that he had been pushing his barrow through the streets, Crainquebille had been

too great importance to his claim to receive sevenpence, and too little to the duty of pushing his barrow and moving on, forever moving on. He stood still.

For the third time Constable 64 quietly and calmly ordered him to move on. Unlike Inspector Montauciel, whose habit it is to threaten constantly but never to take proceedings, Constable 64 is slow to threaten and quick to act. Such is his character. Though somewhat sly, he is an excellent servant and a loyal soldier. He is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a child. He knows naught save his official instructions.

"Don't you understand when I tell you to move on?"

To Crainquebille's mind his reason for standing still was too weighty for him not to consider it sufficient. Wherefore, artlessly and simply he explained it:

"Good Lord! Haven't I told you that I am waiting for my money?"

Constable 64 merely replied:

"Do you want me to summons you? If you do, you have only to say so."

AT THESE WORDS Crainquebille slowly shrugged his shoulders, looked sadly at the constable, and then raised his eyes to heaven, as if he would say:

"I call God to witness! Am I a law-breaker? Am I one to make light of the by-laws and ordinances which regulate my ambulatory calling? At five o'clock in the morning I was at the market. Since seven, pushing my barrow and wearing my hands to the bone, I have been crying: 'Cabbages! Turnips! Carrots!' I am turned sixty. I am worn out. And you ask me whether I have raised the black flag of rebellion. You are mocking me, and your joking is cruel."

Either because he failed to notice the expression on Crainquebille's face, or because he considered it no

excuse for disobedience, the constable inquired curtly and roughly whether he had been understood.

Now, just at that moment the block of traffic in the Rue Montmartre was at its worst. Carriages, drays, carts, omnibuses, trucks, jammed one against the other, seemed indissolubly welded together. From their quivering immobility proceeded shouts and oaths. Cabmen and butchers' boys grandiloquently and drawlingly insulted one another from a distance, and omnibus conductors, regarding Crainquebille as the cause of the block, called him "a dirty leek."

Meanwhile, on the pavement the curious were crowding round to listen to the dispute. Then the constable, finding himself the centre of attention, began to think it time to display his authority:

"Very well," he said, taking a stumpy pencil and a greasy notebook from his pocket.

Crainquebille persisted in his idea, obedient to a force within. Besides, it was now impossible for him either to move on or to draw back. The wheel of his barrow was unfortunately caught in that of a milkman's cart.

Tearing his hair beneath his cap he cried:

"But haven't I told you I'm waiting for my money? Here's a fix! *Misère de misère! Bon sang de bon sang!*"

By these words, expressive rather of despair than of rebellion, Constable 64 considered he had been insulted. And, because to his mind all insults must necessarily take the consecrated, regular, traditional, liturgical, ritual form, so to speak, of *Mort aux vaches*,* thus the offender's words were heard and understood by the constable.

"Ah! You said: '*Mort aux vaches!*' Very good. Come along."

Stupefied with amazement and distress, Crainquebille opened his great rheumy eyes and gazed at Constable 64. With a broken voice proceeding now from the top of his head and now from the heels of his boots, he cried, with his arms folded over his blue blouse:

"I said '*Mort aux vaches!*'? I? . . . Oh!"

THE TRADESMEN and errand boys hailed the arrest with laughter. It gratified the taste of all crowds for violent and ignoble spectacles. But there was one serious person who was pushing his way through the throng; he was a sad-looking old man, dressed in black, wearing a high hat; he went up to the constable and said to him in a low voice, very gently and firmly:

"You are mistaken. This man did not insult you."

"Mind your own business," replied the policeman, but without threatening, for he was speaking to a man who was well dressed.

The old man insisted calmly and tenaciously. And the policeman ordered him to make his declaration to the Police Commissioner.

Meanwhile Crainquebille was explaining:

"Then I did say '*Mort aux vaches!*' Oh! . . ."

As he was thus giving vent to his astonishment, Madame Bayard, the shoemaker's wife, came to him

with sevenpence in her hand. But Constable 64 already had him by the collar; so Madame Bayard, thinking that no debt could be due to a man who was being taken to the police-station, put her sevenpence into her apron pocket.

Then, suddenly beholding his barrow confiscated, his liberty lost, a gulf opening beneath him and the sky overcast, Crainquebille murmured:

"It can't be helped!"

Before the Commissioner, the old gentleman declared that he had been hindered on his way by the block in the traffic, and so had witnessed the incident. He maintained that the policeman had not been insulted, and that he was labouring under a delusion. He gave his name and profession: Dr. David Mathieu, chief physician at the Ambroise-Paré Hospital, officer of the Legion of Honour. At another time such evidence would have been sufficient for the Commissioner. But just then men of science were regarded with suspicion in France.

CRAINQUEBILLE CONTINUED under arrest. He passed the night in the lock-up. In the morning he was taken to the Police Court in the prison van.

He did not find prison either sad or humiliating. It seemed to him necessary. What struck him as he entered was the cleanliness of the walls and of the brick floor.

"Well, for a clean place, yes, it is a clean place. You might eat off the floor."

When he was left alone, he wanted to draw out his stool; but he perceived that it was fastened to the wall. He expressed his surprise aloud:

"That's a queer idea! Now there's a thing I should never have thought of, I'm sure."

Having sat down, he twiddled his thumbs and remained wrapped in amazement. The silence and the solitude overwhelmed him. The time seemed long. Anxiously he thought of his barrow, which had been confiscated with its load of cabbages, carrots, celery, dandelion and corn-salad. And he wondered, asking himself with alarm: "What have they done with my barrow?"

On the third day he received a visit from his lawyer, Maître Lemerle, one of the youngest members of the Paris bar, President of a section of La Ligue de la Patrie Française.

Crainquebille endeavoured to tell him his story; but it was not easy, for he was not accustomed to conversation. With a little help he might perhaps have succeeded. But his lawyer shook his head doubtfully at everything he said; and, turning over his papers, muttered:

"Hm! Hm! I don't find anything about all this in my brief."

Then, in a bored tone, twirling his fair moustache, he said:

"In your own interest it would be advisable, perhaps, for you to confess. Your persistence in absolute denial seems to me extremely unwise."

And from that moment Crainquebille would have made confession if he had only known what he could confess.

*It is impossible to translate this expression. As explained farther on in the body of the text, it means "Down with spies!" the word "spies" being used to indicate the police.

III. Crainquebille Before the Magistrates

PRESIDENT BOURRICHE DEVOTED six whole minutes to the examination of Crainquebille. This examination would have been more enlightening if the accused had replied to the questions asked him. But Crainquebille was unaccustomed to discussion; and in such a company his lips were sealed by reverence and fear. So he was silent: and the President answered his own question; his replies were staggering. He concluded: "Finally, you admit having said, '*Mort aux vaches!*'"

"I said '*Mort aux vaches!*' because the policeman said, '*Mort aux vaches!*' so then I said '*Mort aux vaches!*'"

He meant that, being overwhelmed by the most unexpected of accusations, he had in his amazement merely repeated the curious words falsely attributed to him, and which he had certainly never pronounced. He had said, "*Mort aux vaches!*" as he might have said, "I capable of insulting anyone! how could you believe it?"

President Bourriche put a different interpretation on the incident.

"Do you maintain," he said, "that the policeman was himself the first to utter the exclamation?"

Crainquebille gave up trying to explain. It was too difficult.

"You do not persist in your statement. You are quite right," said the President.

And he had the witnesses called.

Constable 64, by name Bastien Matra, swore he spoke the truth and nothing but the truth. Then he gave evidence in the following terms:

"I was on my beat on October 20, at noon, when I noticed in the Rue Montmartre a person who appeared to be a hawker, unduly blocking the traffic with his barrow, opposite No. 328. Three times I intimated to him the order to move on, but he refused to comply. And when I gave him warning that I was about to charge him, he retorted by crying: '*Mort aux vaches!*' Which I took as an insult."

THIS EVIDENCE, delivered in a firm and moderate manner, the magistrates received with obvious approbation. The witnesses for the defense were Madame Bayard, shoemaker's wife, and Dr. David Matthieu, chief physician to the Hospital Ambroise-Paré, officer of the Legion of Honour. Madame Bayard had seen nothing and heard nothing. Dr. Matthieu was in the crowd which had gathered round the policeman, who was ordering the costermonger to move on. His evidence led to a new episode in the trial.

"I witnessed the incident," he said. "I observed that the constable had made a mistake; he had not been insulted. I went up to him and called his attention to the fact. The officer insisted on arresting the costermonger, and told me to follow him to the Commissioner of Police. This I did. Before the Commissioner, I repeated my declaration."

"You may sit down," said the President. "Usher, recall witness Matra."

"Matra, when you proceeded to arrest the accused,

did not Dr. Matthieu point out to you that you were mistaken?"

"That is to say, Monsieur le Président, that he insulted me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, '*Mort aux vaches!*'"

Uproarious laughter arose from the audience.

"You may withdraw," said the President hurriedly.

And he warned the public that if such unseemly demonstrations occurred again he would clear the court. Meanwhile, Counsel for the defense was haughtily fluttering the sleeves of his gown, and for the moment it was thought that Crainquebille would be acquitted.

Order having been restored, Maître Lemerle rose. He opened his pleading with a eulogy of policemen: "those unassuming servants of society who, in return for a trifling salary, endure fatigue and brave incessant danger with daily heroism. They were soldiers once, and soldiers they remain; soldiers, that word expresses everything. . . ."

From this consideration Maître Lemerle went on to descant eloquently on the military virtues. He was one of those, he said, who would not allow a finger to be laid on the army, on that national army to which he was so proud to belong.

THE PRESIDENT bowed. Maître Lemerle happened to be lieutenant in the Reserves. He was also nationalist candidate for Les Vieilles Haudriettes. He continued:

"No, indeed, I do not esteem lightly the invaluable services unassumingly rendered, which the valiant people of Paris receive daily from the guardians of the peace. And had I beheld in Crainquebille, gentlemen, one who had insulted an ex-soldier, I should never have consented to represent him before you. My client is accused of having said: '*Mort aux vaches!*' The meaning of such an expression is clear. If you consult *Le Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte* (slang) you will find: '*Vachard*, a sluggard, an idler, one who stretches himself out lazily, like a cow, instead of working. *Vache*, one who sells himself to the police; spy.' *Mort aux vaches* is an expression employed by certain people. But the question resolves itself into this: how did Crainquebille say it? And, further, did he say it at all? Permit me to doubt it, gentlemen.

"I do not suspect Constable Matra of any evil intention. But, as we have said, his calling is arduous. He is sometimes harassed, fatigued, overdone. In such conditions he may have suffered from an aural hallucination. And, when he comes and tells you, gentlemen, that Dr. David Matthieu, officer of the Legion of Honour, chief physician at the Ambroise-Paré Hospital, a gentleman and a prince of science, cried, '*Mort aux vaches!*' then we are forced to believe that Matra is obsessed, and if the term be not too strong, suffering from the mania of persecution.

"And even if Crainquebille did cry: '*Mort aux vaches!*' it remains to be proved whether such words

on his lips can be regarded as an offense. Crainquebille is the natural child of a costermonger, depraved by years of drinking and other evil courses. Crainquebille was born alcoholic. You behold him brutalized by sixty years of poverty. Gentlemen, you must conclude that he is irresponsible."

Maitre Lemerle sat down. Then President Bourriche muttered a sentence condemning Jérôme Crainquebille to pay fifty francs fine and to go to prison for a fortnight. The magistrates convicted him on the strength of the evidence given by Constable Matra.

As he was being taken down the long dark passage of the Palais, Crainquebille felt an intense desire for sympathy. He turned to the municipal guard who was his escort and called him three times:

"'Cipal! . . . 'cipal! . . . Eh! 'cipal!'" And he sighed:

"If anyone had told me only a fortnight ago that this would happen!"

Then he reflected:

"They speak too quickly, these gentlemen. They speak well, but they speak too quickly. You can't make them understand you. . . 'cipal, don't you think they speak too quickly?"

But the soldier marched straight on without replying or turning his head.

Crainquebille asked him:

"Why don't you answer me?"

The soldier was silent. And Crainquebille said bitterly:

"You would speak to a dog. Why not to me? Do you never open your mouth? Is it because your breath is foul?"

IV. An Apology for President Bourriche

AFTER THE SENTENCE HAD BEEN PRONOUNCED, several members of the audience and two or three lawyers left the hall. The clerk was already calling another case. Those who went out did not reflect on the Crainquebille affair, which had not greatly interested them; and they thought no more about it. Monsieur Jean Lérmitte, an etcher, who happened to be at the Palais, was the only one who meditated on what he had just seen and heard. Putting his arm on the shoulder of Maitre Joseph Aubarée, he said:

"President Bourriche must be congratulated on having kept his mind free from idle curiosity, and from the intellectual pride which is determined to know everything. If he had weighed one against the other—the contradictory evidence of Constable Matra and Dr. David Matthieu—the magistrate would have adopted a course leading to nothing but doubt and uncertainty. The method of examining facts in a critical spirit would be fatal to the administration of justice. If the judge were so imprudent as to follow that method, his sentences would depend on his personal sagacity, of which he has in general no very great store, and on human infirmity, which is universal. Where can he find a criterion? It cannot be denied that the historical method is absolutely incapable of providing him with the certainty he needs. In this connection you may recall a story told of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"One day, when Raleigh, a prisoner in the

Tower of London, was working, as was his wont, at the second part of his *History of the World*, there was a scuffle under his window. He went and looked at the brawlers; and when he returned to his work, he thought he had observed them very carefully. But on the morrow, having related the incident to one of his friends who had witnessed the affair and had even taken part in it, he was contradicted by his friend on every point. Reflecting, therefore, that if he were mistaken as to events which passed beneath his very eyes, how much greater must be the difficulty of ascertaining the truth concerning events far distant, he threw the manuscript of his history into the fire.

"If the judges had the same scruples as Sir Walter Raleigh, they would throw all their notes into the fire.

But they have no right to do so. They would thus be flouting justice; they would be committing a crime. We may despair of knowing, we must not despair of judging. Those who demand that sentences pronounced in Law Courts should be founded upon a methodical examination of facts, are dangerous sophists, and perfidious enemies of justice both civil and military. President Bourriche has too judicial a mind to permit his sentences to depend on reason and knowledge, the conclusions of which are eternally open to question. He founds them on dogma and moulds them by tradition, so that the authority of his sentences is equal to that of the Church's commandments. His sentences



In every sentence pronounced by a judge in the name of the sovereign people, dwells the whole majesty of justice.

are indeed canonical. I mean that he derives them from a certain number of sacred canons. See, for example, how he classifies evidence, not according to the uncertain and deceptive qualities of appearances and of human veracity, but according to intrinsic, permanent, and manifest qualities. He weighs them in the scale, using weapons of war for weights. Can anything be at once simpler and wiser? Irrefutable for him is the evidence of a guardian of the peace, once his humanity be abstracted, and he is conceived as a registered number, and according to the categories of an ideal police. Not that Matra (Bastien), born at Cinto-Monte in Corsica, appears to him incapable of error. He never thought that Bastien Matra was gifted with any great faculty of observation, nor that he applied any secret and vigorous method to the examination of facts. In truth, it is not Bastien Matra he is considering, but Constable 64. A man is fallible, he thinks. Peter and Paul may be mistaken. Descartes and Gassendi, Leibnitz and Newton, Bichat and Claude Bernard were capable of error. We may all err, and at any moment. The causes of error are innumerable. The perceptions of our senses and the judgment of our minds are sources of illusion and causes of uncertainty. We dare not rely on the evidence of a single man: *Testis unus, testis nullus*. But we may have faith in a number. Bastien Matra, of Cinto-Monte, is fallible. But Constable 64, when abstraction has been made of his humanity, cannot err. He is an entity. An entity has nothing in common with a man, it is free from all that confuses, corrupts and deceives men. It is pure, unchangeable, and unalloyed. Wherefore the magistrates did not hesitate to reject the evidence of the mere man, Dr. David Matthieu, and to admit that of Constable 64, who is the pure idea, an emanation from divinity come down to the judgment bar.

BY FOLLOWING such a line of argument, President Bourriche attains to a kind of infallibility, the only kind to which a magistrate may aspire. When the man who bears witness is armed with a sword, it is the sword's evidence that must be listened to, not the man's. The man is contemptible and may be wrong. The sword is not contemptible and is always right. President Bourriche has seen deeply into the spirit of laws. Society rests on force; force must be respected as the august foundation of society. Justice is the administration of force. President Bourriche knows that Constable 64 is an integral part of the Government. The Government is immanent in each one of its officers. To slight the authority of Constable 64 is to weaken the State. To eat the leaves of an artichoke is to eat the artichoke, as Bossuet puts it in his sublime language. (*Politique tirée de l'Écriture sainte, passim.*)

"All the swords of the State are turned in the same direction. To oppose one to the other is to overthrow the Republic. For that reason, Crainquebille, the accused, is justly condemned to a fortnight in prison and a fine of fifty francs, on the evidence of Constable

64. I seem to hear President Bourriche himself explaining the high and noble consideration which inspired his sentence. I seem to hear him saying:

"I judged this person according to the evidence of Constable 64, because Constable 64 is the emanation of public force. And if you wish to prove my wisdom, imagine the consequences had I adopted the opposite course. You will see at once that it would have been absurd. For if my judgments were in opposition to force, they would never be executed. Notice, gentlemen, that judges are obeyed only when force is on their side. A judge without policemen would be but an idle dreamer. I should be doing myself an injury if I admitted a policeman to be in the wrong. Moreover, the very spirit of laws is in opposition to my doing so. To disarm the strong and to arm the weak would be to subvert that social order which it is my duty to preserve. Justice is the sanction of established injustice. Was justice ever seen to oppose conquerors and usurpers? When an unlawful power arises, justice has only to recognize it and it becomes lawful. Form is everything; and between crime and innocence there is but the thickness of a piece of stamped paper. It was for you, Crainquebille, to be the strongest. If, after having cried: *"Mort aux vaches!"* you had declared yourself emperor, dictator, President of the Republic, or even town councilor, I assure you you would not have been sentenced to pass a fortnight in prison, and to pay a fine of fifty francs. I should have acquitted you. You may be sure of that."

SUCH WOULD HAVE doubtless been the words of President Bourriche; for he has a judicial mind, and he knows what a magistrate owes to society. With order and regularity he defends social principles. Justice is social. Only wrong-headed persons would make justice out to be human and reasonable. Justice is administered upon fixed rules, not in obedience to physical emotions and flashes of intelligence. Above all things do not ask justice to be just, it has no need to be just since it is justice, and I might even say that the idea of just justice can have arisen only in the brains of an anarchist. True, President Magnaud pronounces just sentences; but if they are reversed, that is still justice.

"The true judge weighs his evidence with weights that are weapons. So it was in the Crainquebille affair, and in other more famous cases."

Thus said Monsieur Jean Lérmitte as he paced up and down the Salle des Pas Perdus.

Scratching the top of his nose, Maître Joseph Aubarée, who knows the Palais well, replied:

"If you want to hear what I think, I don't believe that President Bourriche rose to so lofty a metaphysical plane. In my opinion, when he received as true the evidence of Constable 64, he merely acted according to precedent. Imitation lies at the root of most human actions. A respectable person is one who conforms to custom. People are called good when they do as others do."



V. Crainquebille Submits to the Laws of the Republic

HAVING BEEN TAKEN BACK TO HIS PRISON, Crainquebille sat down on his chained stool, filled with astonishment and admiration. He himself was not quite sure whether the magistrates were mistaken. The tribunal had concealed its essential weakness beneath the majesty of form. He could not believe that he was in the right, as against magistrates whose reasons he had not understood: it was impossible for him to conceive that anything could go wrong in so elaborate a ceremony. For, unaccustomed to attending Mass or frequenting the Élysée, he had never in his life witnessed anything so grand as a police court trial. He was perfectly aware that he had never cried "*Mort aux vaches!*" That for having said it he should have been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment seemed to him an august mystery, one of those articles of faith to which believers adhere without understanding them; an obscure, striking, adorable, and terrible revelation.

This poor old man believed himself guilty of having mystically offended Constable 64, just as the little boy learning his Catechism believes himself guilty of Eve's sin. His sentence had taught him that he had cried: "*Mort aux vaches!*" He must, therefore have cried "*Mort aux vaches!*" in some mysterious manner, unknown to himself. He was transported into a supernatural world. His trial was for him indeed his apocalypse.

If he had no very clear idea of the offence, his idea of the penalty was still less clear. His sentence appeared to him a solemn and superior ritual, something dazzling and incomprehensible, which is not to be dis-

cussed, and for which one is neither to be praised nor pitied. If at that moment he had seen President Bourriche, with white wings and a halo round his forehead, coming down through a hole in the ceiling, he would not have been surprised at this new manifestation of judicial glory. He would have said: "This is my trial continuing!"

On the next day his lawyer visited him:

"Well, my good fellow, things aren't so bad after all! Don't be discouraged. A fortnight is soon over. We have not much to complain of."

"As for that, I must say the gentlemen were very kind, very polite: not a single rude word. I shouldn't have believed it. And the 'cipal was wearing white gloves. Did you notice?"

"Everything considered, we did well to confess."

"Perhaps."

"Crainquebille, I have a piece of good news for you. A charitable person, whose interest I have elicited on your behalf, gave me fifty francs for you. The sum will be used to pay your fine."

"When will you give me the money?"

"It will be paid into the clerk's office. You need not trouble about it."

"It does not matter. All the same, I am very grateful to this person." And Crainquebille murmured meditatively: "It's something out of the common that's happening to me."

"Don't exaggerate, Crainquebille. Your case is by no means rare; far from it."

"You couldn't tell me where they've put my barrow?"

VI. Crainquebille in the Light of Public Opinion

AFTER HIS DISCHARGE FROM PRISON, Crainquebille trundled his barrow along the Rue Montmartre, crying: "Cabbages, turnips, carrots!" He was neither ashamed nor proud of his adventure. The memory of it was not painful. He classed it in his mind with dreams, travels, and plays. But, above all things, he was glad to be walking in the mud, along the paved streets, and to see overhead the rainy sky as dirty as the gutter, the dear sky of the town. At every corner he stopped to have a drink; then, gay and unconstrained, spitting in his hands in order to moisten his horny palms, he would seize the shafts and push on his barrow. Meanwhile a flight of sparrows, as poor and as early as he, seeking their livelihood in the road, flew off at the sound of his familiar cry: "Cabbages, turnips, carrots!" An old housewife, who had come up, said to him as she felt his celery:

"What's happened to you, Père Crainquebille? We haven't seen you for three weeks. Have you been ill? You look rather pale."

"I'll tell you, M'ame Mailloche, I've been 'doing the gentleman.'"

Nothing in his life changed, except that he went oftener to the pub, because he had an idea it was a

holiday and that he had made the acquaintance of charitable folk. He returned to his garret rather gay. Stretched on his mattress he drew over him the sacks borrowed from the chestnut-seller at the corner, which served him as blankets, and he pondered: "Well, prison is not so bad; one has everything one wants there. But all the same one is better at home."

His contentment did not last long. He soon perceived that his customers looked at him askance.

"Fine celery, M'ame Cointreau!"

"I don't want anything."

"What! nothing! do you live on air then?"

And M'ame Cointreau, without deigning to reply, returned to the large bakery of which she was the mistress. The shopkeepers and caretakers, who had once flocked round his barrow all green and blooming, now turned away from him. Having reached the shoemaker's, at the sign of l'Ange Gardien, the place where his adventures with justice had begun, he called:

"M'ame Bayard, M'ame Bayard, you owe me sevenpence halfpenny from last time."

But M'ame Bayard, who was sitting at her counter, did not deign to turn her head.

The whole of the Rue Montmartre was aware that

Père Crainquebille had been in prison, and the whole of the Rue Montmartre gave up his acquaintance. The rumour of his conviction had reached the Faubourg and the noisy corner of the Rue Richer. There, about noon, he perceived Madame Laure, a kind and faithful customer, leaning over the barrow of another costermonger, young Martin. She was feeling a large cabbage. Her hair shone in the sunlight like masses of golden threads loosely twisted. And young Martin, a nobody, a good-for-nothing, was protesting with his hand on his heart that there were no finer vegetables than his. At this sight Crainquebille's heart was rent. He pushed his barrow up to young Martin's, and in a plaintive, broken voice said to Madame Laure: "It's not fair of you to forsake me."

As Madame Laure herself admitted, she was no duchess. It was not in society that she had acquired her ideas of the prison van and the police-station. But can one not be honest in every station in life? Everyone has his self-respect; and one does not like to deal with a man who has just come out of prison. So the only notice she took of Crainquebille was to give him a look of disgust. And the old costermonger, resenting

the affront, excitedly shouted:

"Dirty wench, go along with you."

Madame Laure let fall her cabbage and cried:

"Eh! Be off with you, you bad penny! You come out of prison and then insult folk!"

If Crainquebille had had any self-control he would never have reproached Madame Laure with her calling. He knew only too well that one is not master of one's fate, that one cannot always choose one's occupation, and that good people may be found everywhere. He was accustomed discreetly to ignore the business of Madame's customers with her; and he despised no one. But he was beside himself. Three times he called Madame Laure drunkard, wench, harridan. A group of idlers gathered round Madame Laure and Crainquebille. They exchanged a few more insults as serious as the first; and they would soon have exhausted their vocabulary, if a policeman had not suddenly appeared, and at once, by his silence and immobility, rendered them as silent and as motionless as himself. They separated. But this scene put the finishing touch to the discrediting of Crainquebille in the eyes of the Faubourg Montmartre and the Rue Richer.

VII. Results

THE OLD MAN WENT ALONG mumbling:

"For certain she's a hussy, and none more of a hussy than she."

But at the bottom of his heart that was not the reproach he brought against her. He did not scorn her for being what she was. Rather he esteemed her for it, knowing her to be frugal and orderly. Once they had liked to talk together. She used to tell him of her parents who lived in the country. And they had both resolved to have a little garden and keep poultry. She was a good customer. And then to see her buying cabbages from young Martin, a dirty, good-for-nothing wretch; it cut him to the heart; and when she pretended to despise him, that put his back up, and then . . . !

But she, alas! was not the only one who shunned him as if he had the plague. Everyone avoided him. Just like Madame Laure, Madame Cointreau the baker, Madame Bayard of l'Ange Gardien scorned and repulsed him. Why! the whole of society refused to have anything to do with him.

So because one had been put away for a fortnight one was not good enough even to sell leeks! Was it just? Was it reasonable to make a decent chap die of starvation because he had got into difficulties with a copper? If he was not to be allowed to sell vegetables then it was all over with him. Like a badly doctored wine, he turned sour. After having had words with Madame Laure he now had them with everyone. For a mere nothing he would tell his customers what he thought of them, and in no ambiguous terms, I assure you. If they felt his wares too long he would call them to their faces, "chatterer," "soft head." Likewise at the wine-shop he bawled at his comrades. His friend, the chestnut-seller, no longer recognized him; old Père Crainquebille, he said, had turned into a regular por-

cupine. It cannot be denied: he was becoming rude, disagreeable, evil-mouthed, loquacious. The truth of the matter was that he was discovering the imperfections of society; but he had not the facilities of a Professor of Moral and Political Science for the expression of his ideas concerning the vices of the system and the reforms necessary; and his thoughts evolved, devoid of order and moderation.

Misfortune was rendering him unjust. He was taking his revenge on those who did not wish him ill, and sometimes on those who were weaker than he. One day he boxed Alphonse, the wine-seller's little boy, on the ear, because he had asked him what it was like to be sent away. Crainquebille struck him and said:

"Dirty brat! it's your father who ought to be sent away instead of growing rich by selling poison."

A deed and a speech which did him no honour; for, as the chestnut-seller justly remarked, one ought not to strike a child, neither should one reproach him with a father whom he has not chosen.

Crainquebille began to drink. The less money he earned the more brandy he drank. Formerly frugal and sober, he himself marveled at the change.

"I never used to be a waster," he said. "I suppose one doesn't improve as one grows old."

Sometimes he severely blamed himself for his misconduct and his laziness:

"Crainquebille, old chap, you ain't good for anything but liftin' your glass."

Sometimes he deceived himself and made out that he needed the drink.

"I must have it now and then; I must have a drop to strengthen me and cheer me up. It seems as if I had a fire in my inside; and there's nothing like the drink for quenching it."

It often happened that he missed the auction in the

morning and so had to provide himself with damaged fruit and vegetables on credit. One day, feeling tired and discouraged, he left his barrow in its shed, and spent the livelong day hanging round the stall of Madame Rose, the tripe-seller, or lounging in and out of the wine-shops near the market. In the evening, sitting on a basket, he meditated and became conscious of his deterioration. He recalled the strength of his early years: the achievements of former days, the arduous labours and the glad evenings: those days quickly passing, all alike and fully occupied; the pacing in the darkness up and down the Market pavement, waiting for the early auction; the vegetables carried by armsful and artistically arranged in the barrow; the piping hot black coffee of Mère Théodore swallowed standing, and at one gulp; the shafts

grasped vigorously; and then the loud cry, piercing as a cock crow, rending the morning air as he passed through the crowded streets. All that innocent, rough life of the human pack-horse came before him. For half a century, on his traveling stall, he had borne to townsfolk worn with care and vigil the fresh harvest of kitchen gardens. Shaking his head, he sighed:

"No! I'm not what I was. I'm done for. The pitcher goes so often to the well that at last it comes home broken. And then I've never been the same since my affair with the magistrates. No, I'm not the man I was."

In short he was demoralized. And when a man reaches that condition he might as well be on the ground and unable to rise. All the passers-by tread him under foot.

VIII. The Final Result

POVERTY CAME, black poverty. The old costermonger who used to come back from the Faubourg Montmartre with a bag full of five-franc pieces, had not a single coin now. Winter came. Driven out of his garret, he slept under the carts in a shed. It had been raining for days; the gutters were overflowing, and the shed was flooded.

Crouching in his barrow, over the pestilent water, in the company of spiders, rats, and half-starved cats, he was meditating in the gloom. Having eaten nothing all day and no longer having the chestnut-seller's sacks for a covering, he recalled the fortnight when the Government had provided him with food and clothing. He envied the prisoners' fate. They suffer neither cold nor hunger, and an idea occurred to him: "Since I know the trick, why don't I use it?"

He rose and went out into the street. It was a little past eleven. The night was dark and chill. A drizzling mist was falling, colder and more penetrating than rain. The few passers-by crept along under the cover of the houses.

Crainquebille went past the Church of Saint-Eustache and turned into the Rue Montmartre. It was deserted. A guardian of the peace stood on the pavement, by the apse of the church. He was under a gas-lamp, and all around fell a fine rain looking reddish in the gaslight. It fell on to the policeman's hood. He looked chilled to the bone; but, either because he preferred to be in the light or because he was tired of walking, he stayed under the lamp, and perhaps it seemed to him a friend, a companion. In the loneliness of the night the flickering flame was his only entertainment. In his immobility he appeared hardly human. The reflection of his boots on the wet pavement, which looked like a lake, prolonged him downwards and gave him from a distance the air of some amphibious monster half out of water. Observed more closely, he had at once a monkish and a military appearance. The coarse fea-

tures of his countenance, magnified under the shadow of his hood, were sad and placid. He wore a thick moustache, short and gray. He was an old copper, a man of some two-score years. Crainquebille went up to him softly, and in a weak, hesitating voice, said: "*Mort aux vaches!*"

Then he waited the result of those sacred words. But nothing came of them. The constable remained motionless and silent, with his arms folded under his short cloak. His eyes were wide open; they glistened in the darkness and regarded Crainquebille with sadness, vigilance, and scorn.

Crainquebille, astonished but resolute, muttered: "*Mort aux vaches!* I tell you."

There was a long silence in the chill darkness and the falling of the fine penetrating rain. At last the constable spoke:

"Such things are not said. . . . At your age you ought to know better. Pass on."

"Why don't you arrest me?" asked Crainquebille. The constable shook his head beneath his dripping hood:

"If we were to take up all the addle-pates who say what they oughtn't to, we should have our work cut out! And what would be the use?"

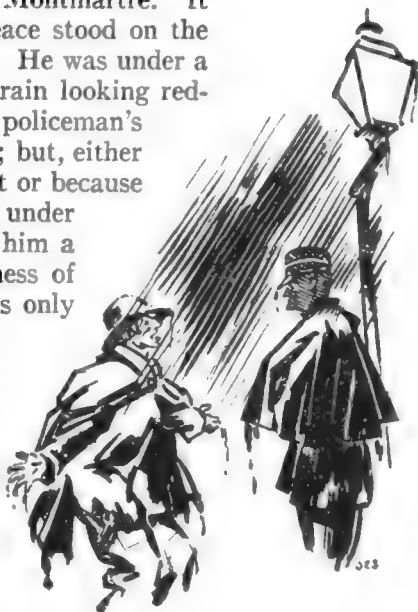
Overcome by such magnanimous disdain, Crainquebille remained for some time stolid and silent, with his feet in the gutter. Before going, he tried to explain:

"I didn't mean to say: *Mort aux vaches!* to you. It was only an idea."

The constable replied sternly but kindly:

"Whether an idea or anything else, it ought not to be said, because when a man does his duty and endures much, he ought not to be insulted with idle words. I tell you, pass on!"

Crainquebille, with head bent and arms hanging limp, plunged into the rain and the darkness.



Advice to a President on Choosing a Cabinet—1852

A confidential letter from James Buchanan, a former Secretary of State who was himself to become President four years later, to Franklin G. Pierce, following General Pierce's election to the Presidency in 1852.

Wheatland, near Lancaster,
December 11, 1852.

My Dear Sir:

Your favour of the 7th instant reached me last evening.

You do me no more than justice in "regarding me with the free confidence of a friend," and I can say in all sincerity that, both for your own sake and that of the country, I most ardently desire the success of your administration. Having asked my suggestions and advice "as to the launching of the incoming administration," I shall cheerfully give it, with all the frankness of friendship. . . .

To apply your own metaphor, "the launching of the incoming administration" will, perhaps, be a more important and responsible duty than has ever fallen to the lot of any of your predecessors. On the selection of the navigators to assist you in conducting the vessel of State will mainly depend the success of the voyage. No matter how able or skilful the commander may be, and without flattery, I cheerfully accord to you both ability and skill, he can do but little without the aid of able and skilful subordinates. So firmly am I convinced of this truth that I should not fear to predict the result of your administration as soon as I shall learn who are the members of your cabinet.

In former times, when the Government was comparatively in its infancy, the President himself could supervise and direct all the measures of any importance arising under our complex but most excellent system of government. Not so at present. This would no longer be possible, even if the day consisted of forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours. Hence, from absolute necessity, the members of your administration will exercise much independent power. Even in regard to those questions submitted more directly to yourself, from want of time to make minute examinations of all the facts, you must necessarily rely much upon the representations of the appropriate Secretary. My strong and earnest advice to you, therefore, is not to constitute your cabinet with a view to harmonize the opposite and fleeting factions of the day; but solely with the higher and nobler view of promoting the great interests of the country and securing the glory and lasting fame of your own administration. . . . It was a maxim of old Simon Snyder, the shrewd and popular Governor of our State, that the very best man ought to be selected for the office, and if not popular at the moment, he would soon render himself popular. In view of these important considerations, I would earnestly recommend to you the

practice of General Washington, never finally to decide an important question until the moment which required its decision had nearly approached.

I know that a state of suspense is annoying to the human mind; but it is better to submit to this annoyance for a season than to incur the risk of a more permanent and greater evil.

You say that you will leave Concord "with purposes definitely formed and not likely to be changed."

But is Concord the best locality in the world for acquiring reliable information and taking extended views of our whole great country? To Boston I should never resort for this purpose. Pardon me for suggesting that you ought not to have your resolution definitely fixed until after your arrival in Washington. . . .

One opinion I must not fail to express; and this is that *the cabinet ought to be a unit*. I may say that this is not merely an opinion of mine, but a strong and deep conviction. It is as clear to my mind as any mathematical demonstration. Without unity no cabinet can be successful. General Jackson, penetrating as he was, did not discover this truth until compelled to dissolve his first cabinet on account of its heterogeneous and discordant materials. I undertake to predict that whoever may be the President, if he disregards this principle in the formation of his cabinet, he will have committed a fatal mistake. He who attempts to conciliate opposing factions by placing ardent and embittered representatives of each in his cabinet, will discover that he has only infused into these factions new vigour and power for mischief. It was a regard to this vital principle of unity in the formation of his cabinet which rendered Mr. Polk's administration so successful. We were all personal and political friends, and worked together in harmony. However various our views might have been and often were upon any particular subject when entering the cabinet council, after mutual consultation and free discussion we never failed to agree at last, except on a very few questions, and on these the world never knew that we had differed. . . .

I have now, from a sense of duty, written you by far the longest letter I ever wrote in my life, and have unburdened my mind of a ponderous load. I have nothing more to add, except a request that you would present me kindly to Mrs. Pierce, and believe me to be always, most respectfully,

Your friend,

James Buchanan



They Say



EDWARD FREDERIC BENSON:
English writer

"All properly constituted people read in bed."

P. CORMAC:
*F.R.C.Sc.I., M.R.I.A., of the University
College of Dublin*

"The wheel, without doubt, is the greatest invention in mechanical engineering."

H. J. WHIGHAM:
*editor of "International Studio," discusses
the mission of M. Cellurier, of the Louvre,
to test the authenticity of masterpieces
with the X-Ray*

"Even if the Roentgen ray could decide certain points about the quality or age of the paint, its evidence would be purely destructive. At best its results would resemble a little the triumph of the Greek scholar who after much labour proved to his own satisfaction that the *Iliad* was not written by Homer, but by another Greek of the same name."

JESSE L. LASKY:
motion-picture magnate

"In five years there will be no silent motion pictures."

STRANGER:
*with check to cash, is told by merchant he
couldn't cash a check for his own brother*

"Well, of course, you know your own family better than I do."

DR. IRA S. WILE:
*child psychologist and physician, advo-
cates training the child's emotions*

"The emotions determine the spice and flavour of life. They determine whether life shall yield zest or weariness. They flow forth in love and hate, in anxiety and sorrow, in wonderment and despair, in the recognition of pleasure and pain."

ALVAN MACAULEY:
*President of Packard Motor Car Co.,
which also manufactures airplane motors*

"The future of aviation is wrapped up in the answer to a single question: 'When should a motor leave the ground?'"

THOMAS A. EDISON:
*who, the entire world hopes, will outlive
his expectations*

"I am long on ideas, but short on time. I expect to live to be only about a hundred."

REV. HARRY E. FOSDICK:
*of the Park Avenue Baptist Church,
New York*

"I read in the *Saturday Evening Post* two of the most convincing articles ever written against war. I took courage. . . . When Tennysonian ideals of peace come down out of the skies and get into the *Saturday Evening Post*, we are getting somewhere."

"SENATOR SORGHUM":
*a journalistically created politician, admits
to nervousness during a conference with
a prominent stateswoman*

"I was nervous. She reminds me of a microphone. She has no facial expression whatever; but ye gods! how she can broadcast!"

JOHN H. CHASE:
*Audubonian, banding birds in Youngs-
town, Ohio, classifies his subjects*

"Grackles are the wisest; English sparrows the slyest; wrens the sportiest; robins the most loving; song sparrows and warblers wildest; and cardinals (strange to say) the best fighters!"

JOSEPH VAN RAALTE:
*newspaper man, joins the deplorers of
"the good old times"*

". . . And no one foresaw the day when halitosis would be the national air."

JAMES J. DAVIS:
Secretary of Labour

"The poor are not getting poorer; they are getting richer. Moreover, for the first time in human history there is reason for thinking that involuntary poverty is a thing that can be conquered—not by agitators, much less by politicians; it is going to be conquered by the application of labour-saving machinery in industry."

"PROF." GUSTAVE MEYER:
*astrologer and counselor, of Hoboken,
N. J., having mispredicted the election of
ex-Governor Smith, finds it advisable to
elucidate*

"Jupiter seemed to indicate that 'Al' Smith was going to be President. I thought he was going to be President of the United States. But now I read in the papers that he's going to be president of a big Wall Street bank. Get the idea?"

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES:
*arriving by motor at a Bowery lodging
house, to take charge of the body of old
Brad Hulbert*

"He was a friend of mine."

**MAYOR OF BUCHAREST,
RUMANIA:**

writes Mayor Walker, addressing him as the "Burgomaster of New York," and asks for a few pointers on tax collecting

"How many durable inhabitants and how many stirring inhabitants? . . . How are the bad ratepayers executed? . . . Which are the modalities to search after the disappearing ratepayers? . . . Are you erecting a portfolio for each ratepayer?"

JOHN GUNTHER:

the New York "Sun's" special correspondent in Moscow

"Seven of the nine men who run Russia never went to school."

"AL" GUTIERREZ:

Texas garage mechanic, bet his appendix with a banker on the location of a car squeek; he lost; he paid

"I will send you my appendix by 8 o'clock in the morning."

BISHOP CHARLES EDW. LOCKE:
of St. Paul, Minn.

"Men are all groping for infinity—every effort to prove there is no God is in itself an effort to reach for God."

DR. ANNIE LOUISE MACLEOD:
*dean of the College of Home Economics,
Syracuse University*

"The country is filled with places where men learn how to earn money, but there are no places where women may be taught how to spend it."

WILLIAM BOLITHO:

of the New York "World," writes of the notoriously sentimental French jury

"A man is tried in France on his biography, in fact; and not entirely a prose biography at that."

WILL ROGERS:

comedian and humourist, apparently knows his jails as well as his politics

"There is no more independence in politics than there is in jail."

LADY ASTOR:

reassures her fellow Commoners

"The men need not be frightened. We do not ask for superiority; we have always had that. We only want equality."

**CASE 18: AGED THEATRICAL
PAIR:**

of the New York "Evening Post's" "Old Couples' Christmas Fund," are visited by a reporter

"We've been a team for so long we can't be broken up now. Our only hope is that when Death comes the Great Booker will take us as a team."

G. K. CHESTERTON:

English literary iconoclast

"But youth is always too serious, and just now it is too serious about frivolity."

ELSIE McCORMICK:

who gives readers of the New York "World" "A Piece of Her Mind" in her column of that title

"Some of our richest citizens humbly accept dinners that a European would festoon around the cook's neck."

DR. DONALD A. LAIRD:

editor of "Industrial Psychology," studies the office employée

"I also made the great discovery that man is the only animal which spits. and that this is due to his posture."

PROF. HARMON B. STEPHENS:
of the University of Tennessee

"Motion pictures appeal to the mentally immature, and because of that they have a great duty to perform."

GLENN WARNER:

Stanford veteran coach, learns that Cogle, the Army wonder-halfback, has another year at West Point

"Say, have I got to worry about you for another twelve months?"

"BY-PRODUCTS":

a Sunday feature in the New York "Times"

"Of course, if traffic keeps on getting heavier they might have one-way cities."

STUART CHASE:

economic expert

"Production has become a science. Consumption is still in the realm of astrology."

ALBERT STERNER:

artist

"There is no such thing as modern art. There is art—and there is advertising."

DON MOORE:

writer

"The other evening a subway train, with the superhuman intelligence sometimes so noticeable in inanimate objects, was rushing desperately away from Brooklyn to New York."

FRED STONE:

convalescent actor, who was extricated last August from a mass of airplane wreckage

"Shucks! I'm as good as ever. I may look a little funnier, but I get paid for that."

JOHN S. COHEN, JR.:

film critic for the New York "Sun," attends an all-talkie motion picture

"I did wish it would make up its mind whether it was a recorded play, a photo-play, an operetta, or a bull fight."

Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty

By STACY AUMONIER

Illustrations by
Reginald Birch

"THIS IS THE room, ma-dame."
"Ah, thank you . . . thank you."

"Does it appear satisfactory to madame?"

"Oh, yes, thank you . . . quite."

"Does madame require anything further?"

"Er—if not too late, I'd like a hot bath."

"*Parfaitement*, madame. The bathroom is at the end of the passage on the left. I will go and prepare it for madame."

"There is one thing more. . . . I have had a very long journey. I am very tired. Will you please see that I am not disturbed in the morning until I ring?"

"Certainly, madame."

Millicent Bracegirdle was speaking the truth—she was tired. In the sleepy cathedral town of Easingstoke, from which she came, it was customary for everyone to speak the truth. It was customary, moreover, for everyone to lead simple, self-denying lives—to give up their time to good works and elevating thoughts. One had only to glance at little Miss Bracegirdle to see that in her was epitomized all the virtues and ideals of Easingstoke. Indeed, it was the pursuit of duty which had brought her to the Hotel de l'Oest at Bordeaux on this summer's night. She had traveled from Easingstoke to London, then without a break to Dover, crossed that horrid stretch of sea to Calais, entrained for Paris, where she of necessity had to spend four hours—a terrifying experience—and then had come on to Bordeaux, arriving at midnight. The reason of this journey being that some one had to come to Bordeaux to meet her young sister-in-law, who was arriving the next day from South America. The sister-in-law was married to a missionary in Paraguay, but the climate not agreeing with her, she was returning to England. Her dear brother, the dean, would have come himself, but the claims on his time were so extensive, the parishioners would miss him so . . . it was clearly Millicent's duty to go.

She had never been out of En-

*For Mr
Stacy Aumonier.*

gland before, and she had a horror of travel, and an ingrained distrust of foreigners. She spoke a little French—sufficient for the purpose of travel and for obtaining any modest necessities, but not sufficient for carrying on any kind of conversation. She did not deplore this latter fact, for she was of opinion that French people were not the kind of people that one would naturally want to have conversation with; broadly speaking, they were not quite "nice," in spite of their ingratiating manners.

The dear dean had given her endless advice, warning her earnestly not to enter into conversation with strangers, to obtain all information from the police, railway officials—in fact, anyone in an official uniform. He deeply regretted to say that he was afraid that France was not a country for a woman to travel about in *alone*. There were loose, bad people about, always on the lookout. . . . He really thought perhaps he ought not to let her go. It was only by the utmost persuasion, in which she rather exaggerated her knowledge of the French language and character, her courage, and her indifference to discomfort, that she managed to carry the day.



She walked to the head post office in Bordeaux

SHE UNPACKED her valise, placed her things about the room, tried to thrust back the little stabs of homesickness as she visualized her darling room at the deanery. How strange and hard and unfriendly seemed these foreign hotel bedrooms—heavy and depressing, no chintz and lavender and photographs of . . . all the dear family, the dean, the nephews and nieces, the interior of the cathedral during harvest festival, no samplers and needlework of coloured reproductions of the paintings by Marcus Stone. Oh, dear, how foolish she was! What did she expect?

She disrobed and donned a dressing-gown; then, armed with a

sponge-bag and towel, she crept timidly down the passage to the bathroom, after closing her bedroom door and turning out the light. The gay bathroom cheered her. She wallowed luxuriously in the hot water, regarding her slim legs with quiet satisfaction. And for the first time since leaving home there came to her a pleasant moment—a sense of enjoyment in her adventure. After all, it *was* rather an adventure, and her life had been peculiarly devoid of it. What queer lives some people must live, traveling about, having experiences! How old was she? Not really old—not by any means. Forty-two? Forty-three? She had shut herself up so. She hardly ever regarded the potentialities of age. As the world went, she was a well-preserved woman for her age. A life of self-abnegation, simple living, healthy walking and fresh air, had kept her younger than those hurrying, pampered city people.

LOVE? YES, once when she was a young girl . . . he was a schoolmaster, a most estimable, kind gentleman. They were never engaged—not actually, but it was a kind of understood thing. For three years it went on, this pleasant understanding and friendship. He was so gentle, so distinguished and considerate. She would have been happy to have continued in this strain for ever. But there was something lacking. Stephen had curious restless lapses. From the physical aspect of marriage she shrunk—yea, even with Stephen, who was gentleness and kindness itself. And then one day . . . one day he went away—vanished, and never returned. They told her he had married one of the country girls—a girl who used to work in Mrs. Forbes's dairy—not a very nice girl, she feared, one of these fast, pretty, foolish women. Heigho! well, she had lived that down, destructive as the blow appeared at the time. One lives everything down in time. There is always work, living for others, faith, duty. . . . At the same time she could sympathize with people who found satisfaction in unusual experiences.

There would be lots to tell the dear dean when she wrote to him on the morrow—nearly losing her spectacles on the restaurant car; the amusing remarks of an American child on the train to Paris; the curious food everywhere, nothing simple and plain; the two English ladies at the hotel in Paris who told her about the death of their uncle—the poor man being taken ill on Friday and dying on Sunday afternoon, just before tea-time; the kindness of the hotel proprietor who had sat up for her; the prettiness of the chambermaid. Oh, yes, everyone was really very kind. The French people, after all, were very nice. She had seen nothing—nothing but was quite nice and decorous. There would be lots to tell the dean tomorrow.

Her body glowed with the friction of the towel. She again donned her night attire and her thick, woollen dressing-gown. She tidied up the bathroom carefully in exactly the same way she was accustomed to do at home, then once more gripping her sponge-bag and towel, and turning out the light, she crept down the passage to her room. Entering the room she switched on the light and shut the door quickly.

Then one of those ridiculous things happened—just the kind of thing you would expect to happen in a foreign hotel. The handle of the door came off in her hand.

She ejaculated a quiet "Bother!" and sought to replace it with one hand, the other being occupied with the towel and sponge-bag. In doing this she behaved foolishly, for thrusting the knob carelessly against the steel pin—without properly securing it—she only succeeded in pushing the pin farther into the door and the knob was not adjusted. She uttered another little "Bother" and put her sponge-bag and towel down on the floor. She then tried to recover the pin with her left hand, but it had gone in too far.

"How very foolish!" she thought, "I shall have to ring for the chambermaid—and perhaps the poor girl has gone to bed."

She turned and faced the room, and suddenly the awful horror was upon her. *There was a man asleep in her bed!*

The sight of that swarthy face on the pillow, with its black tousled hair and heavy moustache, produced in her the most terrible moment of her life. Her heart nearly stopped. For some seconds she could neither think nor scream, and her first thought was: "I mustn't scream!"

She stood there like one paralyzed, staring at the man's head and the great curved hunch of his body under the clothes. When she began to think she thought very quickly, and all her thoughts worked together. The first vivid realization was that it wasn't the man's fault; it was *her* fault. *She was in the wrong room.* It was the Man's room. The rooms were identical, but there were all his things about, his clothes thrown carelessly over chairs, his collar and tie on the wardrobe, his great heavy boots and the strange yellow trunk. She must get out somehow, anyhow.

SHE CLUTCHED ONCE more at the door, feverishly driving her finger-nails into the hole where the elusive pin had vanished. She tried to force her fingers in the crack and open the door that way, but it was of no avail. She was to all intents and purposes locked in—locked in a bedroom in a strange hotel alone with a man . . . a foreigner . . . a *Frenchman!* She must think. She must think. . . . She switched off the light. If the light was off he might not wake up. It might give her time to think how to act. It was surprising that he had not awakened. If he *did* wake up what would he do? How could she explain herself? He wouldn't believe her. No one would believe her. In an English hotel it would be difficult enough, but here, where she wasn't known, where they were all foreigners and consequently antagonistic . . . merciful heavens!

She *must* get out. Should she wake the man? No, she couldn't do that. He might murder her. He might. . . . Oh, it was too awful to contemplate! Should she scream? ring for the chambermaid? But no, it would be the same thing. People would come rushing. They would find her there in the strange man's bedroom after midnight—she, Millicent Brace-

girdle, sister of the Dean of Easingstoke! Easingstoke! Visions of Easingstoke flashed through her alarmed mind. Visions of the news arriving, women whispering around tea-tables: "Have you heard, my dear? . . . Really, no one would have imagined! Her poor brother! He will of course have to resign, you know, my dear. Have a little more cream, my love."

Would they put her in prison? She might be in the room for the purpose of stealing or . . . she might be in the room for the purpose of breaking every one of the ten commandments. There was no explaining it away. She was a ruined woman, suddenly and irretrievably, unless she could open the door. The chimney? Should she climb up the chimney? But where would that lead to? And then she visualized the man pulling her down by her legs when she was already smothered in soot. Any moment he might wake up.

She thought she heard the chambermaid going along the passage. If she had wanted to scream, she ought to have screamed before. The maid would know that she had left the bathroom some minutes ago. Was she going to her room? Suddenly she remembered that she had told the chambermaid that she was not to be disturbed until she rang the next morning. That was something. Nobody would be going to her room to find out that she was not there.

An abrupt and desperate plan formed in her mind. It was already getting on for one o'clock. The man was probably a quite harmless commercial traveler or business man. He would probably get up about seven or eight o'clock, dress quickly and go out. She would hide under his bed until he went. Only a matter of a few hours. Men don't look under their beds, although she made a religious practice of doing so herself. When he went he would be sure to open the door all right. The handle would be lying on the floor as though it had dropped off in the night. He would probably ring for the chambermaid or open it with a penknife. Men were so clever at those things. When he had gone she would creep out and steal back to her room, and then there would be no necessity to give any explanation to any one. But heavens! What an experience! Once under the white frill of that bed she would be safe till the morning. In daylight nothing seemed so terrifying.

With feline precaution she went down on her hands and knees and crept toward the bed. What a lucky thing there was that broad white frill! She lifted it at the foot of the bed and crept under. There was just sufficient depth to take her slim body. The floor was fortunately carpeted all over, but it seemed very close and dusty. Suppose she coughed or sneezed! Anything might happen. Of course . . . it would be much more difficult to explain her presence under the

bed than to explain her presence just inside the door. She held her breath in suspense. No sound came from above, but under this frill it was difficult to hear anything. It was almost more nerve-racking than hearing everything . . . listening for signs and portents. This temporary escape in any case would give her time to regard the predicament detachedly. Up to the present she had not been able to visualize the full significance of her



There was a man asleep in her bed!

action. She had in truth lost her head. She had been like a wild animal, consumed with the sole idea of escape . . . a mouse or a cat would do this kind of thing—take cover and lie low. If only it hadn't all happened *abroad*! She tried to frame sentences of explanation in French, but French escaped her. And then—they talked so rapidly, these people. They didn't listen. The situation was intolerable. Would she be able to endure a night of it?

At present she was not altogether uncomfortable, only stuffy and . . . very, very frightened. But she had to face six or seven or eight hours of it—perhaps even then discovery in the end! The minutes flashed by as she turned the matter over and over in her head. There was no solution. She began to wish she had screamed or awakened the man. She saw now that that would have been the wisest and most polite thing to do; but she had allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to elapse from the moment when the chambermaid would know that she had left the bathroom. They would want an explanation of what she had been doing in the man's bedroom all that time. Why hadn't she screamed before?

SHE LIFTED THE FRILL an inch or two and listened. She thought she heard the man breathing, but she couldn't be sure. In any case it gave her more air. She became a little bolder, and thrust her face partly

through the frill so that she could breathe freely. She tried to steady her nerves by concentrating on the fact that—well, there it was. She had done it. She must make the best of it. Perhaps it would be all right after all.

"Of course I shan't sleep," she kept on thinking, "I shan't be able to. In any case it will be safer not to sleep. I must be on the watch."

She set her teeth and waited grimly. Now that she had made up her mind to see the thing through in this manner she felt a little calmer. She almost smiled as she reflected that there would certainly be something to tell the dear Dean when she wrote to him tomorrow. How would he take it? Of course he would believe it—he had never doubted a single word that she had uttered in her life, but the story would sound so . . . preposterous. In Easingstoke it would be almost impossible to envisage such an experience. She, Millicent Bracegirdle, spending the night under a strange man's bed in a foreign hotel! What would those women think? Fanny Shields and that garrulous old Mrs. Rushbridger? Perhaps . . . yes, perhaps it would be advisable to tell the dear Dean to let the story go no further. One could hardly expect Mrs. Rushbridger not . . . to make implications . . . exaggerate.

Oh dear! What were they all doing now? They would all be asleep, everyone in Easingstoke. Her dear brother always retired at ten-fifteen. He would be sleeping calmly and placidly, the sleep of the just . . . breathing the clear, sweet air of Sussex, not this—Oh, it *was stuffy*! She felt a great desire to cough. She mustn't do that. Yes, at nine-thirty all the servants summoned to the library—a short service—never more than fifteen minutes, her brother didn't believe in a great deal of ritual—then at ten o'clock cocoa for everyone. At ten-fifteen bed for everyone. The dear, sweet bedroom with the narrow white bed, by the side of which she had knelt every night as long as she could remember—even in her dear mother's day—and said her prayers.

PRAYERS! YES, THAT WAS a curious thing. This was the first night in her life's experience that she had not said her prayers on retiring. The situation was certainly very peculiar . . . exceptional, one might call it. God would understand and forgive such a lapse. And yet after all, why . . . what was to prevent her saying her prayers? Of course she couldn't kneel in the proper devotional attitude, that would be a physical impossibility; nevertheless, perhaps her prayers might be just as efficacious . . . if they came from the heart. So little Miss Bracegirdle curved her body and placed her hands in a devout attitude in front of her face and quite inaudibly murmured her prayers under the strange man's bed.

"Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses. . . ."

Trespasses! Yes, surely she was trespassing on this occasion, but God would understand. She had not wanted to trespass. She was an unwitting sinner.

Without uttering a sound she went through her usual prayers in her heart. At the end she added fervently:

"Please, God, protect me from the dangers and perils of this night."

Then she lay silent and inert, strangely soothed by the effort of praying. "After all," she thought, "it isn't the attitude which matters—it is that which occurs deep down in us."

For the first time she began to meditate—almost to question—church forms and dogma. If an attitude was not indispensable, why—a building, a ritual, a church at all? Of course her dear brother couldn't be wrong, the church was so old, so very old, its root deep buried in the story of human life, it was only that . . . well, outward forms *could* be misleading. Her own present position for instance. In the eyes of the world she had, by one silly, careless little action, convicted herself of being the breaker of every single one of the ten commandments.

She tried to think of one of which she could not be accused. But no—even to dishonouring her father and mother, bearing false witness, stealing, coveting her neighbour's . . . husband! That was the worst thing of all. Poor man! He might be a very pleasant, honourable married gentleman with children, and she—she was in a position to compromise him! Why hadn't she screamed! Too late! Too late!

IT BEGAN TO get very uncomfortable, stuffy, but at the same time draughty, and the floor was getting harder every minute. She changed her position stealthily and controlled her desire to cough. Her heart was beating rapidly. Over and over again recurred the vivid impression of every little incident and argument that had occurred to her from the moment she left the bathroom. This must, of course, be the room next to her own. So confusing, with perhaps twenty bedrooms all exactly alike on one side of a passage—how was one to remember whether one's number was 115 or 116?

Her mind began to wander idly off into her school-days. She was always very bad at figures. She disliked Euclid and all those subjects about angles and equations—so unimportant, not leading anywhere. History she liked, and botany, and reading about strange foreign lands, although she had always been too timid to visit them. And the lives of great people, *most* fascinating—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Beaconsfield. Lincoln, Grace Darling—*there* was a heroine for you—General Booth, a great, good man, even if a little vulgar. She remembered dear old Miss Trimming talking about him one afternoon at the vicar of St. Bride's garden party. She was *so* amusing. She . . . *Good heavens!*

Almost unwittingly, Millicent Bracegirdle had emitted a violent sneeze!

It was finished! For the second time that night she was conscious of her heart nearly stopping. For the second time that night she was so paralyzed with fear that her mentality went to pieces. Now she would hear the man get out of bed. He would walk across to the door, switch on the light, and then lift up the frill. She could almost see that fierce moustached face

glaring at her and growling something in French. Then he would thrust out an arm and drag her out. And then? O God in heaven! What then? . . .

"I shall scream before he does it. Perhaps I had better scream now. If he drags me out he will clap his hand over my mouth. Perhaps chloroform. . ."

But somehow she could not scream. She was too frightened for even that. She lifted the frill and listened. Was he moving stealthily across the carpet? She thought—no, she couldn't be sure. Anything might be happening. He might strike her from above—with one of those heavy boots, perhaps. Nothing seemed to be happening, but the suspense was intolerable. She realized now that she hadn't the power to endure a night of it. Anything would be better than this—disgrace, imprisonment, even death. She would crawl out, wake the man, and try and explain as best she could.

She would switch on the light, cough, and say: "*Monsieur!*"

Then he would start up and stare at her.

Then she would say—what should she say?

"*Pardon, monsieur, mais je—*" What on earth was the French for "I have made a mistake"?

"*J'ai tort. C'est la chambre—er—incorrect. Voulez vous—er—*"

What was the French for "door-knob," "let me go"?

It didn't matter. She would turn on the light, cough and trust to luck. If he got out of bed, and came toward her, she would scream the hotel down. . .

The resolution formed, she crawled deliberately out at the foot of the bed. She scrambled hastily toward the door—a perilous journey. In a few seconds the room was flooded with light. She turned toward the bed, coughed, and cried out boldly:

"*Monsieur!*"

Then, for the third time that night, little Miss Bracegirdle's heart all but stopped. In this case the climax of the horror took longer to develop, but when it was reached, it clouded the other two experiences into insignificance.

The man on the bed was dead!

She had never beheld death before, but one does not mistake death.

She stared at him bewildered, and repeated almost in a whisper:

"*Monsieur! . . . Monsieur!*"

THEN SHE TIP-TOED toward the bed. The hair and moustache looked extraordinarily black in that gray, wax-like setting. The mouth was slightly open, and the face, which in life might have been vicious and sensual, looked incredibly peaceful and far away.

It was as though she were regarding the features of a man across some vast passage of time, a being who had always been completely remote from mundane preoccupations.

When the full truth came home to her, little Miss Bracegirdle buried her face in her hands and murmured:

"Poor fellow . . . poor fellow!"

For the moment her own position seemed an affair of small consequence. She was in the presence of

something greater and more all-pervading. Almost instinctively she knelt by the bed and prayed.

For a few moments she seemed to be possessed by an extraordinary calmness and detachment. The burden of her hotel predicament was a gossamer trouble—a silly, trivial, almost comic episode, something that could be explained away.

But this man—he had lived his life, whatever it was like, and now he was in the presence of his Maker. What kind of man had he been?

HER MEDITATIONS were broken by an abrupt sound. It was that of a pair of heavy boots being thrown down by the door outside. She started, thinking at first it was someone knocking or trying to get in. She heard the "boots," however, stamping away down the corridor, and the realization stabbed her with the truth of her own position. She mustn't stop there. The necessity to get out was even more urgent.

To be found in a strange man's bedroom in the night is bad enough, but to be found in a dead man's bedroom was even worse. They would accuse her of murder, perhaps. Yes, that would be it—how could she possibly explain to these foreigners? Good God! they would hang her. No, guillotine her, that's what they do in France. They would chop her head off with a great steel knife. Merciful heavens! She envisaged herself standing blindfolded beside a priest and an executioner in a red cap, like that man in the Dickens story—what was his name? . . . Sydney Carton, that was it, and before he went on the scaffold he said:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done."

But no, she couldn't say that. It would be a far, far worse thing that she did. What about the dear Dean? Her sister-in-law arriving alone from Paraguay tomorrow? All her dear people and friends in Easingstoke? Her darling Tony, the large gray tabby cat? It was her duty not to have her head chopped off if it could possibly be avoided. She could do no good in the room. She could not recall the dead to life. Her only mission was to escape. Any minute people might arrive. The chamber-maid, the boots, the manager, the gendarmes. . . . Vision of gendarmes arriving armed with swords and note-books vitalized her almost exhausted energies. She was a desperate woman. Fortunately now she had not to worry about the light. She sprang once more at the door and tried to force it open with her fingers. The result hurt her and gave her pause. If she was to escape she must *think*, and think intensely. She mustn't do anything rash and silly, she must just think and plan calmly.

She examined the lock carefully. There was no key-hole, but there was a slip-bolt, so that the hotel guest could lock the door on the inside, but it couldn't be locked on the outside. Oh, why didn't this poor dear dead man lock his door last night? Then this trouble could not have happened. She could see the end of the steel pin. It was about half an inch down the hole. If anyone was passing they must surely notice the handle sticking out too far the other side! She drew a hairpin out of her hair and tried to coax the pin back, but she only succeeded in pushing it a little

farther in. She felt the colour leaving her face, and a strange feeling of faintness come over her.

She was fighting for her life; she mustn't give way. She darted round the room like an animal in a trap, her mind alert for the slightest crevice of escape. The window had no balcony and there was a drop of five stories to the street below. Dawn was breaking. Soon the activities of the hotel and the city would begin. The thing must be accomplished before then.

She went back once more and stared at the lock. She stared at the dead man's property, his razors, and brushes, and writing materials. He appeared to have a lot of writing materials, pens and pencils and rubber and sealing wax. . . . Sealing wax!

Necessity is truly the mother of invention. It is in any case quite certain that Millicent Bracegirdle, who had never invented a thing in her life, would never have evolved the ingenious little device she did, had she not believed that her position was utterly desperate. For in the end this is what she did. She got together a box of matches, a candle, a bar of sealing-wax, and a hairpin. She made a little pool of hot sealing-wax, into which she dipped the end of the hair-pin. Collecting a small blob on the end of it she thrust it into the hole, and let it adhere to the end of the steel pin. At the seventh attempt she got the thing to move. It took her just an hour and ten minutes to get that steel pin back into the room, and when at length it came far enough through for her to grip it with her finger-nails, she burst into tears through the sheer physical tension of the strain. Very, very carefully she pulled it through and holding it firmly with her left hand she fixed the knob with her right, then slowly turned it. The door opened!

THE TEMPTATION to dash out into the corridor and scream with relief was almost irresistible, but she forebore. She listened; she peeped out. No one was about. With beating heart, she went out, closing the door inaudibly. She crept like a little mouse to the room next door, stole in and flung herself on her bed. Immediately she did so it flashed through her mind that *she had left her sponge-bag and towel in the dead man's room!*

In looking back upon her experience she always considered that that second expedition was the worst of all. She might have left the sponge-bag and towel there, only that the towel—she never used hotel towels—had neatly inscribed in the corner "M.B."

With furtive caution she managed to retrace her steps. She reëntered the dead man's room, reclaimed

her property and returned to her own. When this mission was accomplished she was indeed well-nigh spent. She lay on her bed and groaned feebly. At last she fell into a fevered sleep. . . .

It was eleven o'clock when she awoke and no one had been to disturb her. The sun was shining, and the experiences of the night appeared a dubious nightmare. Surely she had dreamt it all?

With dread still burning in her heart she rang the bell. After a short interval of time the chambermaid appeared. The girl's eyes were bright with some uncontrollable excitement. No, she had not been dreaming. The girl had heard something.

"Will you bring me some tea, please?"

"Certainly, madame."

The maid drew back the curtains and fussed about the room. She was under a pledge of secrecy, but she could contain herself no longer. Suddenly she approached the bed and whispered excitedly:

"Oh, madame, I have promised not to tell . . . but a terrible thing has happened. A man, a dead man, has been found in Room 117—a guest. Please not to say I tell you. But they have all been here, the gendarmes, the doctors, the inspectors. Oh, it is terrible . . . terrible."

The little lady in the bed said nothing. There was indeed nothing to say. But Marie Louise Laucrat was too full of emotional excitement to spare her.

"But the terrible thing is. . . . Do you know who he was, madame? They say it is Boldhu, the man wanted for the murder of Jeanne Carreton in the barn at Vincennes. They say he strangled her, and then cut her up in pieces and hid her in two barrels which he threw into the river. . . . Oh, but he was a bad man, madame, a terrible bad man . . . and he died in the room next door . . . suicide, they think—or was it an attack of the heart? . . . Remorse, some shock perhaps. . . . Did you say a *café complet*, madame?"

"No, thank you, my dear . . . just a cup of tea . . . strong tea. . . ."

"*Parfaitement*, madame."

The girl retired, and a little later a waiter entered the room with a tray of tea. She could never get over her surprise in this. It seemed so—well, indecorous for a man—although only a waiter—to enter a lady's bedroom. There was no doubt a great deal in what the dear Dean said. They were certainly very peculiar, these French people—they had most peculiar notions. It was not the way they behaved at Easingstoke. She got farther under the sheets, but the waiter appeared quite indifferent to the situation. He put the tray down and retired.



"They have all been here, the gendarmes, the doctors, the inspectors."

When he had gone she sat up and sipped her tea, which gradually warmed her. She was glad the sun was shining. She would have to get up soon. They said that her sister-in-law's boat was due to berth at one o'clock. That would give her time to dress comfortably, write to her brother, and then go down to the docks! Poor man! So he had been a murderer, a man who cut up the bodies of his victims . . . and she had spent the night in his bedroom! They were certainly a most—how could she describe it?—people. Nevertheless she felt a little glad that at the end she had been there to kneel and pray by his bedside. Probably nobody else had ever done that. It was very difficult to judge people. . . . Something at some time might have gone wrong. He might not have murdered the woman after all. People were often wrongly convicted. She herself. . . . If the police had found her in that room at three o'clock that morning. . . . It is that which takes place in the heart which counts. One learns and learns. Had she not learned that one can pray just as effectively lying under a bed as kneeling beside it? . . . Poor man!

She washed and dressed herself and walked calmly down to the writing room. There was no evidence of excitement among the other hotel guests. Probably none of them knew about the tragedy except herself. She went to a writing table, and after profound meditation wrote as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I arrived late last night after a very pleasant journey. Everyone was very kind and attentive; the manager was sitting up for me. I nearly lost my spectacle case in the restaurant car! But a kind old gentleman found it and returned it to me. There was a most amusing American child on the train. I will tell you about her on my return. The people are very pleasant, but the food is peculiar, nothing *plain and wholesome*. I am going down to meet Annie at one o'clock. How have you been keeping, my dear? I hope you have not had any further return of the bronchial attacks.

Please tell Lizzie that I remembered in the train on the way here that that large stone jar of marmalade that Mrs. Hunt made is behind those empty tins in the top shelf of the cupboard next to the coach house. I wonder whether Mrs. Butler was able to come to evensong after all? This is a nice hotel, but I think Annie and I will stay at the "Grand" tonight, as the bedrooms here are rather noisy. Well, my dear, nothing more till I return. Do take care of yourself.—Your loving sister,
MILLCENT.

Yes, she couldn't tell Peter about it, neither in the

letter nor when she went back to him. It was her duty not to tell him. It would only distress him; she felt convinced of it. In this curious foreign atmosphere the thing appeared possible, but in Easingstoke the mere recounting of the fantastic situations would be positively . . . indelicate. There was no escaping that broad general fact—she had spent a night in a strange man's bedroom. Whether he was a gentleman or a criminal, even whether he was dead or alive, did not seem to mitigate the jar upon her sensibilities, or rather it would not mitigate the jar upon the peculiarly sensitive relationship between her brother and herself. To say that she had been to the bathroom, the knob of the door-handle came off in her hand, she was too frightened to awaken the sleeper or scream, she got under the bed—well, it was all perfectly true. Peter would believe her, but—one simply could not conceive such a situation in Easingstoke deanery. It would create a curious little barrier between them, as though she had been dipped in some mysterious solution which alienated her. It was her duty not to tell.

SHE PUT ON her hat, and went out to post the letter. She distrusted an hotel letter-box. One never knew who handled these letters. It was not a proper official way of treating them. She walked to the head post office in Bordeaux.

The sun was shining. It was very pleasant walking about amongst these queer excitable people, so foreign and different-looking—and the cafés already crowded with chattering men and women, and the flower stalls, and the strange odour of—what was it? Salt? Brine? Charcoal? . . . A military band was playing in the square . . . very gay and moving. It was all life, and movement, and bustle . . . thrilling rather.

"I spent a night in a strange man's bedroom."

Little Miss Bracegirdle hunched her shoulders, murmured to herself and walked faster. She reached the post office and found the large metal plate with the slot for letters and "R.F." stamped above it. Something official at last! Her face was a little flushed—was it the warmth of the day or the contact of movement and life?—as she put her letter into the slot. After posting it she put her hand into the slot and flicked it round to see that there were no foreign contraptions to impede its safe delivery. No, the letter had dropped safely in. She sighed contentedly and walked off in the direction of the docks to meet her sister-in-law from Paraguay.

The Mysteries of God

By AMORY HARE

IN THE DARK depths of a dog's eyes,
In the far call of a speeding train,
In the dim shapes of seaward-faring ships,
In mastheads fingering the crowded skies,
In lighted windows seen across the plain,
And in the smiles that tremble to your lips,
There is a mystery God made to live
Unsolved, but beautiful, and fugitive.

The Suicides in the Rue Sombre

By LEONARD MERRICK

Gmar Merrick

Decorations by
Ralph Maxon



HAVING BOUGHT THE ROPE, Tournicquot wondered where he should hang himself. The lath-and-plaster ceiling of his room might decline to support him, and while the streets were populous, a lamp-post was out of the question. As he hesitated on the curb, he reflected that a pan of charcoal would have been more convenient after all; but the coil of rope in the doorway of a shop had lured his fancy, and now it would be laughable to throw it away.

Tournicquot was much averse to being laughed at in private life—perhaps because Fate had willed that he should be laughed at so much in his public capacity. Could he have had his way, indeed, Tournicquot would have been a great tragedian, instead of a little droll, whose portraits, with a bright red nose and a scarlet wig, grimaced on the hoardings; and he resolved that, at any rate, the element of humour should not mar his suicide.

As to the motive for his death, it was as romantic as his heart desired. He adored "La Belle Lucrèce," the fascinating Snake Charmer, and somewhere in the background the *artiste* had a husband. Little the audience suspected the passion that devoured their grotesque comedian while he cut his capers and turned love to ridicule; little they divined the pathos of a situation which condemned him behind the scenes to whisper the most sentimental assurances of devotion when disfigured by a flaming wig and a nose that was daubed vermilion! How nearly it has been said, One half of the world does not know how the other half loves!

But such incongruities would distress Tournicquot no more—today he was to die; he had worn his chessboard trousers and his little green coat for the last time! For the last time had the relentless virtue of Lucrèce driven him to despair! When he was discovered inanimate, hanging to a beam, nothing comic about him, perhaps the world would admit that his soul had been solemn, though his "line of business"

had been funny; perhaps Lucrèce would even drop warm tears on his tomb!

It was early in the evening. Dusk was gathering over Paris, the promise of dinner was in the breeze. The white glare of electric globes began to flood the streets; and before the cafés, waiters bustled among the tables, bearing the vermouth and absinthe of the

hour. Instinctively shunning the more frequented thoroughfares, Tournicquot crossed the Boulevard des Batignolles, and wandered, lost in reverie, along the melancholy continuation of the Rue de Rome until he perceived that he had reached a neighbourhood unknown to him—that he stood at the corner of a street which bore the name "Rue Sombre." Opposite, one of the houses was being rebuilt, and as he gazed at it—this skeleton of a home in which the workmen's hammers were silenced for the night—Tournicquot recognized that his journey was at an end. Here, he could not doubt that he would find the last, grim hospitality that he sought. The house had no door to bar his entrance, but—as if in omen—above the gap where a door had been, the sinister number "13" was still to be discerned. He cast a glance over his shoulder, and, grasping the rope with a firm hand, crept inside.

IT WAS DARK WITHIN, so dark that at first he could discern nothing but the gleam of bare walls. He stole along the passage, and, mounting a flight of steps on which his feet sprung mournful echoes, proceeded stealthily towards an apartment on the first floor. At this point the darkness became impenetrable, for the *volets* had been closed, and in order to make his arrangements, it was necessary that he should have a light. He paused, fumbling in his pocket; and then, with his next step, blundered against a body, which swung from the contact, like a human being suspended in mid-air.

Tournicquot leaped backwards in terror. A cold

sweat bespangled him, and for some seconds he shook so violently that he was unable to strike a match. At last, when he accomplished it, he beheld a man, apparently dead, hanging by a rope in the doorway.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" gasped Tournicquot. And the thudding of his heart seemed to resound through the deserted house.

Humanity impelled him to rescue the poor wretch, if it was still to be done. Shuddering, he whipped out his knife, and sawed at the cord desperately. The cord was stout, and the blade of the knife but small; an eternity seemed to pass while he sawed in the darkness. Presently one of the strands gave way. He set his teeth and pressed harder, and harder yet. Suddenly the rope yielded and the body fell to the ground. Tournicquot threw himself beside it, tearing open the collar, and using frantic efforts to restore animation. There was no result. He persevered, but the body lay perfectly inert. He began to reflect that it was his duty to inform the police of the discovery, and he asked himself how he should account for his presence on the scene. Just as he was considering this, he felt the stir of life. As if by a miracle the man groaned.

"Courage, my poor fellow!" panted Tournicquot. "Courage—all is well!"

The man groaned again; and after an appalling silence, during which Tournicquot began to tremble for his fate anew, asked feebly, "Where am I?"

"You would have hanged yourself," explained Tournicquot. "Thanks to Heaven, I arrived in time to save your life!"

In the darkness they could not see each other, but he felt for the man's hand and pressed it warmly. To his consternation, he received, for response, a thump in the chest.

"*Morbleu*, what an infernal cheek!" croaked the man. "So you have cut me down? You meddling idiot, by what right did you poke your nose into my affairs, *hein?*"

"*Hein?*" wheezed the man; "what concern was it of yours, if you please? Never in my life before have I met with such a piece of presumption!"

"My poor friend," stammered Tournicquot, "you do not know what you say—you are not yourself! By-and-by you will be grateful, you will fall on your knees and bless me."

"By-and-by I shall punch you in the eye," returned the man, "just as soon as I am feeling bet-

ter! What have you done to my collar, too? I declare, you have played the devil with me!" His annoyance rose. "Who are you, and what are you doing here, anyhow? You are a trespasser—I shall give you in charge."

"Come, come," said Tournicquot, conciliatingly, "if your misfortunes are more than you can bear, I regret that I was obliged to save you; but, after all, there is no need to make such a grievance of it—you can hang yourself another day."

"And why should I be put to the trouble twice?" grumbled the other. "Do you figure yourself that it is agreeable to hang? I passed a very bad time, I can assure you. If you had experienced it, you would not talk so lightly about 'another day.' The more I think of your impudent interference, the more it vexes me. And how dark it is! Get up and light the candle—it gives me the hump here."

"I have no candle, I have no candle," babbled Tournicquot; "I do not carry candles in my pocket."

"There is a bit on the mantelpiece," replied the man angrily; "I saw it when I came in. Go and feel for it—hunt about! Do not keep me lying here in the dark—the least you can do is to make me as comfortable as you can."

TOURNICQUOT, not a little perturbed by the threat of assault, groped obediently; but the room appeared to be of the dimensions of a park, and he arrived at the candle stump only after a prolonged excursion. The flame revealed to him a man of about his own age, who leaned against the wall regarding him with indig-

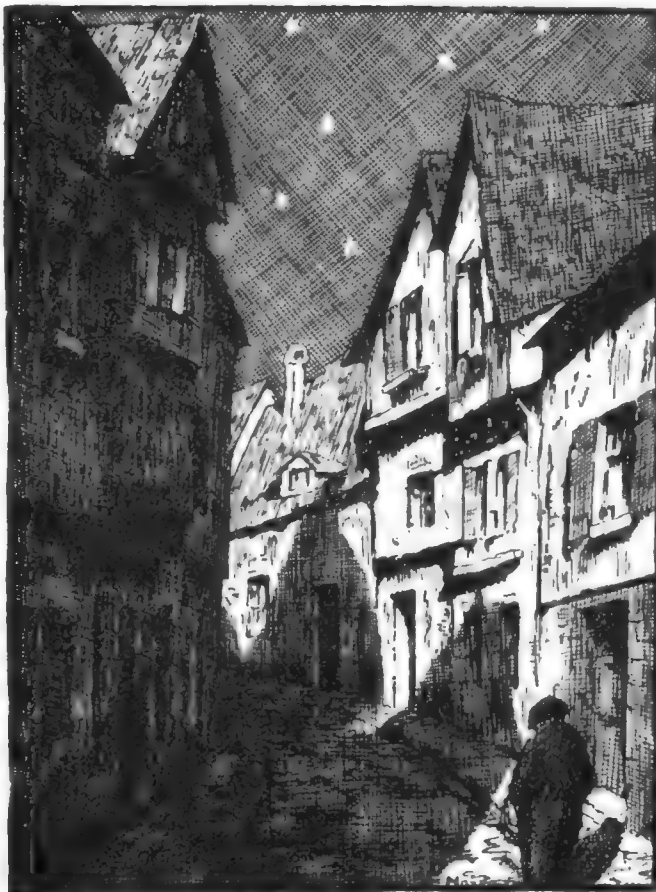
nant eyes. Revealed also was the coil of rope that the comedian had brought for his own use; and the man pointed to it.

"What is that? It was not here just now."

"It belongs to me," admitted Tournicquot, nervously.

"I see that it belongs to you. Why do you visit an empty house with a coil of rope, *hein?* I should like to understand that. . . . Upon my life, you were here on the same business as myself! Now, if this does not pass all forbearance! You come to commit suicide, and yet you have the effrontery to put a stop to mine!"

"Well," exclaimed Tournicquot, "I obeyed an impulse of pity! It is true that I came to destroy myself, for I am the most miserable of men; but I was so much



Tournicquot wondered where he should hang himself.

affected by the sight of your sufferings that temporarily I forgot my own."

"That is a lie, for I was not suffering—I was not conscious when you came in. However, you have some pretty moments in front of you, so we will say no more! When you feel yourself drop, it will be diabolical, I promise you; the hair stands erect on the head, and each spot of blood in the veins congeals to a separate icicle! It is true that the drop itself is swift, but the clutch of the rope, as you kick in the air, is hardly less atrocious. Do not be encouraged by the delusion that the matter is instantaneous. Time mocks you, and a second holds the sensations of a quarter of an hour. What has forced you to it? We need not stand on ceremony with each other, *hein?*"

"I have resolved to die because life is torture," said Tournicquot, on whom these details had made an unfavourable impression.

"The same with me! A woman, of course?"

"Yes," sighed Tournicquot, "a woman!"

"Is there no other remedy? Cannot you desert her?"

"Desert her? I pine for her embrace!"

"*Hein?*"

"She will not have anything to do with me."

"*Comment?* Then it is love with you?"

"What else? An eternal passion!"

"Oh, *mon Dieu*, I took it for granted you were married! But this is droll. *You* would die because you cannot get hold of a woman, and *I* because I cannot get rid of one. We should talk, we two. Can you give me a cigarette?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," responded Tournicquot, producing a packet. "I, also, will take one—my last!"

"IF I EXPRESSED myself hastily just now," said his companion, refastening his collar, "I shall apologize—no doubt your interference was well meant, though I do not pretend to approve it. Let us dismiss the incident; you have behaved tactlessly, and I, on my side, have perhaps resented your error with too much warmth. Well, it is finished! While the candle burns, let us exchange more amicable views. Is my cravat straight? It astonishes me to hear that love can drive a man to such despair. I, too, have loved, but never to the length of the rope. There are plenty of women in Paris—if one has no heart, there is always another. I am far from proposing to frustrate your project, holding as I do that a man's suicide is an intimate matter in which 'rescue' is a name given by busybodies to a gross impertinence; but as you have not begun the job, I will confess that I think you are being rash."

"I have considered," replied Tournicquot, "I have considered attentively. There is no alternative, I assure you."

"I would make another attempt to persuade the lady—I swear I would make another attempt! You are not a bad-looking fellow. What is her objection to you?"

"It is not that she objects to me—on the contrary. But she is a woman of high principle, and she has a

husband who is devoted to her—she will not break his heart. It is like that."

"Young?"

"No more than thirty."

"And beautiful?"

"With a beauty like an angel's! She has a dimple in her right cheek when she smiles that drives one to distraction."

"Myself, I have no weakness for dimples; but every man to his taste—there is no arguing about these things. What a combination—young, lovely, virtuous! And I make you a bet the oaf of a husband does not appreciate her! Is it not always so? Now, *I*—but, of course, I married foolishly, I married an *artiste*. If I had my time again I would choose in preference any seamstress. The *artistes* are for applause, for bouquets, for little dinners, but not for marriage."

"I cannot agree with you," said Tournicquot, with some hauteur. "Your experience may have been unfortunate, but the theatre contains women quite as noble as any other sphere. In proof of it, the lady I adore is an *artiste* herself!"

"Really—is it so? Would it be indiscreet to ask her name?"

"There are things that one does not tell."

"But as a matter of interest? There is nothing derogatory to her in what you say—quite the reverse."

"True! Well, the reason for reticence is removed. She is known as 'La Belle Lucrèce.'"

"*Hein?*" ejaculated the other, jumping.

"What ails you?"

"She is my wife!"

"Your wife? Impossible!"

"I tell you I am married to her—she is 'Madame Béguinet.'"

"*Mon Dieu!*" faltered Tournicquot, aghast; "what have I done!"

"So? . . . You are her lover?"

"Never has she encouraged me—recall what I said! There are no grounds for jealousy—am I not about to die because she spurns me? I swear to you—"

"You mistake my emotion—why should I be jealous? Not at all—I am only amazed. She thinks I am devoted to her? Ho, ho! Not at all! You see my 'devotion' by the fact that I am about to hang myself rather than live with her. And *you*, you cannot bear to live because you adore her! Actually, you adore her! Is it not inexplicable? Oh, there is certainly the finger of Providence in this meeting! . . . Wait, we must discuss—we should come to each other's aid! . . . Give me another cigarette."

Some seconds passed while they smoked in silent meditation.

"LISTEN," RESUMED Monsieur Béguinet; "in order to clear up this complication, a perfect candour is required on both sides. *Alors*, as to your views, is it that you aspire to marry madame? I do not wish to appear exigent, but in the position that I occupy you will realize that it is my duty to make the most favourable arrangements for her that I can. Now open your heart to me; speak frankly!"

"It is difficult for me to express myself without restraint to you, monsieur," said Tournicquot, "because circumstances cause me to regard you as a grievance. To answer you with all the delicacy possible, I will say that if I had cut you down five minutes later, life would be a fairer thing to me."

"Good," said Monsieur Béguinet, "we make progress! Your income? Does it suffice to support her in the style to which she is accustomed? What may your occupation be?"

"I am in madame's own profession—I, too, am an *artiste*."

"So much the more congenial! I foresee a joyous union. Come, we go famously! Your line of business—snakes, ventriloquism, performing rabbits, what is it?"

"My name is Tournicquot," responded the comedian, with dignity. "All is said!"

"A-ah! Is it so? Now I understand why your voice has been puzzling me! Monsieur Tournicquot, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance. I declare, the matter arranges itself! I shall tell you what we will do. Hitherto I have had no choice between residing with madame and committing suicide, because my affairs have not prospered, and—though my pride has revolted—her salary has been essential for my maintenance. Now the happy medium jumps to the eyes; for you, for me, for her the bright sunshine streams! I shall efface myself; I shall go to a distant spot—say, Monte Carlo—and you shall make me a snug allowance. Have no misgiving; crown her with blossoms, lead her to the altar, and rest tranquil—I shall never reappear. Do not figure yourself that I shall enter like the villain at the Ambigu and menace the blissful home. Not at all! I myself may even remarry, who knows? Indeed, should you offer me an allowance adequate for a family man, I will undertake to remarry—I have always inclined towards speculation. That will shut my mouth, *hein*? I could threaten nothing, even if I had a base nature, for I, also, shall have committed bigamy. Suicide, bigamy, I would commit *anything* rather than live with Lucrèce!"

"BUT MADAME'S consent must be gained," demurred Tournicquot; "you overlook the fact that madame must consent. It is a fact that I do not understand why she should have any consideration for you, but if she continues to harp upon her 'duty,' what then?"

"Do you not tell me that her only objection to your suit has been her fear that she would break my heart? What an hallucination! I shall approach the subject with tact, with the utmost delicacy. I shall intimate to her that to ensure her happiness I am willing to sacrifice myself! Should she hesitate I shall demand to sacrifice myself! Rest assured that if she regards you with the favour that you believe, your troubles are at an end—the barrier removes itself, and you join hands. . . . The candle is going out! Shall we depart?"

"I perceive no reason why we should remain; in truth, we might have got out of it sooner."

"You are right! a *café* will be more cheerful. Suppose we take a bottle of wine together; how does it strike you? If you insist, I will be your guest; if not——"

"Ah, Monsieur, you will allow me the pleasure," murmured Tournicquot.

"Well, well," said Béguinet, "you must have your way! . . . Your rope you have no use for, *hein*—we shall leave it?"

"But certainly! Why should I burden myself?"

"The occasion has passed, true. Good! Come, my comrade, let us descend!"

WHO SHALL READ the future? A while ago they had been strangers, neither intending to quit the house alive; now the pair issued from it jauntily, arm in arm. Both were in high spirits, and by the time the lamps of a *café* gave them welcome, and the wine gurgled gaily into the glasses, they pledged each other with a sentiment no less than fraternal.

"How I rejoice that I have met you!" exclaimed Béguinet. "To your marriage, *mon vieux*; to your joy! Fill up, again a glass!—there are plenty of bottles in the cellar. *Mon Dieu*, you are my preserver—I must embrace you. Never till now have I felt such affection for a man. This evening all was black to me; I despaired, my heart was as heavy as a cannon-ball—and suddenly the world is bright. Roses bloom before my feet, and the little larks are singing in the sky. I dance, I skip. How beautiful, how sublime is friendship!—better than riches, than youth, than the love of woman; riches melt, youth flies, woman snores. But friendship is—— Again a glass! It goes well, this wine. Let us have a lobster! I swear I have an appetite; they make one peckish, these suicides, *n'est-ce pas*? I shall not be formal—if you consider it your treat, you shall pay. A lobster and another bottle! At your expense, or mine?"

"Ah, the bill all in one!" declared Tournicquot.

"Well, well," said Béguinet, "you must have your way! What a happy man I am! Already I feel twenty years younger. You would not believe what I have suffered. My agonies would fill a book. Really. By nature I am domesticated; but my home is impossible—I shudder when I enter it. It is only in a restaurant that I see a clean table-cloth. Absolutely. I pig. All Lucrèce thinks about is frivolity."

"No, no," protested Tournicquot; "to that I cannot agree."

"What do you know? You 'cannot agree'! You have seen her when she is laced in her stage costume, when she prinks and prattles, with the paint, and the powder, and her best corset on. It is I who am 'behind the scenes,' *mon ami*, not you. I see her dirty *peignoir* and her curl rags. At four o'clock in the afternoon. Every day. You 'cannot agree'!"

"Curl rags?" faltered Tournicquot.

"But certainly! I tell you I am of a gentle disposition, I am most tolerant of women's failings; it says much that I would have hanged myself rather than remain with a woman. Her untidiness is not all; her toilette at home revolts my sensibilities, but—well, one cannot have everything, and her salary is

substantial; I have closed my eyes to the curl rags. However, snakes are more serious."

"Snakes?" ejaculated Tournicquot.

"Naturally! The beasts must live; do they not support us? But 'Everything in its place' is my own motto; the motto of my wife—'All over the place.' Her serpents have shortened my life, word of honour!—they wander where they will. I never lay my head beside those curl rags of hers without anticipating a cobra-decapello under the bolster. It is not everybody's money. Lucrèce has no objection to them; well, it is very courageous—very fortunate, since snakes are her profession—but I, I was not brought up to snakes; I am not at my ease in a Zoölogical Gardens."

"It is natural."

"Is it not? I desire to explain myself to you, you understand; are we not as brothers? Oh, I realize well that when one loves a woman one always thinks that the faults are the husband's; believe me, I have had much to justify my attitude. Snakes, dirt, furies, what a *ménage*!"

"Furies?" gasped Tournicquot.

"I am an honest man," affirmed Béguinet, draining another bumper; "I shall not say to you 'I have no blemish, I am perfect.' Not at all. Without doubt, I have occasionally expressed myself to Lucrèce with more candour than courtesy. Such things happen. But"—he refilled his

glass, and sighed pathetically—"but to every citizen, whatever his position—whether his affairs may have prospered or not—his wife owes respect. *Hein?* She should not throw the *ragoût* at him. She should not menace him with snakes." He wept. "My friend, you will admit that it is not *gentil* to coerce a husband with deadly reptiles?"

Tournicquot had turned very pale. He signed to the waiter for the bill, and when it was discharged, sat regarding his companion with round eyes. At last, clearing his throat, he said nervously:

"After all, do you know—now one comes to think it over—I am not sure, upon my honour, that our arrangement is feasible?"

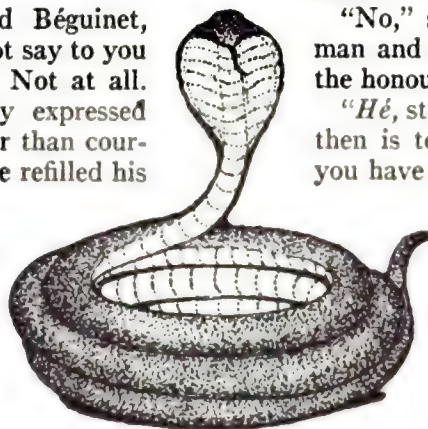
"What?" exclaimed Béguinet, with a violent start. "Not feasible? How is that, pray? Because I have opened my heart to you, do you back out? Oh, what treachery! Never will I believe you could be capable of it!"

"However, it is a fact. On consideration, I shall not rob you of her."

"Base fellow! You take advantage of my confidence. A contract is a contract!"

"No," stammered Tournicquot, "I shall be a man and live my love down. Monsieur, I have the honour to wish you 'Good-night.'"

"*Hé, stop!*" cried Béguinet, infuriated. "What then is to become of me? Insolent poltroon—you have destroyed even my rope!"



A Booklover's Menu

THE BOOK PUBLISHING trade may not yet be generally aware of its good fortune, but it is evidently on the threshold of a new and brighter day. Its dawn is to be seen in the offer made by one firm of a set of Dickens, with which is given, absolutely free, a genuine English plum pudding. A revolutionary idea, surely—this of attracting the buyer to the spiritual sustenance of books by offering him, in appropriate form, the physical sustenance of food!

The mind irresistibly runs forward. Plum pudding undeniably goes well with Dickens: what will it be with Thackeray? A good snappy English cheese? With Smollett, plum duff, obviously, made in a sock with the plums thick in the toe for the head of the house instead of the captain. With Scott? A venison pasty; and with Corelli, fudge. Tennyson? Strawberry jam; and marmalade with Keats. Fielding? English bacon, perhaps; lemon tart with Pope;

haggis with Carlyle; and with Shakespeare, a good wheaten loaf.

Then there are the Americans. What better with Howells than a can of Boston brown bread? Sweet crackers with Longfellow; apple jelly with Whittier; pemmican with Rex Beach; canned salmon with Melville; a pumpkin with Riley; corned beef with Whitman; and rich mincemeat with Emerson. Twain? Well—a plug of good eating tobacco. And the contemporary novelists? There are all the fifty-seven varieties to choose from.

As one goes into this thing it becomes clear that other people than the publishers will profit by the new idea. It suggests a fresh diversion to all the bookishly inclined. Let them make up for themselves such combinations as this we have attempted, instead of compiling lists of authors with whom they would prefer to associate on a desert island.

The New York Herald Tribune.

Mary with the High Hand

By ARNOLD BENNETT

Annotated by



*From a woodblock cut
by Carroll Holliday*

IN THE FRONT BEDROOM of Edward Beechinor's small house in Trafalgar Road the two primary social forces of action and reaction—those forces which under a thousand names and disguises have alternately ruled the world since the invention of politics—were pitted against each other in a struggle rendered futile by the equality of the combatants. Edward Beechinor had his money, his superior age, and the possible advantage of being a dying man; Mark Beechinor had his youth and his devotion to an ideal. Near the window, aloof and apart, stood the strange, silent girl whose aroused individuality was to intervene with such effectiveness on behalf of one of the antagonists. It was early dusk on an autumn day.

"Tell me what it is you want, Edward," said Mark quietly. "Let us come to the point."

"Aye," said the sufferer, lifting his pale hand from the counterpane, "I'll tell thee."

He moistened his lips as if in preparation, and pushed back a tuft of spare gray hair, damp with sweat.

The physical and moral contrast between these two brothers was complete. Edward was forty-nine, a small, thin, stunted man, with a look of narrow cunning, of petty shrewdness working without imagination. He had been clerk to Lawyer Ford for thirty-five years, and had also furtively practised for himself. During this period his mode of life had never varied, save once, and that only a year ago. At the age of fourteen he sat in a grimy room with an old man on one side of him, a copying-press on the other, and a law-stationer's almanac in front, and he earned half a crown a week. At the age of forty-eight he still sat in the same grimy room (of which the ceiling had meanwhile been whitened three times), with the same copying-press and the almanac of the same law-stationer's, and he earned thirty shillings a week. But now he, Edward Beechinor, was the old man, and the indispensable lad of fourteen, who had once been himself, was another lad, perhaps thirtieth of the dynasty of office-boys. Through this interminable and sterile desert of time he had drawn the same deeds, issued the same writs, written the same letters, kept the same accounts, lied the same lies, and thought the same thoughts. He had learned nothing except craft, and

forgotten nothing except happiness. He had never married, never loved, never been a rake, never deviated from respectability. He was a success because he had conceived an object, and by sheer persistence attained it. In the eyes of Bursley people he was a very decent fellow, a steady fellow, a confirmed bachelor, a close 'un, a knowing customer, a curmudgeon, an excellent clerk, a narrow-minded ass, a good Wesleyan, a thrifty individual, and an intelligent burgess—according to the point of view. The lifelong operation of vigorous habit had sunk him into a groove as deep as the cañon of some American river. His ideas on every subject were eternally and immutably fixed, and, without being altogether aware of it, he was part of the solid foundation of England's greatness. In 1892, when the whole of the Five Towns was agitated by the great probate case of Wilbraham, in which Mr. Ford acted for the defendants, Beechinor, then aged forty-eight, was torn from his stool and sent out to Rio de Janeiro as part of a commission to take the evidence of an important witness who had declined all offers to come home.

THE OLD CLERK was full of pride and self-importance at being thus selected, but secretly he shrank from the journey, the mere idea of which filled him with a vague apprehension and alarm. His nature had lost all its adaptability; he trembled like a young girl at the prospect of new experiences. On the return voyage the vessel was quarantined at Liverpool for a fortnight, and Beechinor had an attack of fever. Eight months afterwards he was ill again. Beechinor went to bed for the last time, cursing Providence, Wilbraham v. Wilbraham, and Rio.

Mark Beechinor was thirty, just nineteen years younger than his brother. Tall, uncouth, big-boned, he had a rather ferocious and forbidding aspect; yet all women seemed to like him, despite the fact that he seldom could open his mouth to them. There must have been something in his wild and liquid dark eyes which mutely appealed for their protective sympathy, something about him of shy and wistful romance that atoned for the huge awkwardness of this taciturn elephant. Mark was at present the manager of a small china manufactory at Longshaw, the farthest of the

Five Towns in Staffordshire, and five miles from Bursley. He was an exceptionally clever potter, but he never made money. He had the dreamy temperament of the inventor. He was a man of ideas, the kind of man who is capable of forgetting that he has not had his dinner, and who can live apparently content amid the grossest domestic neglect. He had once spoiled a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of ware by firing it in a new kiln of his own contrivance; it cost him three years of atrocious parsimony to pay for the ware and the building of the kiln. He was impulsively and recklessly charitable, and his Saturday afternoons and Sundays were chiefly devoted to the passionate propagandism of the theories of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

"Is it true as thou'rt for marrying Sammy Mellor's daughter over at Hanbridge?" Edward Beechinor asked, in the feeble, tremulous voice of one agonized by continual pain.

Among relatives and acquaintances he commonly spoke the Five Towns dialect, reserving the other English for official use.

Mark stood at the foot of the bed, leaning with his elbows on the brass rail. Like most men, he always felt extremely nervous and foolish in a sick-room, and the delicacy of this question, so bluntly put, added to his embarrassment. He looked round timidly in the direction of the girl at the window; her back was towards him.

"It's possible," he replied; "I haven't asked her yet."

"Her'll have no money?"

"No."

"Thou'lt want some vlass to set up with. Look thee here, Mark; I made my will seven years ago i' thy favour."

"Thank ye," said Mark gratefully.

"But that," the dying man continued with a frown—"that was afore thou'dst taken up with these socialistic doctrines o' thine. I've heard as thou'rt going to be th' secretary o' the Hanbridge Labour Church, as they call it."

HANBRIDGE is the metropolis of the Five Towns, and its Labour Church is the most audacious and influential of all the local activities, half secret, but relentlessly determined, whose aim is to establish the new democratic heaven and the new democratic earth by means of a gradual and bloodless revolution. Edward Beechinor uttered its abhorred name with a bitter and scornful hatred characteristic of the Toryism of a man who, having climbed high up out of the crowd, fiercely resents any widening or smoothing of the difficult path which he himself has conquered.

"They've asked me to take the post," Mark answered.

"What's the wages?" the older man asked, with exasperated sarcasm.

"Nothing."

"Mark, lad," the other said, softening, "I'm worth seven hundred pounds and this freehold house. What dost think o' that?"

Even in that moment, with the world and its riches slipping away from his dying grasp, the contemplation

of this great achievement of thrift filled Edward Beechinor with a sublime satisfaction. That sum of seven hundred pounds, which many men would dissipate in a single night, and forget the next morning that they had done so, seemed vast and almost incredible to him.

"I know you've always been very careful," said Mark politely.

"Give up this old Labour Church"—again old Beechinor laid a withering emphasis on the phrase—"give up this Labour Church, and it's all thine—house and all."

Mark shook his head.

"Think twice," the sick man ordered angrily. "I tell thee thou'rt standing to lose every shilling."

"I must manage without it, then."

A silence fell.

Each brother was absolutely immovable in his decision, and the other knew it. Edward might have said: "I am a dying man; give up this thing to oblige me." And Mark could have pleaded: "At such a moment I would do anything to oblige you—except this, and this I really can't do. Forgive me." Such amenities would possibly have eased the cord which was about to snap; but the idea of regarding Edward's condition as a factor in the case did not suggest itself favourably to the grim Beechinor stock, so stern, harsh, and rude. The sick man wiped from his sunken features the sweat which continually gathered there. Then he turned upon his side with a grunt.

"Thou must fetch th' lawyer," he said at length, "for I'll cut thee off."

It was a strange request—like ordering a condemned man to go out and search for his executioner; but Mark answered with perfect naturalness.

"Yes. Mr. Ford, I suppose?"

"Ford? No! Dost think I want him meddling i' my affairs? Go to young Baines up th' road. Tell him to come at once. He's sure to be at home, as it's Saturday night."

"Very well."

Mark turned to leave the room.

"And, young 'un, I've done with thee. Never pass my door again till thou know'st I'm i' my coffin. Understand?"

Mark hesitated a moment, and then went out, quietly closing the door. No sooner had he done so than the girl, hitherto so passive at the window, flew after him.

There are some women whose calm, enigmatic faces seem always to suggest the infinite. It is given to few to know them so rare as they are, and their lives usually so withdrawn; but sometimes they pass in the street, or sit like sphinxes in the church or the theatre, and then the memory of their features, persistently recurring, troubles us for days. They are peculiar to no class, these women; you may find them in a print gown or in diamonds. Often they have thin, rather long lips and deep rounded chins; but it is the fine upward curve of the nostrils and the fall of the eyelids which most surely mark them. Their glances and their faint smiles are beneficent, yet with a subtle shade of half-malicious superiority. When

they look at you from under those apparently fatigued eyelids, you feel that they have an inward and concealed existence far beyond the ordinary—that they are aware of many things which you can never know. It is as though their souls, during former incarnations, had trafficked with the secret forces of nature, and so acquired a mysterious and nameless quality above all the transient attributes of beauty, wit, and talent. They exist: that is enough; that is their genius. Whether they control or are at the mercy of, those secret forces; whether they have in fact learned, but may not speak, the true answer to the eternal Why; whether they are not perhaps a riddle even to their own simple selves: these are points which can never be decided.

EVERYONE WHO KNEW Mary Beechinor, in her cousin's home, or at chapel, or in Titus Price's earthenware manufactory, where she worked, said or thought that "there was something about her . . ." and left the phrase unachieved. She was twenty-five, and she had lived under the same roof with Edward Beechinor for seven years, since the sudden death of her parents. The arrangement then made was that Edward should keep her, while she conducted his household. She insisted on permission to follow her own occupation, and in order that she might be at liberty to do so she personally paid eighteenpence a week to a little girl who came in to perform sundry necessary duties every day at noon. Mary Beechinor was a paintress by trade. As a class the paintresses of the Five Towns are somewhat similar to the more famous mill-girls of Lancashire and Yorkshire—fiercely independent by reason of good wages earned, loving finery and brilliant colours, loud-tongued and aggressive, perhaps, and for the rest neither more nor less kindly, passionate, faithful, than any other Saxon women anywhere. The paintresses, however, have some slight advantage over the mill-girls in the outward reticence of demeanour, due, no doubt, to the fact that their ancient craft demands a higher skill, and is pursued under more humane and tranquil conditions. Mary Beechinor worked in the "band-and-line" department of the painting-shop at Price's. You may have observed the geometrical exactitude of the broad and thin coloured lines round the edges of a common cup and saucer, and speculated upon the means by which it was arrived at. A girl drew those lines, a girl with a hand as sure as Giotto's, and no better tools than a couple of brushes and a small revolving table called a whirler. Forty-eight hours a week Mary Beechinor sat before her whirler. Actuating the treadle, she placed a piece of ware on the flying disc, and with a single unerring flip of the finger pushed it precisely to the centre; then she held the full brush firmly against the ware, and in three seconds the band encircled it truly; another brush taken up, and the line below the band also stood complete. And this process was repeated, with miraculous swiftness, hour after hour, week after week, year after year. Mary could decorate over thirty dozen cups and saucers in a day, at three halfpence the dozen. "Doesn't she ever do anything else?" some visitor

might curiously inquire, whom Titus Price was showing over his ramshackle manufactory. "No, always the same thing," Titus would answer, made proud for the moment of this phenomenon of stupendous monotony. "I wonder how she can stand it—she has a refined face," the visitor might remark; and Mary Beechinor was left alone again. The idea that her work was monotonous probably never occurred to the girl. It was her work—as natural as sleep, or the knitting which she always did in the dinner-hour. The calm and silent regularity of it had become part of her, deepening her original quiescence, and setting its seal upon her inmost spirit. She was not in the fellowship of the other girls in the painting-shop. She seldom joined their more boisterous diversions, nor talked their talk, and she never maneuvered for their men. But they liked her, and their attitude showed a certain respect, forced from them by they knew not what. The powers in the office spoke of Mary Beechinor as "a very superior girl."

SHE RAN DOWNSTAIRS after Mark, and he waited in the narrow hall, where there was scarcely room for two people to pass. Mark looked at her inquiringly. Rather thin, and by no means tall, she seemed the merest morsel by his side. She was wearing her second-best crimson merino frock, partly to receive the doctor and partly because it was Saturday night; over this a plain bibless apron. Her cold gray eyes faintly sparkled in anger above the cheeks white with watching, and the dropped corners of her mouth showed a contemptuous indignation. Mary Beechinor was ominously roused from the accustomed calm of years. Yet Mark at first had no suspicion that she was disturbed. To him that pale and inviolate face, even while it cast a spell over him, gave no sign of the fires within.

She took him by the coat-sleeve and silently directed him into the gloomy little parlour crowded with mahogany and horsehair furniture, and white antimacassars, wax flowers under glass, and ponderous gilt-clasped Bibles.

"It's a cruel shame!" she whispered, as though afraid of being overheard by the dying man upstairs. "Do you think I ought to have given way?" he questioned, reddening.

"You mistake me," she said quickly; and with a sudden movement she went up to him and put her hand on his shoulder. The caress, so innocent, unpremeditated, and instinctive, ran through him like a voltaic shock. These two were almost strangers; they had scarcely met till within the past week, Mark being seldom in Bursley. "You mistake me—it is a shame of *him*! I'm fearfully angry."

"Angry?" he repeated, astonished.

"Yes, angry." She walked to the window, and, twitching at the blindcord, gazed into the dim street. It was beginning to grow dark. "Shall you fetch the lawyer? I shouldn't, if I were you. I won't."

"I must fetch him," Mark said.

She turned round and admired him. "What will he do with his precious money?" she murmured.

"Leave it to you, probably."

"Not he. I wouldn't touch it—not now; it's yours by rights. Perhaps you don't know that when I came here it was distinctly understood I wasn't to expect anything under his will. Besides, I have my own money. . . . Oh, dear! If he wasn't in such pain, wouldn't I talk to him—for the first and last time in my life!"

"You must please not say a word to him. I don't really want the money."

"But you ought to have it. If he takes it away from you he's *unjust*."

"What did the doctor say this afternoon?" asked Mark, wishing to change the subject.

"He said the crisis would come on Monday, and when it did Edward would be dead all in a minute. He said it would be just like taking prussic acid."

"Not earlier than Monday?"

"He said he thought on Monday."

"Of course, I shall take no notice of what Edward said to me—I shall call tomorrow morning—and stay. Perhaps he won't mind seeing me. And then you can tell me what happens tonight."

"I'm sure I shall send that lawyer man about his business," she threatened.

"Look here," said Mark timorously as he was leaving the house, "I've told you I don't want the money—I would give it away to some charity; but do you think I ought to pretend to yield, just to humour him, and let him die quiet and peaceful? I shouldn't like him to die hating—"

"Never—never!" she exclaimed.

"What have you and Mark been talking about?" asked Edward Beechinor apprehensively as Mary re-entered the bedroom.

"Nothing," she replied with a grave and soothing kindliness of tone.

"Because, miss, if you think—"

"You must have your medicine now, Edward."

But before giving the patient his medicine she peeped through the curtain and watched Mark's figure till it disappeared up the hill towards Bleakridge. He, on his part, walked with her image always before him. He thought hers was the strongest, most righteous soul he had ever encountered; it seemed as if she had a perfect passion for truth and justice. And a week ago he had deemed her a capable girl, certainly—but lackadaisical!

THE CLOCK HAD STRUCK TEN before Mr. Baines, the solicitor, knocked at the door. Mary hesitated, and then took him upstairs in silence while he suavely explained to her why he had been unable to come earlier. This lawyer was a young Scotsman who had descended upon the town from nowhere, bought a small decayed practice, and within two years had transformed it into a large and flourishing business by one of those feats of energy, audacity, and tact, combined, of which some Scotsmen seem to possess the secret.

"Here is Mr. Baines, Edward," Mary said quietly; then, having rearranged the sick man's pillows, she vanished out of the room and went into the kitchen.

The gas-jet there showed only a point of blue, but she did not turn it up. Dragging an old oak rush-

seated rocking-chair near to the range, where a scrap of fire still glowed, she rocked herself gently in the darkness.

After about half an hour Mr. Baines's voice sounded at the head of the stairs:

"Miss Beechinor, will ye kindly step up? We shall want some asseestance."

She obeyed, but not instantly.

In the bedroom Mr. Baines, a fountain-pen between his fine white teeth, was putting some coal on the fire. He stood up as she entered.

"Mr. Beechinor is about to make a new will," he said, without removing the pen from his mouth, "and ye will kindly witness it."

The small room appeared to be full of Baines—he was so large and fleshy and assertive. The furniture, even the chest of drawers, was dwarfed into toy-furniture, and Beechinor, slight and shrunken-up, seemed like a cadaverous manikin in the bed.

"Now, Mr. Beechinor." Dusting his hands, the lawyer took a newly-written document from the dressing-table, and, spreading it on the lid of a cardboard box, held it before the dying man. "Here's the pen. There! I'll help ye to hold it."

Beechinor clutched the pen. His wrinkled and yellow face, flushed in irregular patches as though the cheeks had been badly rouged, was covered with perspiration, and each difficult movement, even to the slightest lifting of the head, showed extreme exhaustion. He cast at Mary a long sinister glance of mistrust and apprehension.

"What is there in this will?"

Mr. Baines looked sharply up at the girl, who now stood at the side of the bed opposite him. Mechanically she smoothed the tumbled bedclothes.

"That's nowt to do wi' thee, lass," said Beechinor resentfully.

"It isn't necessary that a witness to a will should be aware of its contents," said Baines. "In fact, it's quite unusual."

"I sign nothing in the dark," she said, smiling. Through their half-closed lids her eyes glimmered at Baines.

"Ha! Legal caution acquired from your cousin, I presume." Baines smiled at her. "But let me assure ye, Miss Beechinor, this is a mere matter of form. A will must be signed in the presence of two witnesses, both present at the same time; and there's only yeself and me for it."

Mary looked at the dying man, whose features were writhed in pain, and shook her head.

"Tell her," he murmured with bitter despair, and sank down into the pillows, dropping the fountain-pen, which had left a stain of ink on the sheet before Baines could pick it up.

"Well, then, Miss Beechinor, if ye must know," Baines began with sarcasm, "the will is as follows: The testator—that's Mr. Beechinor—leaves twenty guineas to his brother Mark to show that he bears him no ill-will and forgives him. The rest of his estate is to be realized, and the proceeds given to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, to found a bed, which is to be called the Beechinor Bed. If there is any surplus, then

is to go to the Law Clerks' Provident Society. That is all."

"I shall have nothing to do with it," said Mary coldly.

"Young lady, we don't want ye to have anything to do with it. We only desire ye to witness the signature."

"I won't witness the signature; and I won't see it signed."

"Damn thee, Mary; thou'rt a wicked wench," Beechinor whispered in hoarse, feeble tones. He saw himself robbed of the legitimate fruit of all those interminable years of toilsome thrift. This girl by a trick would prevent him from disposing of his own. He, Edward Beechinor, shrewd and wealthy, was being treated like a child. He was too weak to rave, but from his aggrieved and furious heart he piled silent curses on her. "Go, fetch another witness," he added to the lawyer.

"Wait a moment," said Baines. "Miss Beechinor, do ye mean to say that ye will cross the solemn wish of a dying man."

"I mean to say I won't help a dying man to commit a crime."

"A crime?"

"Yes," she answered, "a crime. Seven years ago, Mr. Beechinor willed everything to his brother Mark, and Mark ought to have everything. Mark is his only brother—his only relation except me. And Edward knows it isn't me wants any of his money. North Staffordshire Infirmary, indeed! It's a crime! . . . What business have you," she went on to Edward Beechinor, "to punish Mark just because his politics aren't—"

"That's beside the point," the lawyer interrupted. "A testator has a perfect right to leave his property as he chooses, without giving reasons. Now, Miss Beechinor, I must ask ye to be judicious."

Mary shut her lips.

"Her'll never do it. I tell thee, fetch another witness."

The old man sprang up in a sort of frenzy as he uttered the words, and then fell back in a brief swoon.

Mary wiped his brow, and pushed away the wet and matted hair. Presently he opened his eyes, moaning. Mr. Baines folded up the will, put it in his pocket, and left the room with quick steps. Mary heard him open the front-door and then return to the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Beechinor," he called, "I'll speak with ye a moment."

She went down.

"Do you mind coming into the kitchen?" she said, preceding him and turning up the gas; "there's no light in the front-room."

He leaned up against the high mantelpiece; his frock-coat hung to the level of the oven-knob. She had one hand on the white deal table. Between them a tortoiseshell cat purred on the red-tiled floor.

"Ye're doing a verra serious thing, Miss Beechinor. As Mr. Beechinor's solicitor, I should just like to be acquaint with the real reasons for this conduct."

"I've told you." She had a slightly quizzical look.

"Now, as to Mark," the lawyer continued blandly. "Mr. Beechinor explained the whole circumstances to me. Mark as good as defied his brother."

"That's nothing to do with it."

"By the way, it appears that Mark is practically engaged to be married. May I ask if the lady is yeself?" She hesitated.

"If so," he proceeded, "I may tell ye informally that I admire the pluck of ye. But, nevertheless, that will has got to be executed."

"The young lady is a Miss Mellor of Banbridge."

"I'm going to fetch my clerk," he said shortly. "I can see ye're an obstinate and unfathomable woman. I'll be back in half an hour."

When he departed she bolted the front-door top and bottom, and went upstairs to the dying man.

NEARLY AN HOUR elapsed before she heard a knock. Mr. Baines had had to arouse his clerk from sleep. Instead of going down to the front-door, Mary threw up the bedroom window, and looked out. It was a mild but starless night. Trafalgar Road was silent save for the steam car, which, with its load of revelers returning from Banbridge—that centre of gaiety—slipped rumbling down the hill towards Bursley.

"What do you want—disturbing a respectable house at this time of night?" she called in a loud whisper when the car passed. "The door's bolted, and I can't come down. You must come in the morning."

"Miss Beechinor, ye will let us in—I charge ye."

"It's useless, Mr. Baines."

"I'll break the door down. I'm a strong man, and a determined. Ye are carrying things too far."

In another moment the two men heard the creak of the bolts. Mary stood before them vaguely discernible, but a forbidding figure.

"If you must—come upstairs," she said coldly.

"Stay here in the passage, Arthur," said Mr. Baines; "I'll call ye when I want ye," and he followed Mary up the stairs.

Edward Beechinor lay on his back, and his sunken eyes stared glassily at the ceiling. The skin of his emaciated face, stretched tightly over the protruding bones, had lost all its crimson, and was green, white, yellow. The mouth was wide open. His drawn features wore a terribly sardonic look—a purely physical effect of the disease; but it seemed to the two spectators that this mean and disappointed slave of a miserly habit had by one superb imaginative effort realized the full vanity of all human wishes and pretensions.

"Ye can go; I shan't want ye," said Mr. Baines, returning to the clerk.

The lawyer never spoke of that night's business. Why should he? To what end? Mark Beechinor, under the old will, inherited the seven hundred pounds and the house. Miss Mellor of Hanbridge is still Miss Mellor, her hand not having been formally sought. But Mark, secretary of the Labour Church, is married. Miss Mellor, with a quite pardonable air of tolerant superiority, refers to his wife as "a strange, timid little creature—she couldn't say 'boo' to a goose."



An early woodcut illustrating a booklet by Savonarola, published in Florence in 1508.

THE OLDEST PRINTED BOOK in the world, known today, is *The Diamond Sutra*—a section of the Buddhist scriptures—printed in China in 828 A. D. It was found in 1907 by Sir Aurel Stein, and is in the form of a roll, like Greek and Roman books, and it is illustrated with a woodcut, reproduced here.

There had been earlier printed texts and pictures in the form of “prayer sheets” and of “images”—like the Saints’ pictures printed in Europe in the fifteenth century. These have been found both in China and Japan. In Japan, in 770, the Empress Shotoku, in her zeal for Buddhistic propaganda, ordered a million “charms” to be printed and distributed; some of these charms are in existence today.

These Chinese and Japanese prints were cut with a knife, as were most of the European prints up to the end of the eighteenth century.

The Father of Modern Wood Engraving

BUT AT THE END of the eighteenth century an English engraver, Thomas Bewick (1753-1828), developed a method of wood-cutting with a burin or graver, formerly used only for engraving on metal. The burin is a small steel rod, triangular in shape, sharpened to a point at such an angle that when pushed into the wood it cuts the fibers of the wood away as a plowshare turns up the earth. Bewick was also an innovator in the choice of wood. The older wood-cutters had used pieces—called “planks”—of pear or maple wood, cut with the grain. Bewick used boxwood, a very

Woodcuts



This woodcut appeared in the oldest printed book known today—*The Diamond Sutra*, a section of the Buddhist Scriptures—published in China in 828 A. D. The characters at the left read, “All those who wish to read this Sutra should first chant the True Words [Dharmis invocations] seven times.”

close-grained wood which was cut across the grain.

Bewick was a designer as well as an engraver, and when he drew on the block, copying his little pencil- or wash-drawing in reverse, he merely used his drawing as a guide; he did not try to facsimile his lines or brush work, but simply interpreted his picture on the wood in terms of the tool he was using—the burin. No matter if he had drawn the leaves of a tree on his paper with pencil outlines, he could cut them out much more quickly as pure whites with the point of the burin, and he did so, translating many a black line of a drawing into a white line of a woodcut. Hence he is called the father of white-line engraving. Had it not been for Bewick’s work in 1780, we should not have had Doré’s illustrations, reproduced in the September, 1928 *GOLDEN BOOK*, where the whole design is wonderfully interpreted in white lines.

Bewick’s method was soon in use all over Europe, although the facsimile method wherein the engraver sought to make as near as possible a copy of the artist’s drawing, was also fully developed by many subsequent engravers. William J. Linton in England, and H. Pisan in France were among those who kept to the white-line, and carried it much farther than Bewick.

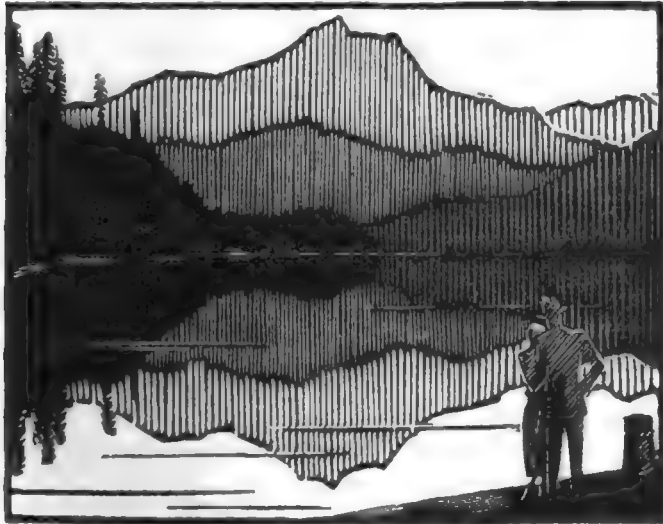


The Snow Man, by Thomas Bewick, who was the first engraver to interpret an artist’s black-line drawing by means of white lines on the block—about 1800.

By

ERNEST KNAUFFT

The Revival of an Old Art

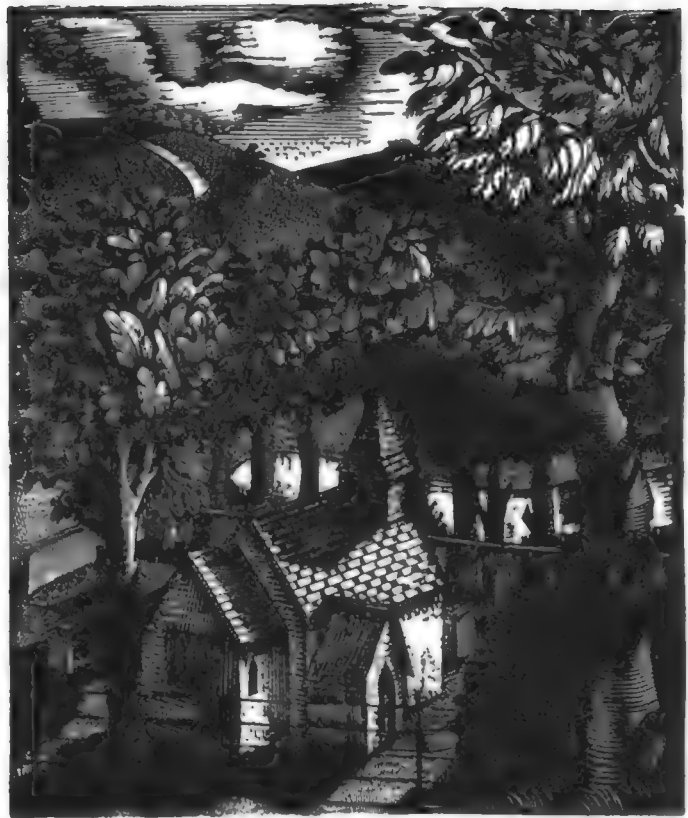


An illustration by Jacques Boullaire for *Les Jeux Défendus*—an excellent example of white-line engraving. The objects are all outlined in white, or silhouetted, while the thickness of the white lines produce the desired intensities of tone.

It was H. Pisan who so brilliantly engraved Doré's illustration for the *Ancient Mariner*, shown on page 326 of the September number. Pisan also engraved Doré's designs for *Don Quixote*, in 1863.

The work of Doré and his engravers epitomizes the feverish activity in book and periodical illustration in Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century. Doré, in 1854, when he was only twenty-two, made five hundred illustrations for one book, a comic history of Russia, and in 1858 his illustrations for the *Contes Drolatiques* numbered four hundred and twenty-five. One of the last books he illustrated, *Roland Furieux*, was a folio with eighty large compositions and five hundred and fifty smaller designs! The publisher of *Russia*, I. Bry, announced that the "500 magnifiques gravures par Gustave Doré" were "gravées sur bois par toute la nouvelle école, sous la direction générale de Sotain." (The magnificent engravings have been cut on wood by all the engravers of the new school, under the supervision of Sotain). And the cost of the book was only four francs!

This new school was that of the white-line engravers, which had developed in Paris since the coming, in 1800, of an English engraver named Thompson. In Germany, too, Adolph Menzel was filling volume after volume with his spirited drawings, en-



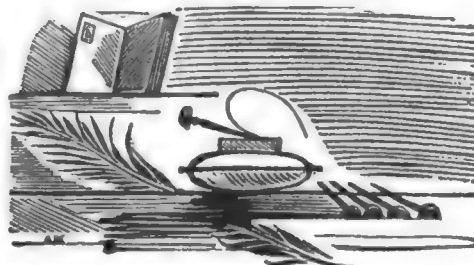
Church Under a Hill, an original woodcut by Eric W. Razilius, shows a distinctly modern technique in using the burin, which produces an effect of solidity and richness. From *A History of Wood Engraving*, by Douglas Percy Bliss.

graved with rich effect by E. Kretzschmar, A. and O. Vogel, F. Unzelmann and H. Müller.

In England, Dickens's and Thackeray's novels, *Punch*, *The London Illustrated News*, *Once a Week*, *Cornhill*, and many books of all kinds kept the pencils of men like Leech, Tenniel, du Maurier, and Keene, and the burins of engravers like Thompson, Landells, and Swain busy from morning to night.

THE ARTISTS DID the best they could in the hurry and rush of time. The proofs of the writings of Dickens and Thackeray were never in the hands of the artists in proper season, as innumerable letters apologizing for delays on the part of these writers will attest; and the messengers from the engravers were always waiting at the studio doors for the artist to complete his composition. Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, writes of her childhood days:

"There were always the wood-blocks ready to fascinate us; and it was often our business to rub out the failures, and to wash the chalk off the blocks. I remember a dreadful day when I washed away a finished drawing, for which the messenger was at that moment waiting in the hall." (The boxwood block was usually covered with chalk or Chinese white to make the pencil lines more easily visible upon it.)



The wood-engraver's tools—the block, resting on the engraver's pad, and the burins with which the cutting is done—shown in a woodcut by a Russian, Alexej Krautschenko, in *International Advertising Art*.



Albrecht Dürer's Samson and the Lion. Although Dürer lived in the Sixteenth Century, his work, although done solely with a knife, has yet to be surpassed for its imagination and perfection of detail.

The technique of the woodcut is worthy of study. The making and printing of a woodcut is very simple, and has changed little since the invention of this process. It is not difficult to understand the method. Every-



An illustration drawn by Gustave Doré and engraved by Jonnard-Brunier for Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Note the white-line engraving and the white crosshatching of the background.



Portrait heads such as this one of Francesco Marcolini, made in Venice in 1550, were the most common examples of wood-engraving in its early days. In it the attempt is made faithfully to reproduce a black-line drawing.

a jack knife. That is the way the *Formschneider*, or woodcutter, made book illustrations from the fifteenth century up to the time that Bewick engraved his blocks with a burin.

When Thackeray and other members of the *Punch* staff carved their initials in the Round Table at which they dined every week, they too made woodcuts. If, instead of cutting a monogram, Thackeray had wished to cut his initial, and if he had been making a block to print from, he could cut on a block like a spool-end the letters W. M. T. But as the block always prints in reverse, he would have to design it as T. M. W. Again, if Mark Lemon, one of the *Punch* editors, had wished to make a printable block of his initials he would have had to remember not only to reverse the order of the letters from M. L. to L. M., but he would have to reverse the L. itself, thus—**┘**.M



Campanile, an original woodcut by Elizabeth Norton, contrasts strongly in its simplicity with the Doré illustration. From the *Woodcut Annual* for 1925.

one knows what a rubber stamp is like—how a little round form of rubber representing an "o," for example, will, if inked and then pressed upon paper, print an "o" upon that paper. But if some one says that this confuses him, let him substitute a common wooden spool that milady's thread is wound upon. Let him stamp that upon his inking pad, then upon paper, and he will have an imprint of a good round "o."

To all intents this spool is a woodcut. But how about the cutting? Well, think of a small boy cutting his initials on the school desk with

a jack knife. That is the way the *Formschneider*, or woodcutter, made book illustrations from the fifteenth century up to the time that Bewick engraved his blocks with a burin.

If letters are cut into a block, like Thackeray's monogram, they will print as white letters. If black letters are desired, then the artist draws the letters black and the engraver cuts all around them, removing the wood everywhere that the letters are not—just as wood is absent from our spool "o," both in the centre and at the margins. If this explanation is clear, one should be able clearly to visualize the wood blocks from which the cuts on these pages were made.

Modern book illustration began with Bewick, and was developed further, after his death in 1828, but, as has been said, it did not put an end to facsimile engraving. On the contrary, in the middle of the nineteenth century a school of engravers developed an extreme style of rendering that sought to hide the engraver's white line almost entirely, and to imitate as clearly as possible the pencil or pen line, or the wash of the brush in the original drawing. At this time large blocks were made, composed of small pieces



An original woodcut by Pierre Lissac, used on the cover of Quand On Conspire, by Raymond Escholier, which shows clearly the economy of line possible in a woodcut. This is a perfect example of white-line engraving.

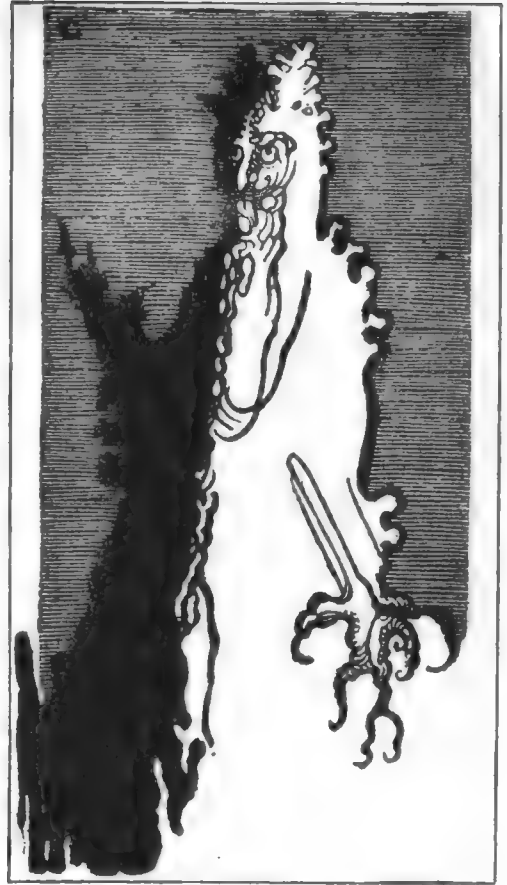
of boxwood clamped together. After the artist had drawn upon this composite block, it was sent to an engraver's shop, and unless the stipulation was made that the owner of the shop should work on the block himself, with no other help, the block was unclamped and the different pieces distributed about the shop to assistants and apprentices, each completing one piece. Then the pieces were again assembled, and the large block was ready for the printer—or, more likely, the electrotyper. All the full-page illustrations for such periodicals as *The London Illustrated News* were engraved in this way. So perfect was the training in these engraving shops, that all the assistants worked with the same technique as the master, so that he could sign his name to a block which his own tool had not touched.

The artists had their favourites among the engravers, and often indicated who should cut their designs. In 1843 Dickens's *Christmas Carol* appeared with eight illustrations by John Leech—four of them etched on steel, four engraved on wood by W. J. Linton. And in 1846, when the fourth Christmas book, *The Battle of Life*, was to be illustrated, Leech made three designs, and in a postscript to a letter to John Forster, Dickens's editor and secretary, Leech wrote: "I should like, if there is no objection, that Linton should engrave for me."

Thackeray, in his delightful essay on George Cruikshank, speaking of the artist's imaginative powers, describes how Cruikshank, in illustrating some "moral" verses of no high order, gives evidence of his great creative faculty. . . . "Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a



Pomone, an original woodcut by P. Vera, who, like many other present-day artists, also does textile designs, wall papers, and murals.



An illustration by Edward Gordon Craig for Dido and Aeneas. Craig, with Nicholson, Pryde, and Hooper—who engraved for William Morris—revived the woodcut engraved as well as drawn by the artist himself. From his book Woodcuts and Some Words.



An illustration for a poem called "School" in Wayside Posies, published in London, 1867. The drawing, made by Frederick Walker, was engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, prominent among the "Men of 1860."



Unique effects in colour printing are achieved by Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh through the use of transparent Japanese papers. Here, four separate blocks were cut. The paper's transparency grays one black tone. A third block adds orange colour; a fourth touches the eyes with green.

green common backed by old farm houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of the blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same . . . he renders all this with a few strokes *on a block of wood not two inches square*, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and lifelike a scene does it present." The italics are ours. So it was upon "little blocks of wood" that Cruikshank, Thackeray himself, Doyle, Leech, Tenniel, Daumier, Gavarni, Cham, Doré, and a hundred other creators of drolleries drew, during this period between

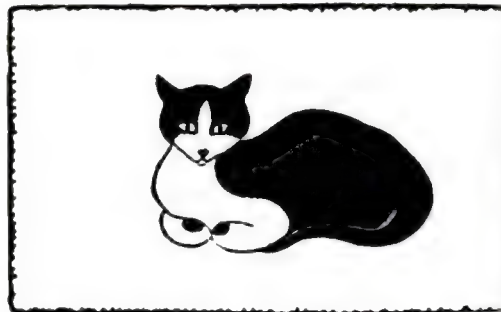


Mr. Punch's Artist During the Influenza—Thackeray pictures himself in bed finishing a drawing while the engraver's boy waits.

block came in vogue, and the artist could make his drawing any size he wished, and it would be reduced by the camera. Photo-engraving came in a decade later, and the wood-block for book illustration soon almost disappeared.

But in Thackeray's day the small size of the wood-block and the condition of its surface were problems that the illustrator always had before him. Clarkson Stanfield in 1850 was illustrating *American Notes*, and he complained to Dickens of the imperfect surface of a block sent him to draw upon. Dickens immediately wrote to his publisher, with characteristic banter—"Dear Sir: Mr. Stanfield wonders you didn't send him a paving stone to draw upon, as send a block in this unprepared state."

Another feature of the woodcut is its value as an index of social history. It frequently implies much more than a casual glance might suggest.



A woodcut done by Fujita, a Japanese artist now living in Paris, to illustrate Tagore's *Amal et la Lettre du Roi*.

The person who sees history only in chronicles of war and conquest is not likely to place much value upon the tiny woodcuts in chap-books, in comic periodicals, and in fashion magazines. But he who reads his history as it was presented in Green's *History of the English People*, wherein



Illustration for "Mrs. Mary Blaize," drawn by Randolph Caldecott and engraved by Edmund Evans, one of the men responsible for perfecting facsimile engraving.



Illustration by Kate Greenaway for *Little Ann and Other Poems*, by Jane and Anne Taylor, engraved by Edmund Evans, one of the outstanding "Men of 1860."

the everyday social life of the nation is stressed, will find in the modest woodcuts a great deal of implicit history. In the graphic wit of these early woodcuts, of the work of Cruikshank, Leech, and Doyle, of Daumier, Gavarni, and Doré, we find reflected the moods and manners of the times, just as we find them made vivid in the works of Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Hugo.

The American School

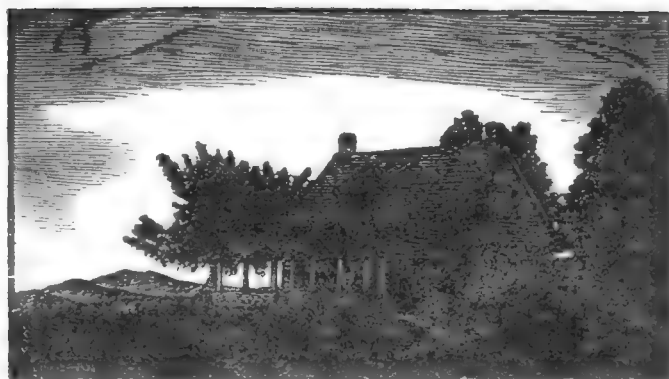
FACSIMILE ENGRAVING was developed in the United States to a very high degree between 1870 and 1900. *Harper's Magazine* and *Scribner's Monthly*—afterward *The Century*—encouraged the art, and some of the renderings of, for example, the pen- or wash-drawings of E. A. Abbey were admired by engravers the world over. Indeed, the American school of engraving influenced the art in many foreign countries.

Later on some of these engravers worked from their own designs, or from famous paintings, and issued their prints independently. Collectors today treasure these as they do etchings and lithographs that are autographic—that is, both designed and engraved by the artist himself.

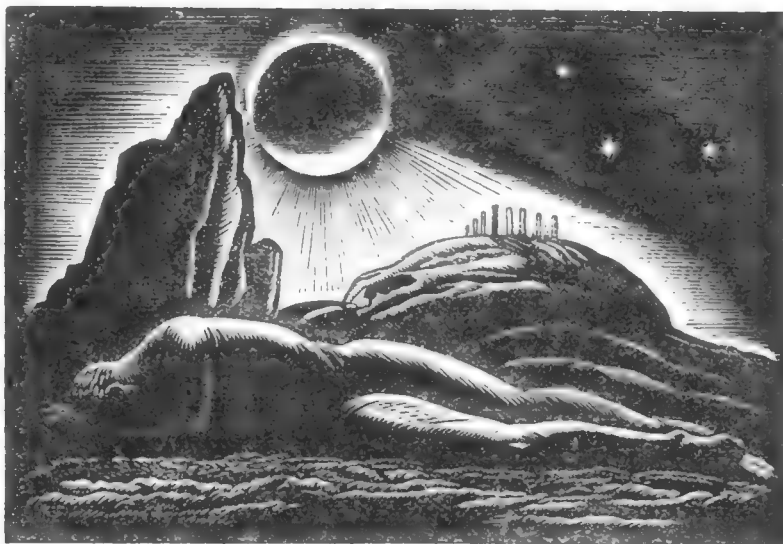
About 1880 the photo-engraving process began to force wood engraving, as a commercial art, to the wall. The artist could now make his drawing in any medium he desired—oil, water-colour, pen-and-ink, pencil, crayon—and he could make it any size he desired. A photograph would reduce his picture to the required size, and it could be mechanically engraved directly or by the half-tone process. The effect on book and periodical illustrating was both detrimental and beneficial. It was detrimental in that it inaugurated the custom of using mechanically produced half-tones on coated paper in place of the hand-engraved wood-blocks of an earlier day. A bibliophile is loath to put a book with half-tones printed on coated paper on the same shelf with the old books containing woodcuts. But it was beneficial in that it gave a certain freedom to the artist, and reproduced his medium—pencil, pen, wash—more faithfully than when rendered by hand.

The Modern Woodcut

SOME THIRTY YEARS ago Gordon Craig and Felix Vollton in France published some woodcuts made more or less in the style of the eighteenth century chap-books. The outlines were heavy and good, and there were plenty of blacks throughout the composition to give



Vermont Farm House, an original woodcut by J. J. Lankes, who, with his very simple white line, produces a maximum effect of colour and reality. Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery.



Twilight of Man, by Rockwell Kent, has the artist's characteristic beauty of line and powerful composition. Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery.



Plowing, by D. Galanis, a salient example of an idiosyncratic modern method of using the burin, by which the artist can achieve a wide variety of effects. Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries.



Karl Schmidt-Rottloff's *Houses* is a striking example of modern design which, while crude in execution, has a brilliant effect of light and solidity. Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery.

it decorative quality. Since then many designers in Europe and America have made original woodcuts, either as book decorations or to sell as single prints in the same market with etchings and lithographs.

It is not easy to pick out an example of modern work which contains all the cardinal characteristics of the present-day woodcut. For one thing, many different methods are used. One artist will make a rough sketch on the block, and will then cut away the wood around it, so as carefully to preserve the sketchy lines of his first draft. Another will make a drawing on the block as a mere guide for his composition, and then develop his picture entirely with white lines—the lines cut by the engraving tool called the burin. Such is the method of J. J. Lankes, Gustave Baumann, Blair Hughes-Stanton, Gertrude Hermes, S. W. Ravilious, Paul and John Nash, and Eric Fitch Daglish.

Rockwell Kent also uses this method, somewhat, but he seems always to have in mind the decorative quality of the line, both black and white. The black line is also preserved by French designers such as P. Véra, J. E. Laboureur, and F. Siméon. Mr. Kent's line is always classic. It never goes astray; it never becomes impressionistic or post-impressionistic. But if we take the work of the German artist Karl Schmidt-Rottloff, for example, we find that his lines are far from orthodox. They are seemingly as unorganized as the units in a dropped pack of cards. If, however, one examines the Schmidt-Rottloff cut published here, one

will find that it contains a great deal of force, a great deal of form, of solidity, of luminosity. The buildings are solid, even if a bit out of plumb. They reflect light as white buildings do. There is vibration in the sky, even if we are not sure whether a sunrise or a sunset is intended.

Not only is the technique of the modern woodcut often so unconventional that it borders upon the eccentric, even upon the barbaric, but the subject matter of the pictures produced is often bizarre in concept.

No longer do the embers glow at the fireside of the humble cot. No longer does the faithful dog await his master outside the taproom door. There are no sailors' homecomings. The genteel gives away to the primitive; the mild retires before the broad gesture. No homely scene is portrayed, no banalities introduced into the composition. Our artists travel far for subject matter, and often bring back from the Gobi Desert of their adventures many weird and monstrous images that sometimes impel the uninitiated to query emphatically: "Is that art?"

The Future of the Woodcut

To the initiated the modern woodcut means much more than subject-matter. It means that the artist has come closer to the ideal of book-making. His art is now more of a handicraft; it is more personal, more autographic. No apprentice, no camera changes his drawing. He makes the woodcut himself, and he knows just how it will come out. If he studies book decoration as he should, he is sure to develop new techniques—now a special cutting for thin paper, now a solid black for rough, heavy paper, this line to go with old-style type, that shading to go with a heavy block letter. All this technical experimenting is sure

to lead to intelligent new developments. And, too, if prints of woodcuts intended for framing are bought by the public as etchings or lithographs are now bought, there will be still greater incentive for our artists, and the walls of our homes will gain in attractiveness. The coloured woodcut has a niche in the pantheon of prints all by itself. The Japanese have taught us to feel the charm of the polychrome composition with its firm black outlines and our artists are now actively developing a technique for making the colour print both for book decoration and wall framing. A well-balanced woodcut, with its frankness of line and its rich darks, makes a wall decoration that is in perfect harmony with antique or modernistic furnishings.



Spinning Wheel, a brilliant study in light and shade cut in the frankest manner by Wanda Gág, an American artist. Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery.



The Tenth Muse: Advertisements

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

If you want a boy to work for you who is industrious and does not care to work write to Dr. A. M. Lyon, P. O. Box 403. Frankfort, Ky. And ask about George D. Griffin. *Olive Hill (Ky.) Advertiser.*

FOR SALE—Guernsey Heifer giving nice mess of milk, also 3 pigs. A. H. Rohrer, Orange Cove. *California paper.*

LADY, refined, experienced solicitor for home Youthfulform, the wonder garment for 10th floor, 587 5th ave. *Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.*

WHY LOOK OLD

Why HAVE SAGGY MUSCLES DEEP LINES AND WRINKLES When by the use of IMPORTED FRENCH OIL we can PERMANENTLY eliminate and rebuild your face and give a youthful complexion and appearance?

MOUSER'S ELECTRIC FACIALS, 602 Brack-Shops TU1640 *Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.*

WANTED—Washing and silk underwear. Phone 732. Mrs. Earl Cox. 274tf. *Dodge City (Kans.) Globe.*

ONE SINNY MAN GAINED 28 POUNDS

"Feels Like a Real Man Now—Thanks to —" *Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

I used to hide in corners at parties and blush when spoken to, but now a pin drop is audible as I rise, poised, perfect and primed, to toast my hose at a banquet. *Erie (Wis.) paper.*

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Haselrud last Sunday morning. Father doing well. *Peterson (Minn.) Herald.*

Ohio Valley and Tennessee—Generally fair except showers about Wednesday and again Saturday. Rising temperature Monday afternoon and Tuesday, cooler about Wednesday and warmer Friday. No extremes in temperature probable. back of Miss Heywood's neck. *Fairmount (W. Va.) Sunday Times.*

Mr. J. T. Kirk left last week for Georgia on business. He probably will be away until full. *Brooksville (Fla.) Journal.*

FOR SALE—Two coming three year old dark gray Percheron male jersey cows with third calf by her side, a good one. Mr. A. B. Booher, Akin pike, Piqua Route 4. 11-7. *Piqua (Ohio) Daily Call.*

FOR SALE—3 heifer bull calves; eligible to radisher.—Wm. Long, Grand Ridge. *Streator (Ill.) Daily Times-Press.*

NOTICE—Not either one of us will stand for it, throw anything in or onto us, by putting in our name by the wrong deed made out by anybody in section eight. Scott township. Mr. and Mrs. Siffert Schulte. 35pd. *Hampton (Iowa) Chronicle.*

We have a few remarkable cars today which will be sold at very reasonable prices.

USED BUICKS

1827 Master Six Sedan
1924 Roadster

MISCELLANEOUS MAKES

1829 Essex Sedan
1927 Chevrolet Coach

CHAMBERS MOTOR COMPANY

Prince and Walnut Sts.
Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.

Mrs. Dey suffered bruises, gashes husband and baby. *Glades County (Fla.) Democrat.*

"Fox" Hastings, noted cowgirl, came to town today for the Roundup. "Fox" for a long time was the only feminine performed who could bulldog a street and she yet holds the honor of being the leading feminine bulldogger. *Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

Q. What date will Easter of 1929 fall on? T. E. J. A. Easter of 1929 will fall on March 31, 1829. *Montana paper.*

Chester A. Wyke, justice of the peace of Bridgeville, was awarded \$75 to replace his "last and only suit" ruined when he assisted in rescue work at the Cow Hollow bridge collapse, in which one man was killed by the county commissioners at their meeting yesterday morning. *Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post-Gazette.*

His Last Chance

By RAFAEL SABATINI

Rafael Sabatini

THROUGH THE MOTLEY throng of clients in the lieutenant-general's antechamber, M. des Favelles moved airily, a very picture of elegance, from his well-curled and carefully powdered wig down to the red heels of his shoes. Those who did not know him inquired his name; those who knew him marveled what might be his business with M. de Sartines. For what indeed should this careless man of fashion be doing in the antechamber of the Minister of Police?

Perhaps in some degree conscious of the curiosity he was exciting, and with a view to in part allaying it, he informed an acquaintance whom he met—in tones loud enough to be heard in the remotest corner of the apartment—that he came to solicit M. de Sartines' interest and good offices towards a young Breton cousin of his for whom he was anxious to secure an appointment in the Guards.

For one that solicited favours he was admitted to the lieutenant-general's presence with an alacrity that filled the other clients at once with envy and a high sense of M. des Favelles' importance.

Within the chamber, which might not inadequately be compared to the very heart of the web of espionage in which M. de Sartines enmeshed the whole of France, he was brusquely received by the great policeman. There was no talk here of a Breton young cousin, and although des Favelles retained his habitual airiness, there was a something akin to anxiety in the look with which he met the scrutiny of M. de Sartines' wide-set eyes.

"I have sent for you, des Favelles," said the minister brusquely, "to inquire whether you have found some source of revenue that enables you to treat with contempt the appointment you hold under me, and to neglect the duties to which it binds you?"

Des Favelles was taken aback. The airiness dropped from him upon the instant, and his colour changed.

"But, monsieur, of what then do you complain?"

"Of what?" snapped Sartines. "Of everything. In the first place, you are never seen here. When I require you, I am compelled to send for you. *Mille tonnerres*, monsieur, do you conceive that the government is paying you a handsome annuity to keep you in the society to which you are accustomed merely so that you may pursue the vices that have brought you to what you are? I have sent for you to remind you, Favelles—and it will be for the last time—that you

have certain obligations towards us, and that unless you show yourself more zealous I shall leave you to pursue the inglorious journey to the gutter which I made the mistake of arresting a year ago."

"But, monsieur, I implore you to—"

"Tush! Let us say no more. I have other business to dispatch. You are now acquainted with my feelings; choose your way. If you are minded to continue in my favour, I have an immediate task for you demanding the very greatest delicacy and tact. It will be your last chance, Favelles."

"I beg that you will acquaint me with the particulars."

"Do you know the Marquise de Longuemain?"

"I am slightly acquainted with her."

"Could you improve that acquaintance?"

"Assuredly."

"Could you transform it into—an intimacy?"

Favelles smiled fatuously. His opinion of his personal endowments was of the highest. "I might make the attempt," said he with confidence.

"Perfectly," snorted Sartines. "Now for the affair itself. Madame la Marquise is sister to the Chevalier de Chateauroux, who was banished five years ago, and who is forbidden under pain of death to return. My spies are unerring, Favelles, but their sphere of action is more or less confined to France. Chateauroux, appreciating this fact, and well aware that his sands would be run the moment he sets foot on French soil, remains abroad in the flesh. But in the spirit he is actively among us. Twice within the last month I have had letters set before me, penned by this Chateauroux, and pointing unmistakably at a deep and mysterious conspiracy which he and some kindred traitors are organizing either in Spain or Flanders. With the political aspect I will not trouble you. The fact with which we have to deal is that this conspiracy exists. Were I acquainted with its nature I should find a way of defeating it. But I am beset by the terrors of the unknown. If I even knew where this Chateauroux is at work, I should find a way to kidnap him and thus I should stamp out this spark of rebellion before it spreads into a conflagration. My ordinary agents are powerless to gain the knowledge—or, at least, to gain it with the necessary promptness. In time, no doubt, we should succeed in tracing the chevalier, but it would probably be too late when we found him. This is where I need you, Favelles."

Sartines paused and let his glittering eye rest

impressively upon the fashionably arrayed young gallant. Des Favelles, who had listened in silence, bowed, and the minister continued:

"You will render yourself intimate with the Marquise de Longuemain. You will gain the *entrée* to her salon, where you will find some of the greatest wits and some of the greatest rogues in France. These men, I am convinced, are the correspondents of monsieur her brother. Watch and inquire with caution: induce them to initiate you into their treason and make you one of them; possess yourself of the address of this troublesome Chevalier de Chateauroux, and let me have it at your earliest."

Favelles advanced a step, his lips compressed and his face very white.

"Is this the work to offer a gentleman?" he demanded.

"No," answered Sartines, with that brutality which at times he dealt in, "it is not."

"Then why do you offer it to me?"

"Out of a hope that as a secret agent you may be less of a failure than you were as a gentleman. Enough of these airs, Favelles; they are out of keeping with your condition, and you have done work of the kind before. It is your last chance. Seize it or not, as you please. If you do not, then I have done with you; whilst if you blunder in it, I shall have done with you none the less. And now go," he ended, as abruptly as he had started. "I have others to see. Let me know by midnight upon what course you have determined."

A servant entering, Favelles saw himself forced to withdraw, his remonstrances all unspoken. Those in the antechamber no longer saw in him an airy, swaggering gallant; they beheld a man who walked swiftly, with bent head and eyes that avoided the glances of his fellows.

Yet for all his dejected air his soul was swayed by the first truly noble emotion that he had known for years. Whatever the cost, he swore, he would not undertake this loathsome business. He would sink to the gutter—as Sartines had said—sooner than lend himself to such an infamy.

Thus proposed M. des Favelles, but the Fates were disposing otherwise. That night he was at the Hotel de Savignon. A rout was being held, and Chance—that archjester—led him to the side of Madame de Longuemain. Out of curiosity, perhaps, at first, to see what manner of woman was this dainty relict of a gouty old marquis, des Favelles made himself pleasant in a manner which—to do him justice—was extremely winning. The dainty widow showed herself not averse to his attentions, and he pursued them farther. They danced together, and before des Favelles knew it, a world of mischief was accomplished. Let those who have experience of the not uncommon suddenness of such attacks bear out the possibility of my statement that at eleven o'clock that night poor Fav-

elles—ostensibly one of the arbiters of Parisian fashion, in reality a broken gentleman driven by necessity to become one of M. de Sartines' secret agents—was head over heels in love with the Marquise de Longuemain.

As he feasted his eyes upon the wondrous whiteness of her skin, the fairness of her shining hair, the depths of her blue eyes, he swore that within the hour M. de Sartines should receive his answer in the negative. He would not, he could not, undertake the task. If it had been loathsome before, how much more loathsome had it not become since he had been brought into contact with this pearl of womankind?

Leaning towards him, she bade him come and see her upon the morrow. He would find an indifferent company at her house, yet some there were with a reputation for wit, whose conversation might perchance repay him. He protested with an ardour that brought blushes to her cheek that he valued all the wits in the world at less than nothing by contrast with the joy that would be his upon again beholding her. A mighty pretty thing to say, but a mighty dangerous thing for a man like Favelles to mean. And poor Favelles meant it.

HE WENT HOME with a brain fired by ecstasy and hope. M. de Sartines and his business were all but forgotten. He had done with such matters, be the consequences what they might. But when he came to count those consequences, he remembered that they amounted to nothing less than destitution. Without the financial support he received from the lieutenant-general he would be a pauper—and how, in Heaven's name, was a pauper to win Madame de Longuemain to wife? From which it will be seen that already des Favelles was looking far ahead.

That ugly thought took him as he was rounding the corner of the Rue St. Antoine, in which he had his lodgings. He halted suddenly, and roundly cursed his fortune. Then, standing there and taking no heed of the keen edge of the autumn wind, poor Favelles fought out a cruel battle in his soul. He had to decide either to play a gentlemanly part, and, keeping clean hands, refuse the task that was set him and abandon with it all hope of again seeing the marquise, or else to undertake the vile business, so that he might be provided with the means to maintain his estate, and set about winning her. Of a truth, it was a parlous choice. Honour dictated a clear course. But poor Favelles' honour was a thing which, for shame's sake, he never spoke and seldom thought of. Congenitally lacking in strength of will and by circumstances become unscrupulous, he sank at last a victim to the temptation that beset him, and—as is common with men of infirm purpose—he placed his faith in chance to bring the affairs anon to a solution more or less convenient.

That resolve taken—not without much mental affliction—he went home



"It will be for the last time, Favelles."

and dispatched a message to M. de Sartines, informing the minister that he consented to undertake the task imposed.

II

M. DES FAVELLES' CORDIAL reception, on the morrow, by the marquise, consoled him for the coldness manifested towards him by her guests. Indeed, their restraint troubled him little; misunderstanding it, he set them down for a crowd, and wondered to himself how they had come by their reputation for wit. He fell a prey to a little, weasel-faced *abbé*, all smirks and affectation, who insisted upon entertaining him with stories of the great Scarron—in whom he was nowise interested. Mindful now of his mission, Favelles sought to draw the cleric into political topics, in which attempts the little fellow baffled him with a wondrous skill.

Madame de Longue-main had withdrawn into the embrasure of a window, where she stood talking with a powerfully-built, red-faced man, who had the air of a farmer dressed in Parisian garments. He was leaning towards her and seemed to be speaking earnestly, whilst his glance was of a tenderness that filled Favelles with apprehension. As soon as he could shake off the importunities of the Abbé Leclerc, he made his way across to them. As he joined them, he caught from the marquise the words:

"But my dear Eustace—" Then espying him standing there, she stopped short. But the words and the intimacy they argued sent a stab through des Favelles. She presented him to her companion—a M. Talmont, who, she informed him, was an old friend of hers that lately had been absent in Touraine, where his estates were situated. This gentleman, after an exchange of cold civilities, withdrew, leaving Favelles alone with the marquise.

Of what he talked during the moments they stood thus apart, Favelles might have found some difficulty in saying. He only remembered afterwards that he had made no mention of politics, and that from the moment of his looking into the blue depths of her eyes until the importunate little *abbé* came to interrupt them, M. de Sartines was again sunk into oblivion.

As he was taking his departure she overjoyed him by a half-timidly expressed hope that he would come again. He passed out into the street the happiest man in France that day, and so wonderful was his obsession that not even then did any thought of his mission intrude itself to mar the perfection of his fools' paradise.

Had he been able to overhear the things that were said in madame's salon after his departure, he might have thought less of his love and more of his task.

"M. de Sartines," the little *abbé* was saying, "commits the egregious error of believing that he controls the only system of espionage in France. A still more egregious error is that of sending this popinjay into our midst."

"I think," said M. Talmont, "that Madame la Marquise has acted with a rare degree of wisdom in facilitating his advent amongst us. How do you

propose, M. l'Abbé, that we should deal with him?"

"I scarcely think," replied the Abbé Leclerc contemptuously, "that we need go the lengths of proposing anything. Let us leave him to madame. She will see that his time is wasted for him. Should he grow importunate, it will not be difficult to set him upon a false track. M. de Carnac, there, can write some more letters for M. de Sartines' edification."

And so while they plotted on the one side and M. de Sartines plotted on the other, M. des Favelles—the connecting link between the two—was the only person whose thoughts did not run on intrigue and counter-intrigue. The great passion that had taken possession of him was blotting all other considerations out of his life.

Daily was he now to be found at the Hotel de Longue-main, where the pretty widow with her baby face and her scheming soul was fooling him to the very top of his bent. Sartines, who was keeping Favelles under surveillance, had this reported to him, and rejoiced to see the young gallant earnestly at work at last, as he imagined.

Thus a week went by, and although already twice des Favelles had openly declared his passion to the marquise, the latter had found a way of tantalizingly evading him. Until the plot they were hatching was ripe, the conspirators desired Favelles to be kept on in this manner; once it should have exploded, they would laugh in his face and contemptuously cast him aside.

All might have gone in accordance with their desires had not M. des Favelles—who was beginning to account himself ill-used by madame—developed a jealousy which was no whit less furious than his love. The object of it was M. Talmont, of the red face and bucolic figure, whom he had overheard the marquise address by his patronymic. After smouldering for a couple of days it blazed up suddenly one afternoon in consequence of his coming upon a man's hat and cloak in the marquise's boudoir, to which he had been admitted.

"I take it," he sneered, quivering with fury, "that those garments are the property of your rustic friend, Talmont?"

She looked at him out of a pair of very innocent and very widely-opened eyes.

"But what then, monsieur?"

"This, madame—that you must dismiss one of us. You must choose between us. I love you, and——"

"You weary me, M. des Favelles, with your repetitions," she exclaimed. "You have told me a dozen times within two days that you love me. I have told you that you must wait. I am not a girl, monsieur. I was wed before, and it was by no means a happy marriage. Is it strange that I should, therefore, wish to deliberate carefully so that I may avoid a second mistake?"

"You talk," he cried, "as though men and women loved with their wits. Does your heart say nothing, Madame?"

"*Hélas!* Once already has my heart misled me. Let me first consider your suitability, monsieur, I beg."

Favelles sprang up, his face hot with anger.

"It is a husband that I am proposing to you—not a coachman," he blazed. "Since you will not choose between me and Talmont, I will leave the decision to Heaven. Where is the fellow? Where does the clown hide himself?"

"I am at your service, sir," came a dignified voice, and through the parting curtains that masked a doorway stepped Talmont, inquiry on his face. "May I ask your will with me?"

Now, had either M. Talmont or Madame de Longuemain divined the will of M. des Favelles and the meaning of his cryptic remark that he would leave the choice to Heaven, there would have been less eagerness on Talmont's part to come forward. The moment the secret agent's eyes fell upon his rival he regained his composure, and when he spoke it was in a voice of great deliberateness.

"M. Talmont," said he, "I have asked Madame de Longuemain to choose between us; but since she finds herself unable to make the choice, I must leave it to the will of Heaven. Will you do me the honour to meet me at seven o'clock in the morning in the gardens of the Luxembourg, bringing a friend with you?"

"But why should I kill you, monsieur?" inquired Talmont ingenuously.

Des Favelles shrugged his shoulders.

"I did not suppose, monsieur, that you had brought good manners from Touraine, but I did suppose—from the fact of meeting you in madame's salon—that you were not completely destitute of them. This boasting is out of date in Paris, and is said to bring bad luck. Shall I expect you tomorrow?"

To say that Talmont and the marquise were taken aback is far from doing justice to their condition. Here was a contingency certainly unlooked for. Talmont must not have a duel on his hands in this the ripening hour of their great conspiracy. The marquise set herself to the task of restoring peace. She implored them to be calm and not to have her name on the lips of all Paris coupled with a duel. She besought Favelles to depart. But he was adamant. He would not go until he had received a reply from M. Talmont, and, what was more, he would not go save in M. Talmont's company, for he was not minded to allow his rival the advantage of being left behind. At this it was the marquise who became angry, and from intercession passed to hostility.

"You asked me a moment ago, monsieur, for my answer to your suit. I will give it to you now—now that I have had an opportunity of judging how you can behave. I desire you to leave my house, and never again to importune me with your presence."

Favelles went white to the lips, and for a second

he seemed to hesitate, and his glance traveled to Talmont. Then he drew himself up very rigidly, and, with a low and most formal bow, he turned on his heel and went without another word.

When he was gone Talmont expressed regrets which the marquise, however, did not appear to share.

"Pah!" she sneered with a toss of the head and a snap of the fingers. "What harm can he do, the fool? He knows nothing. Besides, what does it matter now? In three days the thing will be done, and, *ma foi*, Eustace, I have endured the attentions of this trifler for considerably longer than was to my taste."

"*Enfin*, we have done with him," said Talmont with a shrug, and he dismissed the subject.

But they had by no means done with him, as they were to find to their cost that very night.

III

UPON REACHING his lodging Favelles had found a letter from the lieutenant-general, expressing surprise at having received no report from him since he had been entrusted with what M. de Sartines called the "Chateauroux affair." He added that from this silence he apprehended that Favelles had conducted the matter with that levity which had now come to be his chief characteristic, and he ended by saying that, unless within twenty-four hours he favoured him with some definite information, he (M. de Sartines) would wash his hands of him, and leave him to starve. That letter was the last straw. Ruin stared him now in the face, and its imminence was to the luxuriously nurtured Favelles a very ugly business. He cursed Madame de Longuemain, concerning whom he had no illusions left. From the tone she had taken with him he now inferred that he had been nothing more than a dupe in the hands of that woman and of Talmont, her lover.

The "Green Pillar" in the Rue St. Honoré was the eating-house he frequented, and there he sat that evening, brooding and desperate, when suddenly a voice smote his ear that seemed to galvanize him into sudden and most violent action. It was the voice of Talmont, who had entered the house in the company of another, and who had taken a seat close by.

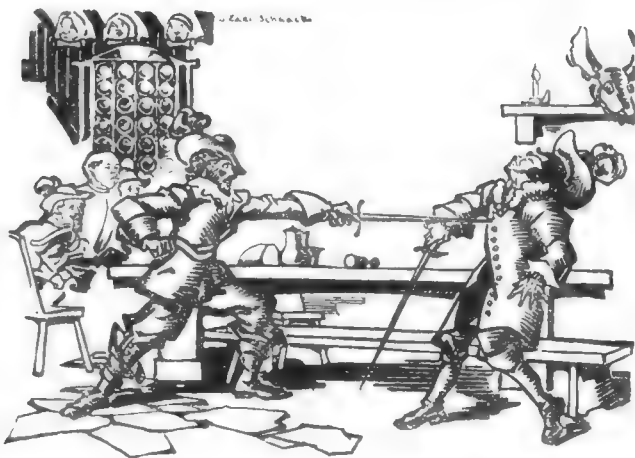
There were few people in the room at the time, and of those few none saw clearly what took place until they were startled by

the crash of M. Talmont's fall, as chair and man went over.

"Will you fight me now?" roared the infuriated man of fashion, standing above his fallen enemy.

"Since you insist," answered Talmont, gathering himself up, "I will meet you in the morning at——"

"Not in the morning," the other interrupted him. "You had your chance of that and you disdained it."



"You shall fight me now and here."

At that the landlord interfered with the announcement that he would have no brawling in the "Green Pillar." But des Favelles tossed the lace back from his wrist, and threatened to run the host through the vitals if he interfered. His wig had got awry in his excitement, and he presented a comically rakish appearance. But there was nothing comical in his attitude. His sword looked mighty dangerous, and there was an ugly gleam in his eye, which decided the host to send to the nearest *corps-de-garde* for the watch.

But long before it arrived M. des Favelles and his rival were giving a masterly exhibition of small-sword play. Talmont was the first to score, by running his opponent through the sword-arm. It looked as if this should end the encounter, when des Favelles, passing his sword into his left hand, and, utterly disregarding his wound and the blood he was losing, began to make things extremely unpleasant for Talmont. A left-handed fencer of mediocre ability is very discomposing to face, and has an incalculable advantage over a man meeting him in the ordinary way. Of this M. Talmont became more and more sensible, until, just as the hastily summoned guardians of the peace rushed into the room, he received Favelles' point full in the breast, and sank, a limp mass of legs and arms, to the floor, whilst Favelles himself collapsed, fainting, into a chair.

M. des Favelles recovered consciousness in the guard-room of the *Chatelêt*, whither both the combatants had been conveyed. Standing beside him he found M. de Sartines, whose wontedly solemn face wore now an amused smile.

"Favelles," said he, "I congratulate you on your zeal and your adroitness. To have contrived that

brawl and to have thus delivered him into our hands was the cleverest ruse for which it has ever been my good fortune to compliment one of my subordinates. How you recognized him I cannot think; for so cleverly had he outwitted my spies that I had no notion he was in France. The very letters upon which I acted were nothing but decoy documents intended to make me suppose him abroad. You have well employed your last chance, Favelles, and I shall see to it that you are rewarded, in addition to keeping you in the service of France. But tell me how you recognized him. What was it aroused your suspicions?"

"I am very faint," murmured Favelles feebly, "and my wits work slowly. May I inquire to whom you are referring, monsieur?"

"Why to Madame de Longuemain's brother, the Chevalier de Chateauroux, yonder."

Understanding nothing, Favelles turned to behold only Talmont, whom a couple of men were tending. Then of a sudden he understood, and he closed his eyes lest Sartines should see in them a reflection of his astonishment.

"I must beg of you to allow that to remain my secret, monsieur," he murmured, "You asked me to discover his whereabouts; I have done more; I have found and delivered to you the man himself. I beg of you to be satisfied with that."

"Satisfied?" echoed Sartines, who was in excellent humour. "I am more than satisfied. Do you know there was a moment when I almost thought that Madame de Longuemain was leading you away from your duty?"

"There was a moment when I thought that myself," murmured Favelles, in tones inaudible to the lieutenant-general.

Song

By CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI



WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:

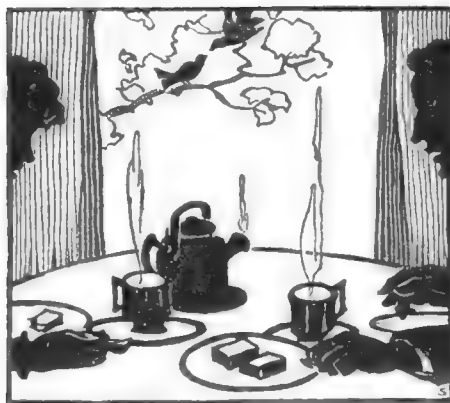
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.



By
ANTHONY HOPE



The House Opposite

WE WERE TALKING over the sad case of young Algy Groom; I was explaining to Mrs. Hilary exactly what had happened.

"His father gave him," said I, "a hundred pounds, to keep him for three months in Paris while he learned French."

"And very liberal, too," said Mrs. Hilary.

"It depends where you dine," said I. "However, that question did not arise, for Algy went to the Grand Prix the day after he arrived——"

"A horse race?" asked Mrs. Hilary, with great contempt.

"Certainly the competitors are horses," I rejoined. "And there he, most unfortunately, lost the whole sum, without learning any French to speak of."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Mrs. Hilary, and little Miss Phyllis gasped in horror.

"Oh, well," said Hilary, with much bravery (as it struck me), "his father's very well off."

"That doesn't make it a bit better," declared his wife.

"There's no mortal sin in a little betting, my dear. Boys will be boys——"

"And even that," I interposed, "wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls."

Mrs. Hilary, taking no notice whatever of me, pronounced sentence. "He grossly deceived his father," she said, and took up her embroidery.

"Most of us have grossly deceived our parents before now," said I. "We should all have to confess something of the sort."

"I hope you're speaking for your own sex," observed Mrs. Hilary.

"Not more than yours," said I. "You used to meet Hilary on the pier when your father wasn't there—you told me so."

"Father had authorized my acquaintance with Hilary."

"I hate quibbles," said I.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hilary stitched: Hilary

*Yours very truly
Anthony Hope.*

observed that the day was fine.

"Now," I pursued carelessly, "even Miss Phyllis here has been known to deceive her parents."

"Oh, let the poor child alone, anyhow," said Mrs. Hilary.

"Haven't you?" said I to Miss Phyllis.

I expected an indignant denial. So did Mrs. Hilary, for she remarked with a sympathetic air——

"Never mind his folly, Phyllis dear."

"Haven't you, Miss Phyllis?" said I.

Miss Phyllis grew very red. Fearing that I was causing her pain, I was about to observe on the prospects of a Dissolution when a shy smile spread over Miss Phyllis's face.

"Yes, once," said she, with a timid glance at Mrs. Hilary, who immediately laid down her embroidery.

"Out with it," I cried triumphantly. "Come along, Miss Phyllis. We won't tell, honour bright!"

Miss Phyllis looked again at Mrs. Hilary. Mrs. Hilary is human.

"Well, Phyllis dear," said she, "after all this time I shouldn't think it my duty——"

"It happened only last summer," said Miss Phyllis. Mrs. Hilary looked rather put out.

"Still——" she began.

"We must have the story," said I.

Little Miss Phyllis put down her knitting.

"I was very naughty," she remarked. "It was my last term at school."

"I know that age," said I to Hilary.

"My window looked out towards the street. You're sure you won't tell? Well, there was a house opposite——"

"And a young man in it," said I.

"How did you know that?" asked Miss Phyllis, blushing immensely.

"No girls' school can keep up its numbers without one," I explained.

"Well, there was one, anyhow," said Miss Phyllis. "And I and two other girls went to a course of lectures at the Town Hall on literature or something of that kind. We used to have a shilling given us for our tickets."

"Precisely," said I. "A hundred pounds!"

"No, a shilling," corrected Miss Phyllis. "A hundred pounds! How absurd, Mr. Carter! Well, one day I—I——"

"You're sure you wish to go on, Phyllis?" asked Mrs. Hilary.

"You're afraid, Mrs. Hilary," said I, severely.

"Nonsense, Mr. Carter. I thought Phyllis might——"

"I don't mind going on," said Miss Phyllis, smiling. "One day I—I lost the other girls."

"The other girls are always easy to lose," I observed.

"And on the way there—oh, you know, he went to the lectures."

"The young dog," said I, nudging Hilary. "I should think he did!"

"On the way there it became rather—rather foggy."

"Blessings on it!" I cried; for Miss Phyllis's demure but roguish expression delighted me.

"And he—he found me in the fog."

"What are you doing, Mr. Carter?" cried Mrs. Hilary, angrily.

"Nothing, nothing," said I. I believe I had winked at Hilary.

"And—and we couldn't find the Town Hall."

"Oh, Phyllis!" groaned Mrs. Hilary.

Little Miss Phyllis looked alarmed for a moment. Then she smiled.

"But we found the confectioner's," she said.

"The Grand Prix," said I, pointing my finger at Hilary.

"He had no money at all," said Miss Phyllis.

"It's ideal!" said I.

"And—and we had tea on—on——"

"The shilling?" I cried in rapture.

"Yes," said little Miss Phyllis, "on the shilling. And he saw me home."

"Details, please," said I.

Miss Phyllis shook her head.

"And left me at the door."

"Was it still foggy?" I asked.

"Yes, or he wouldn't have——"

"Now what did he——?"

"Come to the door, Mr. Carter," said Miss Phyllis, with obvious wariness. "Oh, it was such fun!"

"I'm sure it was."

"No, I mean when we were examined in the lectures. I bought the local paper, you know, and read it up, and I got top marks easily, and Miss Green wrote to mother to say how well I had done."

"It all ends most satisfactorily," I observed.

"Yes, didn't it?" said little Miss Phyllis.

Mrs. Hilary was grave again.

"And you never told your mother, Phyllis?" she asked.

"No—no, Cousin Mary," said Miss Phyllis.

I rose and stood with my back to the fire. Little Miss Phyllis took up her knitting again, but a smile still played about the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder," said I, looking up at the ceiling, "what happened at the door?" Then, as no one spoke, I added——

"Pooh! I know what happened at the door."

"I'm not going to tell you anything more," said Miss Phyllis.

"But I should like to hear it in your own——"

Miss Phyllis was gone! She had suddenly risen and run from the room.

"It did happen at the door," said I.

"Fancy Phyllis!" mused Mrs. Hilary.

"I hope," said I, "that it will be a lesson for you."

"I shall have to keep my eye on her," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You can't do it," said I in easy confidence. I had no fear of little Miss Phyllis being done out of her recreations. "Meanwhile," I pursued, "the important thing is this: my parallel is obvious and complete."

"There is not the least likeness," said Mrs. Hilary, sharply.

"As a hundred pounds are to a shilling, so is the Grand Prix to the young man opposite," I observed, taking my hat, and holding out my hand to Mrs. Hilary.

"I am very angry with you," she said. "You've made the child think there was nothing wrong in it."

"Oh, nonsense!" said I. "Look how she enjoyed telling it."

Then, not heeding Mrs. Hilary, I launched into an apostrophe.

"O divine House Opposite!" I cried. "Charming House Opposite! What is a man's own dull, uneventful home, compared with that glorious House Opposite! If only I might dwell for ever in the House Opposite!"

"I haven't the least notion what you mean," remarked Mrs. Hilary, stiffly. "I suppose it's something silly—or worse."

I looked at her in some puzzlement.

"Have you no longing for the House Opposite?" I asked.

Mrs. Hilary looked at me. Her eyes ceased to be absolutely blank. She put her arm through Hilary's and answered gently——

"I don't want the House Opposite."

"Ah," said I, giving my hat a brush, "but maybe you remember the House—when it was Opposite?"

Mrs. Hilary, one arm still in Hilary's, gave me her hand.

She blushed and smiled.

"Well," said she, "it was your fault: so I won't scold Phyllis."

"No, don't, my dear," said Hilary, with a laugh.

As for me, I went downstairs, and, in absence of mind, bade my cabman to drive to the House Opposite. But I never got there.



Bernard Shaw's Vision of the Future

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Archibald Henderson

PRESIDENT WILSON electrified the world with the declaration that the United States entered the World War to "make the world safe for democracy." Perhaps the most conspicuous result of the World War has been an extraordinary outburst of criticism of democracy. Critics here, critics there, are vigorously voicing their loss of faith in democracy as practised today. Shaw maintains that the chief results of the World War have been largely accidental. When I asked him if he thought that, on the whole, the effects of the war had been beneficial to mankind, he whimsically replied:

"Do you think the effects of the San Francisco earthquake have been beneficial to California as a whole? True, it demonstrated the stability of steel-framed skyscrapers and shook down great numbers of rotten and unsanitary buildings, besides removing many people who have not been perceptibly missed. But if society can be reformed only by the accidental results of a horrible catastrophe—or if these results are the precise opposite of what was intended by those who brought about the catastrophe—what hope is there for mankind in them? The War shook down Czarism, an unspeakable abomination, and made an end of the new German Empire and the old Apostolic Austrian one. It settled the Irish question, it gave votes and seats in Parliament to women; and it gave Prohibition its dead lift over the final obstacles in your country. It is conceivable that another war, if frightful enough, might even reform our spelling!"

Like Mark Twain in his later years, who voiced his despair of humanity in his feeble blast of iconoclasm,

"What Is Man?" Bernard Shaw grows even more pessimistic regarding man's power to govern himself. Some time ago, he was asked to imagine himself the Noah of another flood and to state which five men of this present world he would save. Far from attempting to think out the possible saviours of mankind, Shaw gave up the problem, with the dictum: "I would let everybody drown!"

THE WORLD OF TODAY seems to be in revolt against democracy. One has only to point to Russia under the Bolsheviki, Italy under Mussolini and the Fascisti, Spain under Primo de Rivera. Shaw declares that everybody is tired of democracy, because it inevitably tends to the prevalence of the unintelligent and the uneducated. The politician is the courtier of democracy, and is making his way by exploiting the ignorance and gullibility of the masses. Shaw cannot accept the validity of the phrase: "government of the people, by the people, for the people." That he regards as arrant nonsense—since it doesn't actually happen. "To talk of the people making their own laws," he recently remarked, "is as preposterous as talking of the people writing their own plays, which nobody would want to see." In actual practice, we realize only the first part of the phrase to which Lincoln gave universal currency.

The real issue, as Shaw sees it, is the eventual struggle between democracy and social democracy. Monarchy reads the handwriting on the wall; rulers by "divine right" are doomed to the scrap heap of the future. Democracy and Socialism will stand at Armageddon and battle for ultimate world-dominion.



By David Wilson, from *Printer's Pic*

A red-bearded caricature of Shaw

Thomas Carlyle was indefatigable in reiterating that the whole art of government consists in finding the fittest men for the work and letting them do it. Shaw does not believe that the present system of democracy will endure, since it provides no satisfactory means for the selection of the men and women endowed with the peculiar qualifications for the business of making laws and governing a country. He recently remarked to me:

"My dear Henderson, democracy, as we practice it, is ruinous nonsense. All the republics are whited sepulchres. What you need, as I have so often pointed out, is an anthropometric method by which you can grade men according to their political capacity. If you could discover such a method, you could form panels of persons eligible for the different grades of political work; for instance, Panel A, of persons capable of diplomacy and finance; Panel B, persons capable of general Congressional work as representatives; Panel C, of State legislature representation; Panel D, municipal affairs; Panel E, village councils, and so on. You could then let your voters elect to Congress from Panel B, to State Legislature from Panel C, to city corporations from Panel D; and when they had elected these bodies within these limits, you could limit the Cabinets to Panel A.

"The people would welcome such a guide to capacity; they know now by experience that the men who get round them most easily under the present indiscriminate system are either humbugs or blackguards. The difficulty is to find the method. Examinations are useless; they test knowledge, not capacity; in fact, they operate against the capable man, who has only his own subject and takes his own view of it, in favour of the mere memorizer who can parrot all the text books on all the subjects. If our public bodies were formed, like juries, haphazard from the tax records, you would get a few first-rate men in the mere chapter of accidents. Popular election absolutely excludes such men, because the impulse of the ordinary citizen when he meets a superior man is to tar and feather him, not to vote for him. Votes to Everybody



By Oscar Cesare, from the New York Sun

G. Don Quixote Shaw

and Votes for Anybody are making civilization a rush of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea!"

IT IS INTERESTING, as bearing upon the trend of the times, to know how Shaw stands on two hotly discussed questions: Prohibition and Evolution. As the view of a distinguished foreigner, it is worthy of record. Shaw considers that "the stock of America has gone up right above the rest of the world by her undertaking the post of pioneer of Prohibition." He declares that, had he the power of a dictator in America, he would decree that all bootleggers and their customers should be held in jail and fed on alcohol until they implored to be allowed to swear off for life, and signed a thousand-dollar bond, to be forfeited on their relapse. "The truth about the drink question," he vehemently maintains, "is that in our dishonourable commercial civilization it is impossible for a sober man to be happy. In an honourable civilization it would be impossible for a drunken man to be happy. What is the matter with us is

not Alcoholism, but—Anarchy and Blackguardism."

If you ask Bernard Shaw what the world would be like under Socialism, he will tell you that he believes in evolution, and that evolution predicts a far higher state of development for society than any we now have. "There is nothing more for us to do in the world," he declares, "and nothing more to hope for unless the idea of evolution is introduced. Then we can have

hope, then there is something to live for, and though we do not know what is coming, that man who is an evolutionist does believe that there is something coming that is different from what has been, something higher; something which lives more intensely than anything that has gone before!"

THE SOCIALISM which Shaw provisions for the future contains pure social democracy as its foundation alone. Shaw is a democrat in the absolute sense. He firmly believes in bringing everybody in the world to a common level — social as well as economic. I



By Tom Tit, from the New Age

Of course it is Mr. G. Bernard Shaw

have often heard him say that most of the evils of our civilization, in his judgment, might be remedied by the breaking down of the barriers erected by the existence of social classes. A society of social inequality, in his view, is a society which brings up men and women to be un-social at every turn. "My idea of Socialism," he once remarked to me, "is to bring about a state of things in which every man in the country will be a possible husband for every woman." He would have the dockerman marry the duchess, the plumber marry the princess. Under Socialism, as he amusingly pictures it, he might walk down Fifth Avenue on a beautiful spring day and see a woman who captivated his fancy. "I fall instantly in love with her," he explains, "and I do the sensible thing, take off my hat, and say to her: 'My dear lady, will you excuse me, but you attract me very strongly, and if you are not already engaged, would you mind taking my name and address and considering whether you care to marry me?'" The fundamental tenet of Shaw's brand of Socialism is equality of income, as opposed to the democratic doctrine of equality of opportunity. To Shaw, Socialism means equal division of the national income among all the inhabitants of the country from birth, and the maintenance of the equal division as the invariable social postulate, the very root of the Constitution. The equalization of income would break down all social barriers, and potentially enable any man to marry any woman.

THOUGH HE IS an ardent Labourite, Shaw is not insensible to the evils which can be engendered by labour's indiscriminate use of its most effective weapon—the strike. Two centuries of capitalism, he claims, have corrupted the wage worker as deeply as the employer; both have been trained to play for their own hands, and "damn the public." When trade-unions were little local or sectional affairs, their strikes were not severely or widely felt; but now that they enlist millions instead of thousands, and cover whole industries, the big coal strikes and transport strikes have become national calamities. Particularly is this true in the British Isles; and England is still retching from the effects of the general strike of 1926, which cost the British public an untold sum.

I asked Shaw how, in his opinion, the situation should be met.

"The Socialist remedy is compulsory labour," he replied; "but as it is compulsory labour for everybody, just like compulsory military service, no exemption being permissible on the score of 'independent incomes,' the rich, who want to be free to idle, oppose it as fiercely as the poor, who want to be free to strike, and have a dread of 'slavery' just because they are as effectively enslaved under so-called 'free contract' as soldiers or chattel slaves. Besides, all governments, whatever party they represent, are hampered and divided by the reluctance of men to be governed at all; in short, by natural human anarchism."

Finally, Shaw is an advocate of what he calls the Leisure State—the condition of the largest possible measure of individual freedom to be procured through



By Boardman Robinson, from the New York Tribune

Shaw ridiculing British respectability in "Fanny's First Play."

Socialism. Already, under Capitalism, the pressure of our machine age is steadily shortening the hours of labour, and, as promulgated by Mr. Henry Ford recently, reducing the number of working days from six to five. Shaw regards the present *régime* of Capitalism as a *régime* of barbarism, judged from the standpoint of the labourer. I heard Shaw speak at length in the Queen's Hall, London, on the subject—"Is Civilization Desirable?" In the course of the speech, he indicated the steps by which society would be improved under Socialism. At the close of the lecture, a lady rose and said: "Mr. Shaw, don't you really believe that if we were to carry out the plan you propose, we should speedily lapse into barbarism?" To which Shaw replied: "I object, Madam, to your use of the word *lapse*. How is it possible to lapse into a state in which we already are?"

ACCORDING TO SHAW'S VIEW, all of us are Robots—human machines for so many hours every day; and the great contribution of Socialism would be to reduce Robotization to its least possible dimensions. The standard working day under Socialism, as he previsions it, will be as follows: "Four hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and say four hours for eating, drinking, dressing, undressing, and a little resting that is not included in your sleep, and a certain amount of time for getting about. Socialism will give people the possibility of being free for eight hours. Then eight hours might then be devoted to 'leisure,' so-called—namely, devoted to the release of the creative activities, for the functioning of the constructive instinct, exclusive of their exercise in the field of gainful occupation."

With Goethe, Bernard Shaw believes that in order to gain life and freedom, one must work for them incessantly. He has devoted his life to the cause of Socialism, because he believes it will ensure to humanity, eventually, the largest measure of Life and Freedom—and so of Happiness.

The Happy Prince

By OSCAR WILDE

HIGH ABOVE the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired, indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councilors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him impractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is someone in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their clean, white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows, "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and, indeed, the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt

lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind."

And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love traveling, and my wife, consequently, should love traveling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

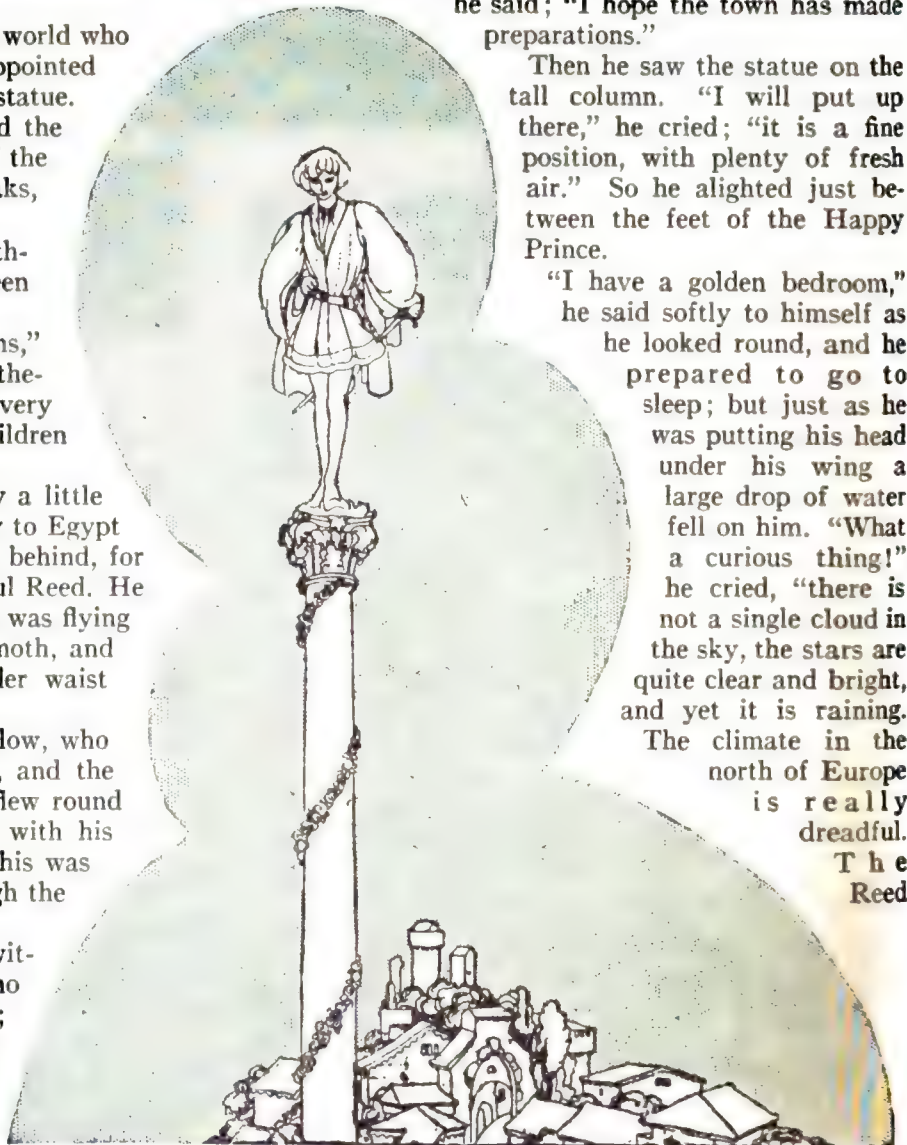
"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried, "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful.

The Reed



used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low, musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will be going to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince. So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.



HE PASSED BY the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!" "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Everyone quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"Tonight I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy

Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried. "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "Tomorrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands,

so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

THE NEXT DAY THE Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

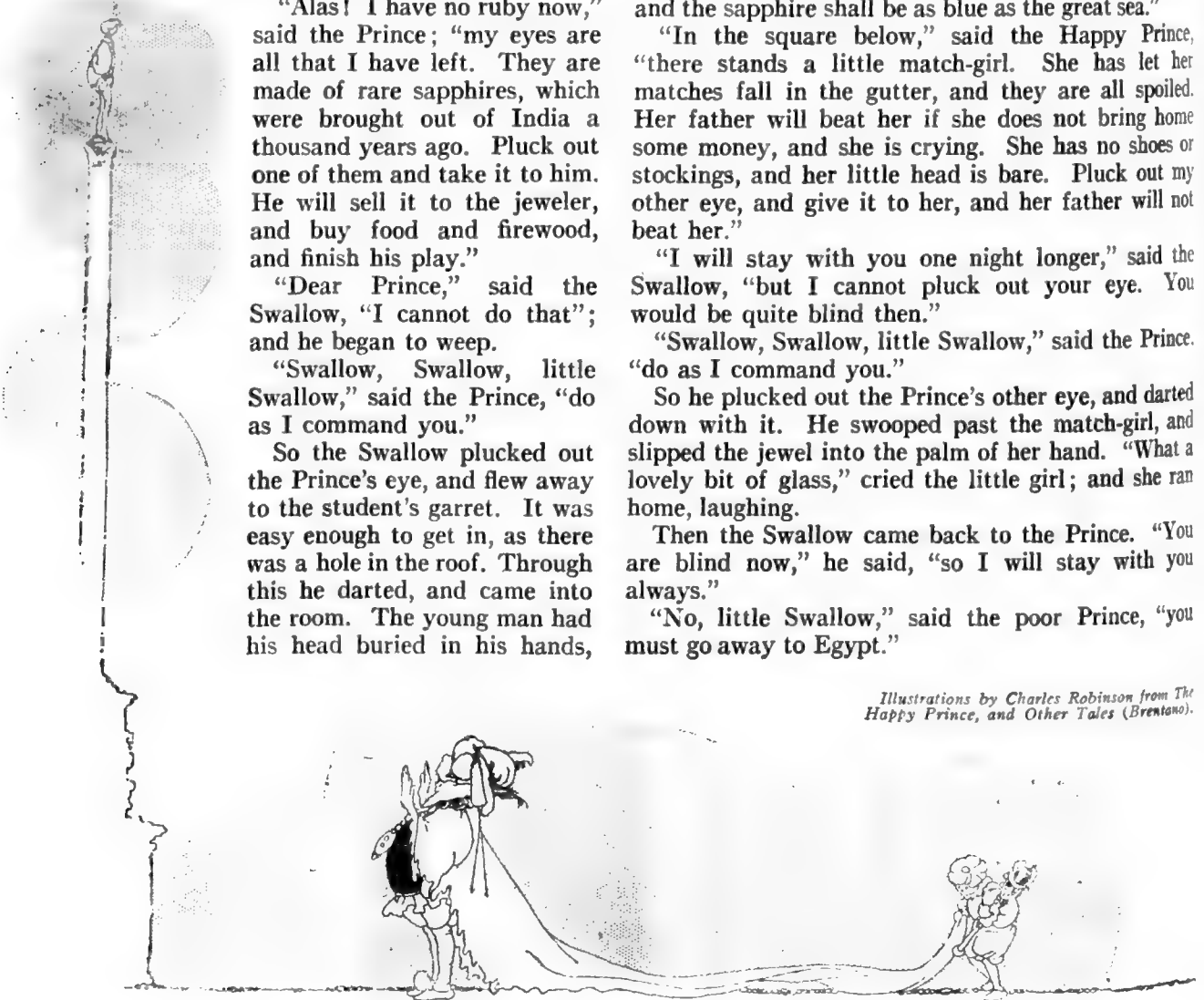
"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

Illustrations by Charles Robinson from The Happy Prince, and Other Tales (Brentano).



"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

SO THE SWALLOW FLEW over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and gray. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little

boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councilors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councilors, who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councilors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

SO THEY PULLED down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."



"Of myself," said each of the Town Councilors, and they quarreled. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still.

"What a strange thing," said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

Ethics in a



Business Suit

ETHICS VS. COMMISSIONS

My firm was bringing out a new business book to sell at \$3. Because it contained advertising, we were told that we could take orders for twenty copies or more at \$1 a copy, in order to get distribution for the first edition. Obviously, such a spread was bound to lead to an occasional problem, and in my case it did.

I was telling the president of a large company about the book. He said: "I want one of those books for each of my directors. That will be twelve books. Send me the bill." Then he added: "That will be \$36, won't it?" making a notation to that effect on his pad.

I had to think hurriedly. Should I book his order for twelve copies at a total cost of \$36, or sell him twenty copies for \$20? On the first order I would get

\$18 commission, at the rate of \$1.50 a volume; on the second only \$5 commission, at the rate of twenty-five cents a volume for bulk orders.

It took me about five seconds to decide. I told him about the bulk price. He did not take up my counter suggestion that, as he was ready to spend \$36, he might take thirty-six books at \$1. Rather he took twenty books for \$20, and did not even thank me for calling the special price to his attention. In fact, I have never had any evidence that he appreciated it. It has not strengthened our relations, nor led to any additional business.

It was difficult to give him the lower price, and I still do not know whether I was ethical—or merely foolish.

F. L. C.

HONESTY OR LOYALTY—WHICH SHOULD WIN?

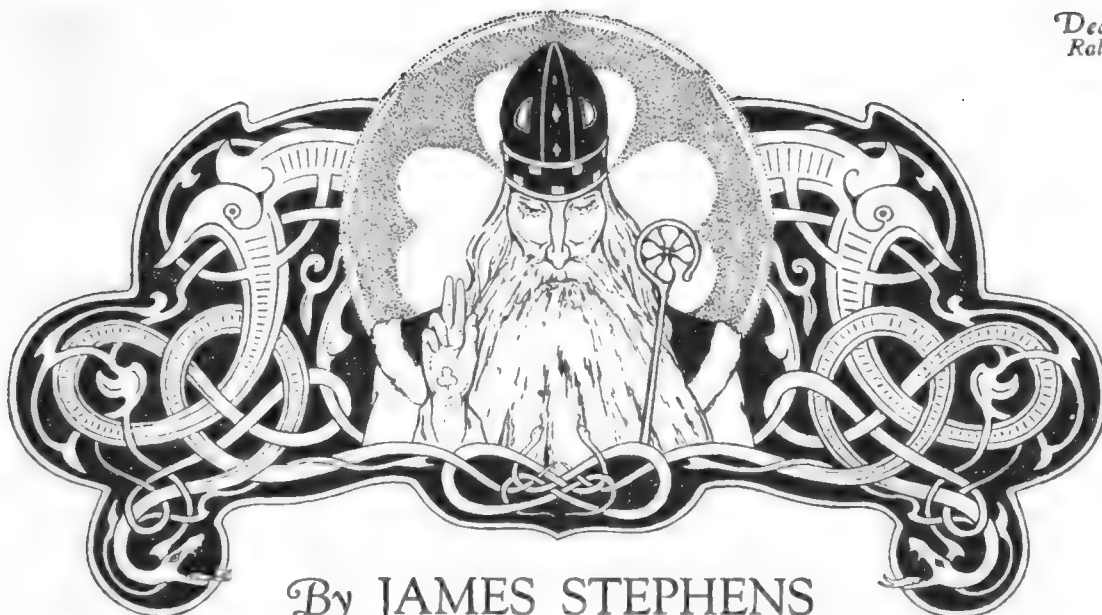
A longshoreman, upon examining his pay slip, discovered that he had been credited with an hour which he had not earned. Longshoremen are paid by the hour, and an extra hour upon his slip meant extra money which he had not worked for. There had been errors in his pay slip upon various other occasions, and he had always had them righted, but so far they had always happened when he was paid separately or when the pay slips for all the men on the job were not all alike.

Upon this occasion, however, the time for all of the men was the same, and he did not discover the error which favoured him until most of his fellow workers had been paid off and had gone home. Some of them had not noticed the error. Others of them did notice it, but doubtless they figured that they were simply

beating a big corporation that could stand the small loss and never feel it. Probably others considered that they were merely getting a small portion of what rightfully belonged to them from a soulless, grinding monopoly.

Our honest longshoreman did not belong to either of these classes. Nevertheless, he quickly decided to do just as the others had done. He took the money and said nothing. To have spoken of the overpayment would have gotten his fellow workers "in wrong"; he would have also have gotten "in wrong" with them for what they would have considered "squealing to make himself good"; he might have endangered the time-keeper's job, and he would also have caused the paymaster considerable inconvenience. Perhaps he should have decided differently.

A. W. B.



By JAMES STEPHENS

How St. Patrick Saves the Irish^{*}

James Stephens

THE STATEMENT that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly is not borne out by my observations among them. An Englishman to whom I mentioned this admitted that his race was shy, but not sad. He continued that the public schools of Britain, by standardizing the forms of public behaviour, had destroyed the forms of public happiness. He held that in France, whence the libelous epigram had come, there seemed to be some happiness in the street and none in the house, but that in England the contrary of this was true, and that more merriment would be discovered in any English home in a week than could be elicited from the *chez-soi* of any other nation in a month; Englishmen, he said, live at home; foreigners sleep there.

He contended that more real sadness lay in sight along one acre of American landscape than could be grubbed from the whole width of England, and he was about to expand on this text when he suddenly, unexpectedly, recollected that I am Irish, and accused me of being the saddest man that ever lived, and my nation of being the saddest race in the world. But that he had to catch a heaven-sent 'bus he might have accused me and it of

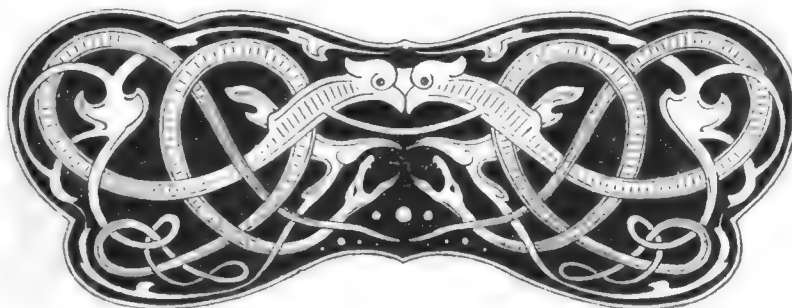
unimaginable miseries and indescribable turpitudes. There are distinctions. But the person (or nation) of one distinction is apt to be blind to many

others. The Frenchman is rational. His ability to be witty may blind him to many other qualities, including that of merriment. And the Englishman, to whom merriment is native, may have neither eye nor ear for the gayety which Ireland loves.

Now of these three—wit, merriment, and gayety—the greatest is gayety; for, like poetry and the chameleon, it can live upon almost nothing, and be the better for its lack. To be witty one must be abominably thoughtful. To be merry one must be exhaustingly comfortable. But to be gay one needs only to be alive.

On the whole, an Irishman's lot should be a happy one. It may be that the number of things which he can enjoy in his own land are severely restricted—and foreigners have been known to assert that there is nothing to enjoy in Ireland except bad weather—but,

even if everything else should lack, he can enjoy his own superabundant energy. And, given that he had made peace with this world, he need not (as all other poor nations must) be in any doubt as to his destiny in the



^{*}Courtesy The New York Times.

world to come. He may thank mythological kings and heroes and deities—his immemorial past, that is—for his energy, but he should render a special gratitude to St. Patrick for services given in the second instance, and which he will for a long time give.

This, if the reader will permit, is how it happened:

According to the Irish calendar, the second day of February is the first day of Spring, and it is also the feast day of St. Brigid (pronounced Breed).

There has never been a period when a personage of this name was not in Ireland. In very ancient times Brigid was the goddess of poetry. In less ancient times, by a shocking but logical declension, she became the goddess of war; and in the comparatively recent day which represents the year 1 of this era she became the respected patron of the new religion and the beloved "Mary of the Gael."

Poets, soldiers, saints—these are great travelers. By creating, destroying, preserving, they accomplish the work of the world; and, like the Siva of another mythology, our Brigid seems to have been mistress of the three great—the three divine—qualities.

She was traveling in the east of the world and came to an overcrowded little town; and as she went from place to place seeking shelter she came to a stable and went in. A man and a woman were there before her, and the woman was in the pangs of childbirth. It was Brigid who helped her, and it was in Brigid's cloak that the Child was born. Hence she is known as Brigid of the Mantle, as the Foster Mother of Christ and as, after Mary, His Best Beloved.

THEN THE YEARS rolled on and she went from this world. Then the years surged again, 430 of them, and St. Patrick came to Ireland; and then, after the passage of some more years, St. Patrick died; but his faith was established in the country that he loved.

The scene of this tale next changes to Heaven itself. Brigid and Patrick were walking together. They were, God help them, talking about Ireland, one asking the other had he or she ever been to Connemara; the other asking the one if she or he remembered the Dingle Peninsula, and how it looked in storm. Or the Ben of Gulbain seen with the moon alight. Or yon basket full of lakes, where each lake dared any other to be as beautiful, and every pool in Ireland lifted the challenge.

Be sure the two saints assured each other, or perhaps even reassured each other, in the faith that, after all, Heaven was prettier than Ireland.

Their walk had been a long one, and, immersed in (as Sean O'Casey would say) darling memories, they had reached a place which the saints care but rarely to visit. They had come to the Seat of Judgment.

There the Judge sat, vaster than Vastness, blacker than Blackness; immovable, unescapable, terrific.

St. Brigid did not dislike Rhadamanthus, for that would be a sin. But she did not like him, for he had never been to Ireland nor even had he expressed a desire to go there. As her gaze fell on him and off him a terrible thought caused her to look at him again—at his blank, black vastness, at his super-solid solidity. She saw his great hand move this way and yon as, like black lightning, he scrutinized this and that being who groveled and screamed at his awful brow.

"He," said St. Brigid, and she was astounded as she said it, "he would send even an Irishman to hell!"

"He would," said St. Patrick, but even as he said it he went icy with horror, for the thought had never before struck him.

The Judge looked toward them.

"I will not have it so," said St. Brigid, and she spoke the words, as it were, into that all-sighted, implacable eye.

She drew St. Patrick with her away.

They went to her Foster Child and she obtained from Him, who loved her, this concession—that every person who came from Ireland should be judged by St. Patrick himself and not by Rhadamanthus.

"You will be very careful," she said to St. Patrick.

"Surely, I will," the great saint answered.

"But if," said St. Brigid, and the very heart within her was shocked, "but if a bad Irishman is brought before you——"

"I'll convert him," said St. Patrick.

'Tis but one of the reasons why Irishmen, of whatever religious or political complexion, pledge St. Patrick when his day comes round, and why they may all be fearless of the world to come.

But I, an apprentice in the craft that St. Patrick loved and of which he was the patron, am desolated to think that perhaps St. Brigid is not getting her share of the praise.



Salve!

TO live within a cave—it is most good;
But, if God make a day,
And some one come, and say,
"Lo! I have gather'd faggots in the wood!"
E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! when the light is grown
That he the path can read,
Then bid the man God-speed!
His morning is not thine: yet must thou own
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the
stone. THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

Dougherty's Eye-Opener

By O. HENRY

Sydney Porter

"BIG JIM" DOUGHERTY was a sport. He belonged to that race of men. In

Manhattan it is a distinct race. They are the Caribs of the North—strong, artful, self-sufficient, clannish, honourable within the laws of their race, holding in lenient contempt neighbouring tribes who bow to the measure of Society's tape-line. I refer, of course, to the titled nobility of sportsdom. There is a class which bears as a qualifying adjective the substantive belonging to a wind instrument made of a cheap and base metal. But the tin mines of Cornwall never produced the material for manufacturing descriptive nomenclature for "Big Jim" Dougherty.

The habitat of the sport is the lobby or the outside corner of certain hotels and combination restaurants and cafés. They are mostly men of different sizes, running from small to large; but they are unanimous in the possession of a recently shaven, blue-black cheek and chin, and dark overcoats (in season) with black velvet collars.

Of the domestic life of the sport little is known. It has been said that Cupid and Hymen sometimes take a hand in the game and copper the queen of hearts to lose. Daring theorists have averred—not content with simply saying—that a sport often contracts a spouse, and even incurs descendants. Sometimes he sits in the game of politics; and then at chowder picnics there is a revelation of a Mrs. Sport and little Sports in glazed hats with tin pails.

But mostly the sport is Oriental. He believes his women-folk should not be too patent. Somewhere behind grilles or flower-ornamented fire escapes they await him. There, no doubt, they tread on rugs from Teheran and are diverted by the bulbul and play upon the dulcimer and feed upon sweetmeats. But away from his home the sport is an integer. He does not, as men of other races in Manhattan do, become the convoy in his unoccupied hours of fluttering laces and high heels that tick off delectably the happy seconds of the evening parade. He herds with his own race at corners, and delivers a commentary in his Carib lingo upon the passing show.

"Big Jim" Dougherty had a wife, but he did not wear a button portrait of her upon his lapel. He had a home in one of those brown-stone, iron-railed streets on the west side that look like a recently excavated bowling alley of Pompeii.

To this home of his Mr. Dougherty repaired each night when the hour was so late as to promise no further diversion in the arch domains of sport. By that time the occupant of the monogamistic harem would be in dreamland, the bulbul silenced and the hour propitious for slumber.

"Big Jim" always arose at twelve, meridian, for breakfast, and soon afterward he would re-

turn to the rendezvous of his "crowd."

He was always vaguely conscious that there was a Mrs. Dougherty. He would have received without denial the charge that the quiet, neat, comfortable little woman across the table at home was his wife. In fact, he remembered pretty well that they had been married for nearly four years. She would often tell him about the cute tricks of Spot, the canary, and the light-haired lady that lived in the window of the flat across the street.

"Big Jim" Dougherty even listened to this conversation of hers sometimes. He knew that she would have a nice dinner ready for him every evening at seven when he came for it. She sometimes went to matinées, and she had a talking machine with six dozen records. Once when her Uncle Amos blew in on a wind from up-state she went with him to the Eden Musée. Surely these things were diversions enough for any woman.

One afternoon Mr. Dougherty finished his breakfast, put on his hat and got away fairly for the door. When his hand was on the knob he heard his wife's voice.

"Jim," she said, firmly, "I wish you would take me out to dinner this evening. It has been three years since you have been outside the door with me."

"Big Jim" was astounded. She had never asked anything like this before. It had the flavour of a totally new proposition. But he was a game sport.

"All right," he said. "You be ready when I come at seven. None of this 'wait-two-minutes-till-I-primp-an-hour-or-two' kind of business, now, Dele."

"I'll be ready," said his wife, calmly.

AT SEVEN SHE DESCENDED the stone steps in the Pompeian bowling alley at the side of "Big Jim" Dougherty. She wore a dinner gown made of a stuff that the spiders must have woven, and of a colour that a twilight sky must have contributed. A light coat with many admirably unnecessary capes and adorably inutile ribbons floated downward from her shoulders. Fine feathers do make fine birds; and the only reproach in the saying is for the man who refuses to give up his earnings for the ostrich-tip industry.

"Big Jim" Dougherty was troubled. There was a being at his side whom he did not know. He thought of the sober-hued plumage that this bird of paradise was accustomed to wear in her cage, and this winged revelation puzzled him. In some way she reminded him of the Delia Cullen that he had married four years before. Shyly and rather awkwardly he stalked at her right hand.

"After dinner I'll take you back home, Dele," said

Mr. Dougherty, "and then I'll drop back up to Seltzer's with the boys. You can have swell chuck tonight if you want it. I made a winning on Anaconda yesterday; so you can go as far as you like."

Mr. Dougherty had intended to make the outing with his unwonted wife an inconspicuous one. Uxoriousness was a weakness that the precepts of the Caribs did not countenance. If any of his friends of the track, the billiard cloth or the square circle had wives they had never complained of the fact in public. There were a number of table d'hôte places on the cross streets near the broad and shining way; and to one of these he had proposed to escort her, so that the bushel might not be removed from the light of his domesticity.

But while on the way Mr. Dougherty altered those intentions. He had been casting stealthy glances at his attractive companion and he was seized with the conviction that she was no selling plater. He resolved to parade with his wife past Seltzer's café, where at this time a number of his tribe would be gathered to view the daily evening procession. Yes; and he would take her to dine at Hoogley's, the swellest slow-lunch warehouse on the line, he said to himself.

The congregation of smooth-faced tribal gentlemen were on watch at Seltzer's. As Mr. Dougherty and his reorganized Delia passed they stared, momentarily petrified, and then removed their hats—a performance as unusual to them as was the astonishing innovation presented to their gaze by "Big Jim." On the latter gentleman's impassive face there appeared a slight flicker of triumph—a faint flicker, no more to be observed than the expression called there by the draft of little casino to a four-card spade flush.

Hoogley's was animated. Electric lights shone—as, indeed, they were expected to do. And the napery, the glassware, and the flowers also meritoriously performed the spectacular duties required of them. The guests were numerous, well-dressed, and gay.

A waiter—not necessarily obsequious—conducted "Big Jim" Dougherty and his wife to a table.

"Play that menu straight across for what you like, Dele," said "Big Jim." "It's you for a trough of the gilded oats tonight. It strikes me that maybe we've been sticking too fast to home fodder."

"Big Jim's" wife gave her order. He looked at her with respect. She had mentioned truffles; and he had not known that she knew what truffles were. From the wine list she designated an appropriate and desirable brand. He looked at her with some admiration.

She was beaming with the innocent excitement that woman derives from the exercise of her gregariousness. She was talking to him about a hundred things with animation and delight. And as the meal progressed her cheeks, colourless from a life indoors, took on a delicate flush. "Big Jim" looked around the room and saw that none of the women there had her charm. Then he thought of the three years she had suffered immurement, uncomplaining, and a flush of shame warmed him, for he carried fair play as an item in his creed.

But when the Honourable Patrick Corrigan, leader in Dougherty's district and a friend of his, saw them and came over to the table, matters got to the three-quarter stretch. The Honourable Patrick was a gal-

lant man, both in deeds and words. As for the Blarney Stone, his previous actions toward it must have been pronounced. Heavy damages for breach of promise could surely have been obtained had the Blarney Stone seen fit to sue the Honourable Patrick.

"Jimmy, old man!" he called; he clapped Dougherty on the back; he shone like a midday sun upon Delia.

"Honourable Mr. Corrigan—Mrs. Dougherty," said "Big Jim."

The Honourable Patrick became a fountain of entertainment and admiration. The waiter had to fetch a third chair for him; he made another at the table, and the wineglasses were refilled.

"You selfish old rascal!" he exclaimed, shaking an arch finger at "Big Jim," "to have kept Mrs. Dougherty a secret from us."

AND THEN "BIG JIM" DOUGHERTY, who was no talker, sat dumb, and saw the wife who had dined every evening for three years at home, blossom like a fairy flower. Quick, witty, charming, full of light and ready talk, she received the experienced attack of the Honourable Patrick on the field of repartee, and surprised, vanquished, delighted him. She unfolded her long-closed petals and around her the room became a garden. They tried to include "Big Jim" in the conversation, but he was without a vocabulary.

And then a stray bunch of politicians and good fellows who lived for sport came into the room. They saw "Big Jim" and the leader, and over they came and were made acquainted with Mrs. Dougherty. And in a few minutes she was holding a salon. Half a dozen men surrounded her, courtiers all, and six found her capable of charming. "Big Jim" sat, grim, and kept saying to himself: "Three years, three years!"

The dinner came to an end. The Honourable Patrick reached for Mrs. Dougherty's cloak; but that was a matter of action instead of words, and Dougherty's big hand got it first by two seconds. While the farewells were being said at the door the Honourable Patrick smote Dougherty mightily between the shoulders.

"Jimmy, my boy," he declared, in a giant whisper, "the madam is a jewel of the first water. Ye're a lucky dog."

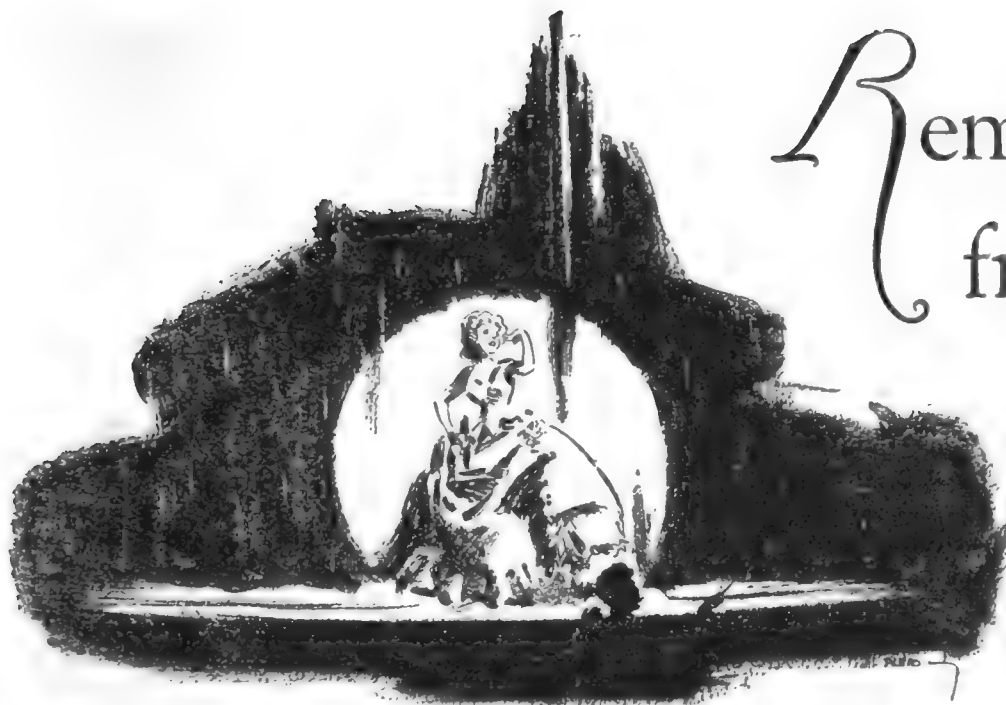
"Big Jim" walked homeward with his wife. She seemed quite as pleased with the lights and show windows in the streets as with the admiration of the men in Hoogley's. As they passed Seltzer's they heard the sound of many voices in the café. The boys would be starting the drinks around now and discussing past performances.

At the door of their home Delia paused. The pleasure of the outing radiated softly from her countenance. She could not hope for Jim of evenings, but the glory of this one would lighten her lonely hours for a long time.

"Thank you for taking me out, Jim," she said, gratefully. "You'll be going back to Seltzer's now, of course."

"To — with Seltzer's," said "Big Jim" emphatically. "And d— Pat Corrigan! Does he think I haven't got any eyes?"

And the door closed behind both of them.



Remembered from the Play

"WINGS OVER EUROPE"

EVELYN ARTHUR—We have had no civilization yet, only civilizations.

EVELYN ARTHUR—Wasn't it held in Newton's day that the planets marched upon their orbits in accordance with the law of an imperious necessity, which imposed upon each its course? Yes. And today it is agreed, I suppose, that the affair is hardly so exalted. The planets move upon their course according to the law of least resistance—casually, as it were—taking the easiest path. The easiest path. Not unlike humanity. Despite all our talk about progress, the law would seem to be that humanity exerts, not its maximum but its minimum energy, and progresses only when it is easier to progress than to retrogress or to stand still. Civilization cannot be imposed: it can only be induced; the art of government consists in making retrogression difficult, stagnation dull, and progress—apparently—easy.

EVELYN ARTHUR—What else is philosophy for, if not to reconcile us to the futility of everything?

PRIME MINISTER—Has it ever struck you that there's nothing on earth—except religion—on which men are so divided as the public good?

EVELYN ARTHUR—A diplomat should never look surprised, unless it's his game.

PRIME MINISTER—We politicians are not architects. Our task is more homely—that of a gardener. We seek only to fertilize, to sow, to prune; the rest depends on . . . the qualities of the plant. And let me draw your attention to this fact: half a gardener's work is done upon his knees.

*By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne,
New York, 1928.*

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—A kiss, when all is said—what is it?

An oath that's ratified—a sealed promise,
A heart's avowal claiming confirmation—
A rose-dot on the "i" of "adoration,"
A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered,
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes time eternal,
Communion perfumed like the spring's wild flowers,
The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing,
When to the lips the soul's flood rises, brimming!

CYRANO (*dying—but unquenchable—gives ROXANE the latest news from Court*)—The King fell ill,

After eight helpings of marmalade.

His malady was brought before the court,
Found guilty of high treason; whereupon
His Majesty revived. The royal pulse
Is now quite normal.

*By Edmond Rostand, Paris, 1897; revived by
Walter Hampden, New York, 1928.*

"MIMA"

MAGISTER—We devils cannot create. Our glory lies in putting to infernal use the things others have created.

MAGISTER—It is as futile to make woman more wicked than she is as to grease fat, sweeten honey, cool ice, or heat fire.

*Adapted by David Belasco from Ferenc Molnar's
"The Red Mill," Budapest, 1923; New York, 1928.*

"SIGN OF THE LEOPARD"

COLLIE—I am a reporter.

MILLIE—Oh, so you're a journalist?

COLLIE—No, I am not a journalist. I gave up being a journalist when I got a regular job.

By Edgar Wallace, London and New York, 1928.

The Rehearsal

By MAURICE BARING

Maurice Baring

SCENE—*The Globe Theatre, 1595. On the stage the AUTHOR, the PRODUCER, and the STAGE MANAGER are standing. A rehearsal of "Macbeth" is about to begin. Waiting in the wings are the actors who are playing the WITCHES, BANQUO, MACDUFF, etc. They are all men.*

THE STAGE MANAGER—We'd better begin with the last act.

THE PRODUCER—I think we'll begin with the first act. We've never done it all through yet.

THE STAGE MANAGER—Mr. Colman isn't here. It's no good doing the first act without Duncan.

THE PRODUCER—Where is Mr. Colman? Did you let him know about rehearsal?

THE STAGE MANAGER—I sent a messenger to his house in Gray's Inn.

THE FIRST WITCH—Mr. Colman is playing Psyche in a masque at Kenilworth. He won't be back until the day after tomorrow.

THE PRODUCER—That settles it. We'll begin with the fifth act.

THE FIRST WITCH—Then I suppose I can go.

THE SECOND WITCH—And I suppose—

THE THIRD WITCH—We needn't wait.

THE STAGE MANAGER—Certainly not. We're going on to the fourth act as soon as we've done the fifth.

BANQUO—But I suppose you don't want me?

THE STAGE MANAGER—And what about your ghost entrance in Act IV? We must get the "business" right this time; besides, we'll do the second act if we've time. Now, Act V, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Bowles, please.

THE FIRST WITCH—Mr. Bowles can't come today. He told me to tell you. He's having a tooth pulled out.

THE STAGE MANAGER—Then will you read the waiting gentlewoman's part, Mr. Lyle? You can take this scrip. (*The First Witch takes the scrip.*) Where is Mr. Thomas?

THE FIRST WITCH—He said he was coming.

THE STAGE MANAGER—We can't wait. I'll read his part. We'll leave out the beginning and just give Mr. Hughes his cue.

THE FIRST WITCH (*reading*)—"Having no witness to confirm my speech."

THE STAGE MANAGER—Mr. Hughes.

THE FIRST WITCH—He was here a moment ago.

THE STAGE MANAGER (*louder*)—Mr. Hughes. (*Enter LADY MACBETH—MR. HUGHES, a young man of about twenty-four.*)

LADY MACBETH—Sorry. (*He comes on down some steps L.C.*)

THE PRODUCER—That will never do, Mr. Hughes; there's no necessity to sway as if you were intoxicated; and you mustn't look at your feet.

LADY MACBETH—It's the steps. They're so rickety.

THE PRODUCER—We'll begin again from "speech." (*LADY MACBETH comes on again. He looks straight in front of him and falls heavily onto the ground.*) I said those steps were to be mended yesterday. (*The First Witch is convulsed with laughter.*)

LADY MACBETH—There's nothing to laugh at.

THE PRODUCER—Are you hurt, Mr. Hughes?

LADY MACBETH—Not much. (*The steps are replaced by two supers.*)

THE PRODUCER—Now from "speech." (*MR. HUGHES comes on again.*)

THE PRODUCER—You must not hold the taper upside down.

LADY MACBETH—How can I rub my hands and hold a taper too? What's the use of the taper?

THE PRODUCER—You can rub the back of your hand. You needn't wash your hands in the air, either. That's better.

(*The dialogue between the DOCTOR and the GENTLEWOMAN proceeds until LADY MACBETH's cue: "hour." Enter the DOCTOR—MR. THOMAS. He waits R.*)

LADY MACBETH—"Here's a damned spot."

THE STAGE MANAGER—No, no, Mr. Hughes, "Yet here's a spot."

THE PRODUCER—Begin again from "hands."

GENTLEWOMAN—"It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I've known her to continue in this three-quarters of an hour."

LADY MACBETH—"Yet here's a damned spot."

THE STAGE MANAGER—It's not "damned" at all. That comes later.

LADY MACBETH—It's catchy. Couldn't I say "mark" instead of "spot" in the first line?

THE DOCTOR (*coming forward*)—That would entirely spoil the effect of my "Hark!" You see, "mark" rhymes with "Hark." It's impossible.

THE PRODUCER—Oh! It's you, Mr. Thomas. Will you go straight on? We'll do the whole scene over presently. Now from "hour."

LADY MACBETH—"Yes, here's a spot."

THE STAGE MANAGER—It's not "Yes," but "Yet," Mr. Hughes.

LADY MACBETH—"Yet here's a spot."

THE DOCTOR (*at the top of his voice*)—"Hark!"

THE PRODUCER—Not so loud, Mr. Thomas; that would wake her up.

THE DOCTOR (*in a high falsetto*)—"Har-r-rk! She spe-e-e-aks. I will . . . set . . . down."

THE PRODUCER—You needn't bleat that "speaks," Mr. Thomas, and the second part of that line is cut.

THE DOCTOR—It's not cut in my part; "Hark, she speaks."

LADY MACBETH—"Yet here's a spot."

THE STAGE MANAGER—No, no! "Out damned spot."

LADY MACBETH—Sorry.

THE PRODUCER—We must get that right. Now from "hour."

LADY MACBETH—"Yet here's a spot."

THE DOCTOR—"Hark! she speaks."

LADY MACBETH—"Get out, damned spot. Get out, I say! One, two, three, four: why, there's plenty of time to do't. Oh! Hell! Fie, fie, my Lord! a soldier and a beard! What have we got to fear when none can call our murky power to swift account withal? You'd never have thought the old man had so much blood in him!"

THE AUTHOR—I don't think you've got those lines quite right yet, Mr. Hughes.

LADY MACBETH—What's wrong?

THE STAGE MANAGER—There's no "get." It's "one, two": and not "one, two, three, four." Then, it's "Hell is murky." And there's no "plenty." And it's "a soldier and *afear'd*," and not "a soldier and a *beard*."

THE AUTHOR—And after that you made two lines into rhymed verse.

MR. HUGHES—Yes, I know I did. I thought it wanted it.

THE PRODUCER—Please try to speak your lines as they are written, Mr. Hughes. (*Enter MR. BURBAGE, who plays MACBETH.*)

MR. BURBAGE—That scene doesn't go. Now, don't you think Macbeth had better walk in his sleep instead of Lady Macbeth?

THE STAGE MANAGER—That's an idea.

THE PRODUCER—I think the whole scene might be cut. It's quite unnecessary.

LADY MACBETH—Then I shan't come on in the whole of the fifth act. If that scene's cut I sha'n't play at all.

THE STAGE MANAGER—We're thinking of transferring the scene to Macbeth. (*To the AUTHOR*) It wouldn't need much altering. Would you mind rewriting that scene, Mr. Shakespeare? It wouldn't want much alteration. You'd have to change that line about Arabia. Instead of "this little hand," you might say: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this horny hand." I'm not sure it isn't more effective.

THE AUTHOR—I'm afraid it might get a laugh.

MR. BURBAGE—Not if I play it.

THE AUTHOR—I think it's more likely that Lady Macbeth would walk in her sleep, but—

MR. BURBAGE—That doesn't signify. I can make a great hit in that scene.

LADY MACBETH—If you take that scene from me, I sha'n't play Juliet tonight.

THE STAGE MANAGER (*aside to PRODUCER*)—We can't possibly get another Juliet.

THE PRODUCER—On the whole, I think we must leave the scene as it is.

MR. BURBAGE—I've got nothing to do in the last act. What's the use of my coming to rehearsal when there's nothing for me to rehearse?

THE PRODUCER—Very well, Mr. Burbage. We'll go on to the Third Scene at once. We'll go through your scene again later, Mr. Hughes.

MR. BURBAGE—Before we do this scene there's a point I wish to settle. In Scene V, when Seyton tells me the Queen's dead, I say: "She should have died hereafter; there would have been a time for such a word"; and then the messenger enters. I should like a soliloquy here, about twenty or thirty lines, if possible in rhyme, in any case ending with a tag. I should like it to be about Lady Macbeth. Macbeth might have something touching to say about their happy domestic life, and the early days of their marriage. He might refer to their courtship. I must have something to make Macbeth sympathetic, otherwise the public won't stand it. He might say his better half had left him, and then he might refer to her beauty. The speech might begin:

"O dearest chuck, it is unkind indeed

To leave me in the midst of my sore need," or something of the kind. In any case, it ought to rhyme. Could I have that written at once, and then we could rehearse it?

THE PRODUCER—Certainly, certainly, Mr. Burbage. Will you write it yourself, Mr. Shakespeare, or shall we get some one else to do it?

THE AUTHOR—I'll do it myself if some one will read my part.

THE PRODUCER—Let me see; I forget what is your part.

THE STAGE MANAGER—Mr. Shakespeare is playing Seyton. (*Aside*) We cast him for Duncan, but he wasn't up to it.

THE PRODUCER—Mr. Kydd, will you read Mr. Shakespeare's part?

BANQUO—Certainly.

THE PRODUCER—Please let us have that speech, Mr. Shakespeare, as quickly as possible. (*Aside*) Don't make it too long. Ten lines at the most.

THE AUTHOR (*aside*)—Is it absolutely necessary that it should rhyme?

THE PRODUCER (*aside*)—No, of course not; that's Burbage's fad. (*Exit the AUTHOR into the wings.*)

MR. BURBAGE—I should like to go through the first fight.

THE PRODUCER—Very well, Mr. Burbage.

THE STAGE MANAGER—Macduff—Mr. Foote—MACDUFF—I'm here.

MR. BURBAGE—I'll give you the cue:

"Why should I play the fool and like a Roman
Die on my sword; while there is life, there's hope;
The gashes are for them."



MACDUFF—"Turn, hell-hound, turn."
 MR. BURBAGE—I don't think Macduff ought to call Macbeth a hell-hound.
 THE PRODUCER—What do you suggest?
 MR. BURBAGE—I should suggest: "False monarch, turn." It's more dignified.
 MACDUFF—I would rather say "hell-hound."
 THE PRODUCER—Supposing we make it "King of Hell?"
 MR. BURBAGE—I don't think that would do.
 THE PRODUCER—Then we must leave it for the present.
 MACDUFF—"Turn, hell-hound, turn." (*They begin to fight with wooden swords.*)
 THE STAGE MANAGER—You don't begin to fight till Macduff says, "Give thee out."
 MR. BURBAGE—I think we might run those two speeches into one, and I might say:
 "Of all men, I would avoided thee;
 But come on now. Although my soul is charged
 With blood of thine, I'll have no further words.
 My voice is in my sword."
 Then Macduff could say:
 "O bloodier villain than terms can well express."
 THE PRODUCER—We must consult the author about that.
 MR. BURBAGE—We'll do the fencing without words first. (*They begin to fight again. MACDUFF gives MR. BURBAGE a tremendous blow on the shoulder.*)
 MR. BURBAGE—Oh! oh! That's my rheumatic shoulder. Please be a little more careful, Mr. Foote. You know I've got no padding. I can't go on rehearsing now. I am very seriously hurt indeed.
 MACDUFF—I'm sure I'm very sorry. It was entirely an accident.
 MR. BURBAGE—I'm afraid I must go home. I don't feel up to it.
 THE STAGE MANAGER—I'll send for some ointment. Please be more careful, Mr. Foote. Couldn't you possibly see your way to take Scene III, Mr. Burbage?
 MR. BURBAGE—I know Scene III backwards. However, I'll just run through my speech.
 THE STAGE MANAGER—What? "This push will cheer me ever?"
 MR. BURBAGE (*peevishly*)—No, not that one. You know that's all right. That tricky speech about medicine. Give me the cue.
 THE STAGE MANAGER—"That keep her from her rest."

MR. BURBAGE—"Cure her of that:
 Canst thou not minister to a sickly mind,
 Pull from the memory a booted sorrow,
 Rub out the troubles of the busy brain,
 And with a sweet and soothing antidote
 Clean the stiff bosom of that dangerous poison
 Which weighs upon the heart?"
 There, you see, word-perfect. What did I say?
 THE STAGE MANAGER—Yes, yes, Mr. Burbage. Here's Mr. Shakespeare.
 THE AUTHOR—I've written that speech. Shall I read it?
 THE PRODUCER—Please.
 MR. SHAKESPEARE (*reads*)—"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle,
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage;
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing."
 MR. BURBAGE—Well, you don't expect me to say *that*, I suppose. It's a third too short. There's not a single rhyme in it. It's got nothing to do with the situation, and it's an insult to the stage. "Struts and frets" indeed! I see there's nothing left for me but to throw up the part. You can get anyone you please to play Macbeth. One thing is quite certain, I won't. (*Exit MR. BURBAGE in a passion.*)
 THE STAGE MANAGER (*to the AUTHOR*)—Now you've done it.
 THE AUTHOR (*to the PRODUCER*)—You said it needn't rhyme.
 THE PRODUCER—It's Macduff. It was all your fault, Mr. Foote.
 LADY MACBETH—Am I to wear a fair wig or a dark wig?
 THE PRODUCER—Oh! I don't know.
 THE AUTHOR—Dark, if you please. People are always saying I'm making portraits. So, if you're dark, nobody can say I meant the character for the Queen or for Mistress Mary Fytton.
 THE STAGE MANAGER—It's no good going on now. It's all up—it's all up.

CURTAIN.

Fog

By CARL SANDBURG

THE FOG comes
 on little cat feet.
 It sits looking
 over harbour and city
 on silent haunches
 and then moves on.



The Legend of the Old Lake

By ARKADYI AVERCHENKO

Translated from the Russian by J. A. Bimstone

THIS HAPPENED long, very long ago . . . in 1645. In those far-off days a little Finnish village stood on the shore of an old lake. In the village there was one cottage in which an old couple lived—the Kurtulianens: Old Mathew and his wife Martha.

By common consent of the villagers there was not an idler rogue than Mathew, while his wife was known as the most quarrelsome and malicious woman in the whole community.

One evening, Mathew Kurtulianen, after a somewhat heated discussion with his spouse, which greatly wearied him, caught hold of a stool and let fly at her. Then, seizing his bottle of vodka, he made for his customary spot—the Devil's Rock in the Old Lake. On reaching his haunt he lowered his fishing-line as usual into the water, took a pull at the bottle, and then gave himself up to watching a group of thickset, short-legged, pink-bodied women who were bathing a little distance away.

This time an evil spirit induced Martha to follow her husband. When, after stalking him stealthily for some time, she finally caught sight of him, she swung up her rolling-pin and rushed at him, screaming: "So that's the way you fish, is it? Take this! You spend all our money in drink, you lazy swine! Take this, and this, and this!"

The lazy one rose, muttering, "Well, we've had enough of this," and grasping his wife round the waist threw her into the water. Then he sat down again on the Devil's Rock, lit his pipe and transferred his interest to his wife's struggles in the water.

Martha had come to the surface, swum several strokes towards shore and, catching hold of a rock, had begun to crawl out onto the land—wet, horrible, silent.

Mathew's heart sank. He jumped up, his face distorted by fear of the coming chastisement. He poured the remainder of the vodka down his throat and leaped into the water.

Fishermen found his body three days afterwards.

II

ONE SUMMER'S DAY, nearly three centuries later, two bathers sat on the shore of the Old Lake: the painter Vosdukhov and the poet Klunine.

"I wonder if this old lake has any legend attached to it?" mused Vosdukhov.

"What makes you ask that?" inquired Klunine.

"I have never yet come across a single castle, nor

any lake worthy of the name, which has not a legend of some kind," replied Vosdukhov.

"Yes," Klunine said, with a soft sigh. "This lake has its legend; a poetical one, too."

"Let's have it," said Vosdukhov eagerly.

Klunine bent his gaze on the far-off, mysterious forest and began:

"Long, very long ago, in times immemorial, a little village stood on the shore of this lake. In this village lived a beautiful woman—so beautiful, so serene, that a radiant glory seemed to surround her whenever she walked abroad. Ah, the sighs of her would-be lovers! But Martha had eyes for only one, her husband, her Mathew Kurtulianen, to her the dearest being on earth. During the first years of their married life their happiness was cloudless; but after a while the beautiful Martha began to notice that Mathew had become pensive, absent-minded, and it seemed as if his love for her had begun to cool. He spent his days and nights in solitude on the Devil's Rock, a terrible and deserted spot, where no one else ever ventured to go. At last Martha's loving heart could bear it no longer. One evening she silently followed her husband. She saw him sit down and fix his gaze steadily on the water. . . . And as he looked the water beneath him seemed to boil, to froth, and finally there appeared the heads of women with faces as beautiful as the moon, though they had fishes' tails. And they sang a soft, dainty song, to which Mathew listened, his face gleaming with love and happiness. This was too much for Martha's loving heart. Crying 'Since they are dearer to you than I am, I will become one of them, and so win you back again!' she leaped over the cliff into the water. The spell was broken. Mathew immediately came to his senses, and with a wild shriek sprang after the beauty. But the water began to boil again; it split asunder and the beautiful water sprites, crying 'He is ours!' carried Mathew into the unplumbed depths. Martha was found unconscious on the shore on the following morning. Mathew disappeared forever. But his memory lives even now!"

Klunine relapsed into silence.

And Vosdukhov, too, said nothing, overwhelmed by the stern grandeur of the legend.

Silent, too, was the lake, as if brooding over the mystery of Mathew's rebellious heart.

Silent were the trees and silent were the birds.

Mathew's terrible fate at last drew a deep sigh from Vosdukhov's bosom.

And over all the moon was rising. Rising——

Hors-d'oeuvres

from the

Newest Books



Aubrey Beardsley

CARUSO AND THE CLAUQUE

When he (Caruso) returned to Naples in the autumn of 1901, he was really something of a figure. With cash and prestige he was seen less frequently in the haunts about the railway station. He remained "downtown," and exhibited himself at the tables in the cafés of the Galleria Umberto Primo just over the way from the San Carlo. The opera presented on December thirtieth, the occasion of his first appearance there, was *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

He neglected, or refused, to pay preliminary deferences to a powerful, self-constituted cabal which sought to dictate the reception of artists making their *début* at San Carlo. When he advanced to sing his first aria, friends in the house offered him some encouraging applause. But above it rose the hisses of the dictators. Caruso overcame his surprise and his chagrin, gathered himself together, and sang. He sang that night through to the end of the opera and he finished his brief engagement. But the hisses had struck home, and his mind was made up.

Caruso, solely on his own initiative, probably did

nothing else so definite and decisive in all his life, or anything else that exacted such a sacrifice of his hopes and aspirations, as he did in making the resolution he made that night, his first night on the stage of the San Carlo, the night that he had anticipated as the culmination of a dream. His golden voice had been given him. His great career was the slow process of many forces, without as well as within. But with those hisses in his ears and in his heart, his own nature rose, and stood definitely by a decision of his own and only making. He loved Naples more than any place else in the world. He wanted to sing to the acclaim of his own city more than anything else he could imagine. He could have turned the tide by carrying on. But thereafter the city did not exist for the singer.

"I will never again come to Naples to sing," he said. "It will only be to eat a plate of spaghetti." And he never did sing in Naples again.

An Italian Holiday. PAUL WILSTACH.

ZIEVERT'S "PERLUSTRATING GENIUS"

It had always been understood that some skilled agency of the Empire opened important documents, and since most of these would be sealed with wax, the required dexterity was thought to be considerable. Now experts and staff lecturers on espionage and military intelligence, both in Europe and America, have been wont to advise the use of a heated knife blade in lifting off the seal of an envelope so that it may be replaced intact when the letter has been read. But Zievert, who was attacking heavily sealed letters by the dozens, found that a heated blade or a red-hot wire was unworthy of his perlustrating genius. Very often the heat of the metal scorched the envelope; and notable Russians were too accustomed to spies not to recognize what that meant. So he invented a device that was simply a thin, round stick, about the size and diameter of a knitting needle, and slit along half its length. This stick could be inserted under the flap of a sealed envelope at the corner, pushed nearly across to the opposite corner,

until the letter caught in the slit and was then gripped by a swift turn. Now came a delicate move: to wind the letter carefully around the stick without so distending the envelope at the top that the flap would be strained and the seal or seals upon it cracked or marred. Once the letter had been furled tightly around the stick, it could be cautiously withdrawn from under the envelope flap at the corner. And having been read and recorded, it then would be re-wound about the stick, inserted under the flap once more, very gently unwound, loosened from the slit in the stick, and the stick withdrawn with care from the envelope, which being no doubt a bit bulged at the top by the process would be pressed flat by hand and afterwards go forward to the addressee looking as beautifully sealed and protected as when diverted to the office of the Black Cabinet for secret investigation.

Spy and Counter-Spy, The Development of Modern Espionage. RICHARD WILMER ROWAN.

POWHATAN'S FAVOURITE DAUGHTER

As for Pocahontas's part in this episode, there is no reason to believe that she had any particular interest in Smith, nor that her action was dictated by any sentimental consideration—such things do not cross the mind of a young Indian girl, and are, indeed, much more commonly found among modern sophisticates than among savages. She did only what

was customary to her kind in such cases, and may have been schooled in her part before Smith's arrival. It was the universal practice among Indian tribes to grant the life of a captive, white or red, only at the instance of some favourite squaw; and Pocahontas was notoriously Powhatan's favourite daughter.

John Smith—Also Pocahontas. (FLETCHER.)

‘‘MIST WITH THUNDER-HEART’’

Black Sadie had a number of costumes, all elaborate, bizarre, expensive. One was of shimmering green silk with a wide, loose belt of imitation pearls and a high headdress of herons' feathers, a heron feather fan. "The River Nile." Another costume was red and blue silk put together in curious geometric patterns, on her head a cap of amethysts, and her long, thick hair sticking out in a bush straight away behind. On the program this was called "Night." And she wore also upon occasion a floating mass of white tulle and lace built over a great cage, a wire frame, and an enormous white lace hat with sweeping aigrettes on the brim. Fellows named this get-up "Mist with Thunder-Heart."

In such magnificent clothes Black Sadie would ap-

pear. Headliner. When she reached the centre of the dance-floor, the music would sob down to a low rhythm. Black Sadie would pause. Suspense. Everybody watched with bated breath. Then she would begin to move, very slowly, thighs, shoulders, or slightly bend the knees in time with the music. Her voice sometimes caught up the melody from the violin or saxophone, the strings brushing underneath like a strong flow of water.

Sadie's act was esteemed superior to all the others. It was considered a marvel of lyrical perfection. But it was really nothing, no professional technic, only emphasis. However . . . the patrons of the cabaret considered it wonderful.

Black Sadie. T. BOWYER CAMPBELL.

AN EPIC OF GALLANTRY

No sooner had my companion slowed his gun into position than the fokkers dropped like a couple of hawks from the blue above: one of them shooting straight at us as he diagonally flew across our path . . . his gun going full blast. He zoomed up and sent a long burst of fire which came ripping, rending through the left-hand planes. Things looked ugly for us: ten miles to go, and about fifteen minutes' worth of fuel remaining in the tanks, with two enemy scouts to compete with who had all the advantages of superior speed and manœuvrability on their sides—No. 1, a brilliant scarlet-painted fellow, had dipped below me, zoomed, and was turning back to dive again. The other, green and black, I could not for the moment see. He also had probably turned back to resume his attack from underneath, and I saw my gunner gazing downwards, his gun pointing over the left-hand side over the fuselage, waiting to get a shot at him. But Red was just about to dive, repeating the first manœuvre from the opposite side . . . as his nose

came down at me, I side-slipped inwards and towards him, the effect of which was that the stream of bullets pouring from his gun went far above my head. Then suddenly a cloud of oil spray broke back in my face, covering my goggles so that everything was blurred. Hastily I pulled them off . . . just in time to see my Red friend's nose dip for his third dive. Once more I avoided him by doing a flat turn. . . . Where was Black and Green? One of his bullets had severed my oil-pile. That was serious; the engine could not run long unlubricated. . . . At any minute now it might seize up— Ah, there he was coming up astern of me. I was about to turn a few points so as to allow my observer to bring his gun to bear on the advancing enemy, when a sharp stab of pain went through my thigh, and another through the upper part of my left arm. The Hun had got me; I had been too slow.

Letters from a Flying Officer.

ROTHESAY STUART WORTLEY.

LIFE AT ANY COST

Yes, that was it. The month of May—the month of May.

The priest stood before the high altar and knelt, and then sang this and that, and the congregation responded and the organ burst in with short interludes.

Such things existed. And they afforded people amusement.

Oh, not that! They were entirely serious about it. To them it was revelation. To those who knelt there

philosophy counted as a superfluous thing. They were far wiser than he. They had their peace and their happiness. Not one of them thought of a voluntary death. True enough, they dared not.

Here again hung the avenging sword of the concept of duty and the rattle of the Postulates exceeded the organ's swelling tones. "You must live. You must live any dog's life. You must live, even if the disgust with it suffocates you."

The Mad Professor. HERMANN SUDERMANN.

The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

à la
Alexandre Dumas

The Story So Far:

KING LOUIS XVI. presents his Queen, Marie Antoinette, with a diamond necklace costing one and one-half million francs. He is, however, very well pleased when she refuses the gift, which is sent back to the royal jewelers, Boehmer and Bossange. The King is thus enabled to purchase a new ship of the line, which is named the *Suffren* in honour of Admiral de Suffren, who has just won a great naval victory.

The Admiral's nephew, Comte Olivier de Charny, comes to the court at Versailles, and immediately becomes a favourite of the Queen's. His chief rival is the Chevalier Philippe de Taverny Maison Rouge, whom he replaces in the Queen's affections. As a result, the two young men fight a duel, and de Charny is slightly wounded. This serves to add the Queen's sympathy to her favour for him.

Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, is a rival of them both, though, and he presses his cause with the assistance of Jeanne, Comtesse de La Motte Valois, an adventuress whom he has befriended. At the suggestion of this confidant, the Cardinal arranges for the purchase of the famous diamond necklace for the Queen, who, while she refuses to accept it as a gift, consents to borrow money from him for the first payment, if necessary. The necessity for such loan does arrive, but the Cardinal is unable to fulfill the agreement into which he has so eagerly entered. The Queen thereupon decides to return the necklace to the jewelers, and entrusts it for delivery to Jeanne, who, impoverished, succumbs to temptation, appropriates the necklace to herself, and gives a forged receipt for it to the Queen, as also a forged note to the jewelers, asking for an extension of time. She thus gains a month, and hopes in that time so to compromise both the Cardinal and the Queen that she will force one of them to pay for the necklace in order to avert a hideous scandal.

A charlatan, Comte Cagliostro, supplies Jeanne with the means, though she is unaware of his agency in the matter. He places her in contact with Mademoiselle Oliva, a woman of the town who bears an extraordinarily close resemblance to the Queen. With Oliva's assistance, Jeanne dupes the Cardinal into the amazing supposition that he is actually having an affair with Marie Antoinette. Again she goes to the forger Villette, who writes letters to the Cardinal purporting to come from the Queen, and thus she obtains very damaging replies from him. This is quite simple, since she is supposedly acting as the confidante and intermediary for both parties. At the same time, Jeanne arranges that the Cardinal will be seen with Oliva under such circumstances that gossip will accuse the Queen.

But the house of cards which Jeanne has erected begins to totter with the disappearance of Oliva, and matters are further precipitated when the Cardinal, accusing the Queen of becoming suddenly cold to him, reveals the hoax which has so seriously compromised the Queen's honour. She denounces him to the King, who, to clear the name of his

wife, has the Cardinal imprisoned in the Bastille. Jeanne flees from Paris.

Ill-fortune continues to dog the steps of the unhappy Marie Antoinette. The King's suspicions are aroused when, upon entering the Queen's room suddenly, he finds Comte de Charny on his knees before her. Desperate, she gives the King the most plausible explanation she can contrive on the instant: that Charny has begged for the release from her vows of Andrée de Taverny, a former maid-of-honour at the Court, who has retired to a convent out of jealousy of the Queen. The King consents; the Queen makes a hurried trip to the convent to win over Andrée—no great task, since Charny is really the object of her jealous adoration. Andrée swoons when, in an overheard conversation, she learns the true state of affairs; but her hand is none the less promised to Charny by her brother Philippe, Charny's rival, that the honour of the royal house may be saved.

Jeanne has meanwhile been discovered in her retreat, and is returned to Paris at the command of the Queen. She brazenly asserts that the necklace was returned by her to the Cardinal, and that the (forged) receipt which the Queen holds for it came from the prelate. She also lets the Cardinal understand that he must take the blame for the theft as the price of her silence.

Oliva and her rascally lover are apprehended, and are being returned to Paris by detectives when they meet with Cagliostro. He returns to the capital with them, and proceeds to the office of the Lieutenant of Police to lend his aid to the authorities.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

CAGLIOSTRO'S REVELATIONS

MONSIEUR DE CROSNE knew as much about Cagliostro as a skilful lieutenant of police can know of a man living in France; he looked upon him as a mountebank of noble rank, but as one not to be lightly dismissed.

This Monsieur de Crosne was a man of strong mind, acquainted with all the resources of his office, well received at court, indifferent to favour, never compromising with his pride—a man not easily influenced. Cagliostro could not have offered to him, as to Monsieur de Rohan, louis still hot from his furnace; Cagliostro could not have presented to him, as Balsamo had done to Monsieur de Sartines, the muzzle of a pistol. From him Balsamo had not a Lorenza to demand, but to him Cagliostro must give an account of himself. This was the reason why, instead of waiting to be

summoned, he had demanded an audience of the magistrate. Monsieur de Crosne felt the advantage of his position, and was prepared to use it. Cagliostro felt the awkwardness of his own, and was trying to get out of it.

Monsieur de Crosne expected from Cagliostro revelations with regard to the necklace and the practices of Madame de La Motte. In that he was at a disadvantage. He had, however, the right to question and imprison; in this lay his superiority. He received the count like a man who feels his importance, but who does not wish to be wanting in politeness, not even to a charlatan.

"Monsieur," said the lieutenant of police, "you have asked an audience of me; I have come from Versailles expressly to grant it."

"Monsieur, I thought you might have some interest in questioning me about matters that are taking place; and as a man who knows your merit and the importance of your functions, I have come to you."

"Question you?" said the magistrate, affecting surprise; "but about what, Monsieur; and in what capacity?"

"Monsieur," replied Cagliostro, frankly, "your attention has been much occupied with Madame de La Motte and the disappearance of the necklace."

"Can it be that you have found it?" asked Monsieur de Crosne, in an almost bantering tone.

"No," said the count, gravely. "But if I have not found the necklace, I at least know that Madame de La Motte lived in the Rue Saint Claude."

"In the house opposite yours, Monsieur; I know it also," said the magistrate.

"Then, Monsieur, you know what Madame de La Motte has been doing— Let us say no more about it."

"On the contrary," said Monsieur de Crosne, with an indifferent air, "let us talk about it."

"Oh, there was nothing of importance in that, except in regard to little Oliva," said Cagliostro; "but since you knew all about Madame de La Motte I have nothing new to tell you."

At the name of Oliva, Monsieur de Crosne started. "What did you say of Oliva?" he asked. "Who is this Oliva?"

"You do not know? Ah, Monsieur, that is a curious thing, about which I am surprised that I have to inform you. Imagine to yourself a very pretty girl, blue eyes, and face of the most perfect oval—you see, a sort of beauty which reminds one of her Majesty the queen."

"Ah, ah!" said Monsieur de Crosne. "Well?"

"Well, this girl was living a bad life which it gave me pain to see; she was formerly in the service of an old friend of mine, Monsieur de Taverney——"

"The baron who died the other day."

"Precisely, yes; the one who is dead. She had, besides, been in the service of a man of science, whom you do not know, Monsieur le Lieutenant of Police, and who—— But I am repeating, and I see that I am wearying you."

"Monsieur, please go on, I beg. This Oliva, you were saying——"

"Was leading a bad life, as I have had the honour of telling you, with her lover, one of your most ordinary rascals, whom probably you do not know——"

"A certain Beausire, perhaps?" said the magistrate, happy to appear well-informed.

"Ah, you know him; that is surprising," said Cagliostro, with admiration. "Well, one day when this Beausire had beaten her, and robbed her of more than was usual, she came to me for protection, and I good-naturedly allowed her to occupy some corner in one of my hotels——"

"She was living in your house?" cried the magistrate, surprised. "Oh, that was the reason my agents could not find her."

"What! was this little girl sought for? Has she committed some crime of which I am ignorant?"

"No, Monsieur, no; go on, I entreat you."

"Oh, I have finished. I lodged her at my house—that is all."

"No, no, no! Monsieur le Comte, that is not all, since you seemed just now to associate Oliva's name with that of Madame de La Motte."

"Ah, on account of their being neighbours," said Cagliostro.

"You interest me very much, Monsieur—more than you can imagine; for this Oliva whom you claim to have lodged in your house, I found in the country."

"You found her?"

"With Monsieur de Beausire——"

"Well, now, I suspected that," cried Cagliostro. "She was with Beausire? Ah, very well, very well! Amends must be made to Madame de La Motte."

"What!—what do you mean?" replied Monsieur de Crosne.

"I say, Monsieur, that having for a moment suspected Madame de La Motte, I will make her full and complete reparation."

"Suspected her?—of what?"

"Good God! can you listen patiently to all this gossip? Well, then, I will tell you that just when I believed this Oliva to be reclaimed, some one carried her away from me."

"Carried her away?—from your house?"

"From my house."

"That is strange!"

"And I could have sworn that it was Madame de La Motte."

Monsieur de Crosne drew near to Cagliostro, and said, "Come, tell me this exactly, if you please!"

"Oh, Monsieur, now that you have found Oliva with Beausire, nothing can induce me to think of Madame de La Motte, her attentions, or her correspondence."

"Were Madame de La Motte and Oliva acquainted?"

"Intimately; and Madame de La Motte found a way to take Oliva out with her every night."

"Every night! Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as a man can be of anything he has seen or heard."

"Oh, Monsieur, you are telling me things for which I would pay at the rate of a thousand francs a word! Are you the friend of Monsieur de Rohan?"

"I believe so."

"Then you must know how much that element of intrigue, called Madame de La Motte, enters into this scandalous affair. Or perhaps you know the consequences of those promenades of Oliva and Madame de La Motte?"

"Monsieur, there are things of which the prudent man should always be ignorant," replied Cagliostro, sententiously.

"Have you proofs that Madame de La Motte had corresponded with Oliva?"

"A hundred."

"What are they?"

"Notes from Madame de La Motte which she shot into Oliva's room with a cross-bow. Some of these notes, rolled in round pieces of lead, fell into the street; my servants and myself picked up several."

"Monsieur, would you deliver them up to the officers of the law?"

"Oh, Monsieur, they are of so innocent a nature that I should have no scruples in doing so."

"And the proofs of their connivance, of their meetings?"

"A thousand."

"I ask for only one."

"The strongest. It appears that Madame de La Motte had obtained the means of entering my house to see Oliva; for I saw her there myself the very day when the young woman disappeared."

"Ah! and why did she go, since Oliva had disappeared?"

"I could not understand that at first myself. I had seen Madame de La Motte alight from a post-chaise which was waiting in the Rue du Roi-Doré. My servants had seen the carriage standing there for a long time, and I supposed that Madame de La Motte wished to attach Oliva to herself."

"And you allowed her to do it?"

"Why not? Madame de La Motte is a charitable lady; she is received at court."

"Mademoiselle Oliva was living in your house?" said Monsieur de Crosne, meditating profoundly; "and Mademoiselle Oliva and Madame de La Motte were acquainted, visited each other, went out together?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Ah, Madame de La Motte was seen in your house the day that Oliva was carried off?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And you thought that the countess wished to attach this girl to herself?"

"What else could I think?"

"What did Madame de La Motte say when she did not find Oliva at your house?"

"She seemed to be confused."

"Do you think Beausire carried her off?"

"I think so only because you told me that he did carry her off; otherwise, I should suspect nothing. Who could have told the man where Oliva was?"

"Oliva herself."

"I do not think so, for she might have gone to him without sending for him to take her away; and he could not have got into the house if Madame de La Motte had not sent him a key."

"She had a key?"

"That cannot be doubted."

"On what day was she carried off?" said Monsieur de Crosne.

"Oh, Monsieur, in regard to that I cannot be mistaken; it was the night before Saint Louis' Day."

"That is it!" cried the lieutenant of police—"that is it! Monsieur, you have just rendered a signal service to the State. Can I rely on your delivering up these proofs of which you speak?"

"I am ready, Monsieur, to submit to the demands of justice in all things."

"Well, Monsieur, I shall remind you of your promise. I hope to have the honour of seeing you again," and he dismissed Cagliostro, who said to himself as he was retiring—

"Ah, Countess, viper! you wished to accuse me! I think that you have bitten on a file; look out for your teeth!"

CHAPTER XC

EXAMINATIONS

WHILE MONSIEUR DE CROSNE was holding his interview with Cagliostro, Monsieur de Breteuil presented himself at the Bastille to interrogate Monsieur de Rohan, on behalf of the king. Monsieur de Rohan refused to reply; and when the baron insisted, he said that the matter now was in the hands of the parliament and the judges, and he would leave it there.

Monsieur de Breteuil, withdrawing from this attempt without having obtained any satisfaction, sought and obtained an interview with Madame de La Motte. He explained to her, briefly, the dangers of her situation. She replied that she had proofs of her innocence which she would furnish on the proper occasion; that she would answer nothing except in presence of the cardinal, and after she should be informed what charges he allowed to weigh against her.

Monsieur de Breteuil then told her that the cardinal held her responsible for everything.

"Everything?" said Jeanne—"even the theft?"

"Even the theft."

"Please say to Monsieur le Cardinal," said Jeanne coolly, "that I advise him not to persist in so bad a method of defence."

Monsieur de Breteuil was not satisfied. He promised everything to Madame de La Motte if she would clearly accuse some one. "Take care!" he said; "in saying nothing, you accuse the queen. If you persist in that you will be found guilty of treason. That means disgrace—perhaps the halter."

"I do not accuse the queen," Jeanne replied; "but why do they accuse me?"

"Accuse some one!" insisted Breteuil; "it is your only way to save yourself."

But Jeanne kept silent; and that first interview between her and the keeper of the seals was without result.

Meantime the rumour got abroad that proofs had come to light; that the diamonds had been sold in England; and that Monsieur de Villette had been arrested there.

The first assault which Jeanne had to sustain was of an alarming character. Confronted with Reteau, whom she believed to be her ally unto death, she with terror heard him humbly acknowledge that he was a forger; that he had forged both the jewelers' receipt and the queen's letter. Being asked with what motives he had committed these crimes, he replied that he had been instigated to them by Madame de La Motte.

Jeanne furiously denied Reteau's testimony. She declared that she had never seen him. Then she received two severe shocks; she was crushed by the evidence of two witnesses. One of these was the driver of the carriage in which she had made her nocturnal expedition on the night and at the hour stated by Reteau; and the other was one of Cagliostro's servants, who affirmed that on a certain evening he had seen Monsieur Reteau de Villette seated in a post-chaise, from which Madame de La Motte had just alighted.

Thereupon Jeanne violently attacked Cagliostro, who, she declared, had worked upon the Cardinal de Rohan's mind with his incantations and sorceries, and had thus inspired him with *culpable ideas against the royal Majesty*.

That was the first link in the accusation of adultery.

Monsieur de Rohan defended himself and Cagliostro at the same time. He was so obstinate in his denial that Jeanne, in desperation, at length openly charged the cardinal with a mad passion for the queen.

Cagliostro demanded that he too should be imprisoned, that he might prove his innocence to all the world. His request was granted.

Accusers and judges became more interested—as always happens on the first appearance of truth—and public opinion immediately ranged itself with the cardinal and Cagliostro against the queen.

The unfortunate princess, to make clear her determination to prosecute the suit, secured the publication of the reports made to the king in regard to her nocturnal walks, and summoned Monsieur de Crosne to tell all he knew.

This blow, skilfully calculated, fell upon Jeanne with crushing force. She denied that there had been any nocturnal walks by her connivance, or to her knowledge. She declared false the certified reports that she had been seen in the park in company with the queen or with the cardinal.

At this stage in the proceedings, when Jeanne was loudly protesting that she had never been in the Versailles park at night, and that she had never been cognizant of any private relation between the queen and the cardinal—at that moment Oliva appeared, a living witness who changed public opinion and destroyed the edifice of lies erected by the countess.

Oliva's appearance was a terrible blow to the cardinal. He perceived at last that he had been tricked in the most infamous manner. That man, full of delicacy and noble passion, had been betrayed by an adventuress and a woman of the town into an attack on the queen—a woman whom he loved, and who was altogether innocent! When he saw Oliva, that queen of the cross-roads, and recalled the rose, the clasped

hands, the Baths of Apollo, he turned pale, and would have poured out his blood at the feet of Marie Antoinette had he seen her at that moment.

But the cardinal could not admit Oliva's identity without acknowledging that he was in love with the actual queen. The avowal of his error would be an accusation, a stain. He therefore remained silent, and allowed Jeanne to deny everything.

Efforts being renewed to induce Jeanne to give some explanation, she coolly replied, "The best way of proving that the queen did not walk by night in the park is to exhibit a woman who resembles the queen, and who pretends that she was in the park. You exhibit her; it is very fine."

This infamous insinuation met with success, and once more hid the truth. But when Oliva, with innocent anxiety, gave all the details and all the proofs, omitting nothing, she obtained a more ready belief than had the countess.

Jeanne then resorted to a desperate expedient—she confessed that she had conducted the cardinal to Versailles; she declared that he had insisted on seeing the queen that he might give her assurance of his respectful devotion. She declared further that those walks in the park were taken with the knowledge of the queen, who, concealed in the shrubbery, listened with stifled laughter to the passionate words of the amorous Monsieur de Rohan.

The queen was helpless against this last accusation, for she could not prove it to be false; because Jeanne, driven to extremities, declared that she would publish all the love-letters written to the queen by the cardinal, and because in fact she had those letters, burning with mad passion. And Mademoiselle Oliva could not prove that anyone was, or was not, listening behind the shrubbery. In short there were too many persons interested in taking these lies for positive truths. The queen was helpless.

CHAPTER XCI

THE LAST HOPE LOST

AFTER EXAMINATIONS without number, in which the cardinal had maintained his calm and courteous demeanour even toward Jeanne, and Jeanne had conducted herself boisterously, the opinion of the public, and of the judges especially, became at last fixed.

No new incidents could be adduced; revelations were exhausted. Jeanne perceived that she had produced no favourable effect on the minds of her judges. She therefore, in the retirement of her prison-cell, once more examined her resources.

By all those who were in the train of Monsieur de Breteuil, Jeanne was urged to spare the queen, but to accuse the cardinal without mercy. From those who were connected with the cardinal—a powerful family, judges favouring the cause of the people, the clergy fruitful in resources—came the advice to tell all the truth, to unmask the intrigues of the court, and to stimulate the commotion to such a point that all crowned heads should take alarm.

This party seemed sure of victory. The popular enthusiasm was in favour of the cardinal. Men admired

his patience, and women his discretion. Men were angry that he should have been so basely deceived; women were slow to believe that he had been deceived. To very many Oliva had no real existence, or if she existed she had been invented by the queen for the occasion.

Jeanne thought it all over. Her lawyers abandoned her; the judges made no secret of their aversion; the Rohan party vigorously assailed her; in public opinion she was scorned. She resolved on a last blow, which should make the judges anxious, frighten the cardinal's friends, and arouse anew the popular feeling against the queen. Her plan was to make it appear that she had been anxious throughout to shield the queen, but that she must reveal everything if driven too hard; that as to the cardinal, she had only imitated his reserve, but that if he should speak out, she would follow his example, and they would prove their innocence. In pursuance of this plan Jeanne wrote the following letter to the queen:

MADAME—Notwithstanding all that is painful in my position, I have not complained. All the expedients employed to extort a confession from me have only strengthened my resolution not to *compromise* my sovereign.

Nevertheless, though persuaded that my *constancy* and my *discretion* entitle me to relief from my present embarrassment, I confess that the efforts made by the cardinal's family make me fear that I shall become their victim.

A long imprisonment, endless examinations, disgrace, and despair at finding myself accused of a crime of which I am innocent have enfeebled my courage, and I fear that my constancy will yield to so many blows dealt at the same time.

By a single word Madame can put an end to this miserable affair, through the mediation of Monsieur de Breteuil, who can give to it, in the eyes of the *minister* (the king), the appearance which his intelligence will suggest to him, without *compromising Madame in any way*. It is the fear of being compelled to *reveal all* which necessitates the step I am now taking; and I am persuaded that Madame will consider the motives which have urged me to it, and that she will give orders for delivering me from my painful situation.

I am, with profound respect, Madame's very humble and obedient servant—

COMTESSE DE VALOIS DE LA MOTTE.

Either this letter would be delivered to the queen, and would alarm her to such a degree that she would conclude to end the struggle by setting Jeanne at liberty, or—which was more probable—it would be delivered to the governor of the prison, and by him to the judges. Jeanne had, in short, so expressed herself that the letter, fall where it might, would deposit a leaven of hatred, distrust, and irreverence toward the queen. Jeanne wrote at the same time a letter to the cardinal, as follows:

MONSEIGNEUR—I cannot conceive why you so obstinately persist in silence. It seems to me that you should place unreserved confidence in our judges; our condition would be the better for it. As to myself, I am resolved to remain silent until you will support my word. But why do you not speak? Explain all the circumstances of this mysterious affair, and I swear that I will confirm

all that you say. Consider, Monsieur le Cardinal, that I if I speak first, and you disavow what I say, I am lost. I shall not escape *her* vengeance who wishes to sacrifice us both.

But you have nothing like that to fear from me; you know my devotion. If *she* proves to be implacable, your cause will always be my own; I would sacrifice everything to shield you from *her* hatred.

P. S. I have written to *her* a letter which will, I hope, persuade her, if not to speak the truth, at least not to crush us—who have no crime with which to reproach ourselves, except our error, or our silence.

This artful letter was delivered to the cardinal during their last examination in the great parlour of the Bastille. It was observed that the cardinal turned red, and then pale, shuddering at such audacity. He went out to recover his breath.

At the same time the countess handed the letter which she had written to the queen to the Abbé Lekl, almoner of the Bastille, who had accompanied the cardinal to the parlour and was devoted to his interests.

The almoner refused to take the letter.

"Well, then," said Jeanne, resorting to intimidation, "say to the cardinal that I have still one recourse left—that of publishing the letters which he wrote to the queen. I shall be sorry to do so, but for our common advantage I will do it." The almoner still refused.

"Take notice," said Jeanne, "that you reduce me to the necessity of making use of Monsieur de Rohan's letters."

"Very well," replied the abbé, "make use of them. Madame."

"But," replied Jeanne, trembling with anger, "these proofs of a secret correspondence with her Majesty will cause the cardinal's head to fall on the scaffold!"

At that moment the door was opened, and the cardinal, superb in his wrath, appeared on the threshold. "You may cause the head of a Rohan to fall on the scaffold, Madame," he said; "it will not be the first time the Bastille has witnessed that spectacle. But if that is to be, I declare to you that I shall not reproach the scaffold on which my head shall roll, provided I may see that on which you will be branded as a thief and a forger. Come, Abbé, come!"

The cardinal turned his back to Jeanne, and going out with the almoner, left to the companionship of rage and despair that miserable creature who could make no movement without sinking deeper into that deadly slough in which she was soon to be covered out of sight.

CHAPTER XCII

THE BAPTISM OF LITTLE BEAUSIRE

MADAME DE LA MOTTE had failed in all her calculations; Cagliostro had failed in none of his. On his imprisonment he perceived that he had at last a pretext for open war on that monarchy which for so many years he had sought to undermine. He then got ready the material for that famous letter from London which appeared about a month later, and was the first blow on the walls of the old Bastille, the first hostile act of the Revolution, the first shock preceding that of July 14, 1789.



Getting there ahead of the trouble

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

DURING the afternoon of March 17, 1928, an alarm bell rang in a telephone test station in the heart of the Alleghany mountains. This meant that a puncture had been made in the air-tight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The men on duty knew that the injury was somewhere within 50 miles.



Highly-developed locating devices were instantly applied and in sixty-five minutes the trouble spot was located. By 7.15 in the evening, before the break in the sheath had affected service on any of the 248 pairs of wires in the cable, the repairs had been made. Because of the preliminary warning on the indicator wire and the locating devices that enabled the test station to tell the repair crew just where it would find the trouble,

not one conversation was interrupted. This special alarm system is one of the many mechanical and electrical wonders developed by Bell System engineers to guard telephone conversations. The apparatus is placed along the cable routes at intervals of 100 miles. It gives instant warning day or night of any disturbance to the cable within 50 miles in either direction. Automatic warning signals, electrical locating devices, constant testing of all switch-board apparatus and circuits—these are some of the ceaseless efforts that so effectually reduced interruptions to service on Bell lines in 1928.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

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When There is Acidity

Many ailments start in the stomach, and most of these mean too much acid. For men and women of every age—and children as well—an anti-acid is what the doctor often advises. But why is he careful to say "take *Phillips Milk of Magnesia*"?

First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; is used for a score of children's ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because *Phillips Milk of Magnesia* is in perfect suspension, because in no other form can magnesia do the same things accomplished by *Phillips*. Fifty years' experience has proved that preparations less perfect than this product do not achieve the same results.

There is no more certain and no more prompt relief for acid stomach, indigestion, biliousness, or heartburn than *Phillips Milk of Magnesia*. But in fairness to yourself, be sure it is *Phillips*. The physician specifies *Phillips*. The druggist fills prescriptions with *Phillips*. If the public were as careful as either, there would be no imitations of *Phillips*. "*Milk of Magnesia*" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. *Phillips Chemical Co.* and its predecessor Charles H. *Phillips* since 1875.



PHILLIPS
Milk
of Magnesia

In that letter Cagliostro said: "I am asked if I shall ever return to France. Assuredly I shall—when the Bastille shall have become a public promenade. God speed the day!"

Oliva meanwhile allowed not a word to escape her lips which might compromise her protector. What she said was injurious to Madame de La Motte alone; she openly and clearly set forth her innocent participation in a hoax intended, she said, for a gentleman whose name was Louis.

While the captives were in prison Oliva had not seen her dear Beausire; but she had not been altogether abandoned by him, as will be seen. She had the memorial of her lover for which Dido longed when she said, "Ah, if I might only have a little Ascanius playing on my knees!"

IN THE MONTH of May, 1786, a man was waiting on the steps of the porch of Saint Paul's Church. He appeared to be agitated, and was looking steadily toward the Bastille. One of Cagliostro's German servants came and stood beside him. This man tried to check Beausire's wild impatience, saying to him, in a low tone, "Wait, wait; they will come."

"Ah!" said Beausire, "it is you!"

As Beausire, still not satisfied with "They will come," continued to gesticulate beyond all reason, the German whispered to him, "You will attract the police. My master promised you news; I am here to give it to you."

"Give it! give it, my friend!"

"Lower. The mother and child are doing well."

"Oh! oh!" cried Beausire, in an indescribable transport of joy. "She is delivered! She is safe!"

"Yes, Monsieur; but I beg you, let us go aside."

"Is it a girl?"

"No, Monsieur, a boy."

"So much the better. Oh, my friend, how happy I am! how happy I am! My hearty thanks to your master. Tell him that my life—all that I have is his. But why did you say, 'They will come'? Who will come?"

"The physician of the Bastille and the nurse."

"They are coming here?—and for what?"

"To have the child baptized."

"I am to see my child!" cried Beausire, jumping about. "Do you say that I shall see Oliva's son?—here, immediately?"

"Here, immediately; but be calm. I beg! Patience!"

Beausire drew nearer to the German. "Is she comfortable?" he asked, clasping his hands.

"Very comfortable," replied the other. "Oh, here is a carriage coming!"

"Yes, yes!"

"It stops—"

"There is something white—lace—"

"The child's mantle."

"My God!" and Beausire was obliged to support himself against one of the pil-

lars as he saw alighting from the carriage the nurse, the physician, and one of the Bastille turnkeys. After they had entered, Beausire followed them. The priest, recognizing the nurse and the physician, who had come to him on several occasions like this, greeted them with a bow and a smile. Beausire bowed and smiled with the priest.

The door of the sacristy was then closed, and the priest began to write the words of registration. When he asked the name of the child, the physician said, "It is a boy, and that is all I know about it."

Four bursts of laughter accented these words, which seemed to Beausire not very respectful.

"He must have some kind of a name, if only the name of a saint," said the priest.

"Yes; the young lady wishes him to be called Toussaint."

"There they are then, all of them," replied the priest, with an hilarious burst of laughter at his pun.

Beausire began to lose patience, but the German restrained him.

"Well," said the priest, "with such a name as that, with all the saints for his patrons, we can get along without a father. Let us write: Today is presented a male child, born yesterday at the Bastille, son of Nicole Oliva Legay and—father unknown."

Beausire darted to the priest's side, and seizing him by the wrist, cried out, "Toussaint has a father as well as a mother; he has a tender father, who will not deny his own offspring. Write, I pray you, that Toussaint, born yesterday of Mademoiselle Nicole Oliva Legay, is the son of Jean Baptiste Toussaint de Beausire, here present!"

THE ASTONISHMENT caused by these words may readily be conceived. The pen fell from the hands of the priest, and the child almost fell from the arms of the nurse. Beausire received it in his own, covered it with eager kisses, and dropped on its brow the baptism of paternal tears.

The spectators, accustomed though they were to dramatic scenes, were much affected—except the priest, who maintained his composure, and even expressed doubts as to the statements made by Beausire. Beausire placed on the font three louis d'or, which were more effective than his tears in establishing his good faith and the fact of his paternity. The priest bowed, and pocketed the money, and requested Beausire to write in the registry his declaration that he was the child's father.

"I!" cried Beausire, "why, I would write it with my blood!" and he seized the pen with joyous eagerness.

"Take care!" said the turnkey Guyon: "it is dangerous to write in public registers!"

"Thanks for your advice, friend!" said Beausire, proudly; "but to deny the son of my wife—"

"Your wife?" cried the physician.

"Legitimate?" cried the priest.

"May God restore her to liberty," said Beausire, trembling with joy, "and the next day Nicole Legay will take the name of de Beausire."

"Meantime you are running a risk!" said Guyon. "I think they are looking for you."

All were agreed, however, not to betray him.

Beausire wrote his declaration in verbose and magniloquent terms, as if narrating an exploit of which he was proud. Then, having read anew the completed certificate, he embraced his son, slipped ten louis under his mantle, suspended from his neck a ring designed for the mother, and proud as Xenophon on his retreat, he opened the door of the sacristy, and marched forth without any precaution of concealment.

The witnesses of the baptism also withdrew and regained their carriage, still astonished by the adventure. Beausire stood looking after them, sent several kisses to his son, and when the carriage had disappeared, retreated to an asylum known only to himself, Cagliostro, and Monsieur de Crosne—that is to say, Monsieur de Crosne fulfilled a promise he had made to Cagliostro, and left Beausire undisturbed.

When the child was taken back to the Bastille, and the nurse had informed Oliva of these surprising adventures, the latter, putting Beausire's ring on her thickest finger, began to weep, and said, "I will at least be a good mother!"

CHAPTER XCIII

THE STOOL OF INTERROGATION

THE DAY AT LAST ARRIVED when the judgment of the court of parliament was to be invoked by the concluding speech of the *procureur-general*.

The bearing of the accused was as before: Oliva was frank and timid; Cagliostro, calm and superior; Villette, downcast and in tears; Jeanne, insolent, threatening, and venomous; the cardinal, unaffected, meditative, absent-minded.

In the public mind the question still was, which of the two accused persons had stolen the necklace? This question involved another: Had the queen just reason for her accusation of the cardinal? and this was, politically, a question of importance. Had Monsieur de Rohan believed that he had the right to speak to the queen as he had spoken to her; to act in her name as he had acted? Had he been, in fact, a secret agent of Marie Antoinette—an agent repudiated as soon as the affair made a noise?

In a word, had the cardinal acted in good faith, as a confidant of the queen? If he had acted in good faith, the queen must have been implicated in those intimacies which she had denied, and which Madame de La Motte had insinuated to have existed.

The *procureur-general* began his speech

“By Joe!

it's good to smoke Luckies.”

Felix Count Luckner

“Lucky Strikes? By Joe, yes. Let me tell you. I was cruising in my raider in the South Pacific. It had been damp, rainy weather and every bit of tobacco we had on the ship was mouldy and could not be smoked. We began to be desperate. The men were—what you call—grouchy. Along came an American ship. We captured her and after taking the captain, officers and crew aboard my raider and finding comfortable places for them to stay, I and my officers went over to the captured ship to see if there was anything aboard her that we wanted. We searched her. And what do you think? Under the cushions of a seat in the captain's cabin we found 500 packages of Lucky Strikes! I tore off the end of one and lit it and filled my lungs with it, and By Joe, I was a man again. We had enough for all the crew and we were all cheered up and we all became friends once more. By Joe, I was sorry to sink that American ship that had brought us those good smokes. Lucky Strikes, they are wonderful, and my Countess, of course, wishes a fashionable, slender figure. She smokes Lucky Strikes when she is offered fattening sweets. And my life has always been an active one and I must be trim and fit. I love to feel what you Americans call “peppy.” So no sweets for me. Give me a Lucky Strike instead. By Joe, it's good for us to smoke Luckies.”

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He was the organ of the court, and spoke in the name of outraged royal dignity. He demanded that Villette should be condemned to the galleys; that Jeanne de La Motte should be branded, scourged, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment; that Cagliostro and Oliva should be dismissed from the case; and that the cardinal should be compelled to acknowledge himself guilty of language offensive to royal Majesty, and then should be banished from the presence of the king and queen, and deprived of his offices and dignities.

This demand divided the parliament, and terrified the accused. The royal will had been so strongly impressed that had the demand been uttered twenty-five years earlier, though then already parliament had begun to vindicate its prerogative, the idea of the infallibility of the throne would have prevailed. But fourteen counselors, only, adopted in full the conclusions of the *procureur-general* and there was a division in the assembly.

THE LAST EXAMINATION of the accused was then entered upon—a formality almost useless under existing circumstances. The custom was that the accused should appear before the judges on a small wooden seat, dishonoured by the contact of those who had passed from it to the scaffold. The forger Villette, who begged for pardon with prayers and tears, occupied it first. No one took any interest in him; he was, and appeared to be, only a rascal of the common sort. Dismissed by the court, he went weeping to his prison-cell.

Then came Madame de La Motte, who made a strong impression on the assembly. She had been already exposed to the first of the insults to which she was to be subjected; she had been compelled to ascend by the small stairway, like a common criminal. The heat and noise and general movement troubled her at first, and her eyes were unsteady. Then the officer who had her in charge led her quickly to the stool placed at the centre of the half-circle, which bore some resemblance to the block on a scaffold. On seeing that she was expected to occupy that degrading seat, Jeanne de La Motte, who proudly called herself Valois, and as she thought controlled the fortunes of a queen of France, turned pale, and cast angry glances about her, as if to intimidate the judges who would permit that outrage. Seeing, however, no indication of sympathy on the faces around her, she placed herself, almost fainting, on the stool of interrogation.

In the examination that followed, Jeanne still pursued her method of vague insinuation against the queen. Of her own innocence she spoke more decidedly; and she managed to draw from the examining judge an inquiry as to the letters which were said to have been interchanged between the queen and the cardinal.

Jeanne, in reply, declared that she was

unwilling to say anything which might compromise the queen, and that no one could answer on that subject better than the cardinal himself. "Ask him," she said, "to produce those letters, or copies of them; read them, and satisfy your curiosity. As to myself, I cannot affirm whether those letters were written by the queen and by the cardinal. They seem to me, on the one hand, too free and familiar to have been written by a sovereign to a subject, and on the other hand too irreverent to have been written by a subject to a queen."

The deep, significant silence which followed this attack might have warned Jeanne that she had succeeded only in arousing horror in the minds of her enemies, terror in the minds of her partisans, and incredulity in the minds of her impartial judges. She left the stool of interrogation with the pleasing hope that the cardinal too must sit on it. That revenge would almost have satisfied her. But on turning back for a last look at the degrading seat which she was forcing a Rohan to occupy, she saw that it had been removed and that an arm-chair stood in its place. She uttered a cry of rage, and ran from the hall in frenzied excitement.

The cardinal arrived in his carriage, attended by the governor of the Bastille. On his entrance he was greeted by a murmur of respect and sympathy. He was pale, and somewhat agitated. He manifested in his demeanour that respect and condescension due to judges from an accused person who accepts and invokes their jurisdiction. When he began to speak, his trembling utterance, broken by sighs, and his humble bearing moved his audience to sympathy. He spoke slowly, offered excuses rather than proofs, supplications rather than arguments, and at length, stopping short—he, the man of eloquent speech!—by that paralysis of mind and courage produced more effect than all the advocates with all their arguments had produced.

AFTER THE CARDINAL, came Oliva. The most ardent haters of the monarchy were shocked on seeing the living copy of Marie Antoinette, queen of France, sitting on the stool of thieves and forgers.

Then came Cagliostro, the least guilty of all. He was not asked to sit, though the arm-chair remained by the side of the stool. The court feared to question him, and he was speedily dismissed.

The court then announced that the trial was at an end, and their deliberations would begin immediately. The crowd slowly withdrew along the streets and the quays, intending to return soon to hear the judgment, which all agreed could not be long delayed.

CHAPTER XCIV A WAY OF ESCAPE

WHILE THE CARDINAL, on the terraces of the Bastille, discussed with Cagliostro the probable result of their defence, while Oliva, in her cell, caressed

her child; and Reteau, in his, thought of the crowns promised by Monsieur de Crosne—Jeanne, having retired to the room of the keeper's wife, Madame Hubert, endeavoured to soothe her agitation by noise and action.

This room, high and large like a hall, was lighted by a large window looking toward the quay and covered by an iron grating. Here Madame de La Motte spent the days of her imprisonment in company with Madame Hubert, her son, and her husband. She had won their sympathy; she had managed to persuade them that the queen was very guilty. A day was to come when in that same hall another keeper, pitying the misfortunes of another prisoner, would believe her innocent because so gentle and so kind—and that prisoner would be the queen.

Madame de La Motte, then, was proposing to forget, in the society of her friends, the troubles which assailed her, and repay them by her gay humour for the kindness they had shown her. But she found them anxious and embarrassed. Alarmed by this, she sought to elicit an explanation from Madame Hubert; but she and those with her were noncommittal.

Jeanne perceived, in a corner by the fireplace, an abbé who was an occasional guest of the house. He had been secretary of the preceptor of Monsieur le Comte de Provence. He was a man of simple manners, though somewhat cynical. After a long-continued absence from Madame Hubert's house, he had become a frequent visitor there since the arrival of Madame de La Motte.

"I am sure," said Jeanne, "that they are talking more freely up yonder than we are talking here."

These words were greeted with a feeble murmur of assent.

"Up yonder?" said the abbé, feigning ignorance, "where, Madame la Comtesse?"

"In the hall where my judges are in consultation."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the abbé. And again there was silence.

"I think," Jeanne resumed, "that my course today produced a good effect. Do you not think it did?"

"Why, yes, Madame," timidly replied the keeper; and he rose as if to go out.

"What is your opinion?" asked Jeanne, turning to the abbé. "Does not the affair look well for me? They have brought forward no evidence."

"It is true, Madame," said the abbé. "you have much to hope; and yet, suppose that the king—"

"Well, the king; what will he do?"

"Eh, Madame! the king cannot consent to be found in the wrong."

"He must then have Monsieur de Rohan condemned, and that is impossible."

"That indeed is improbable."

"But in this cause," Jeanne hastened to say, "the cardinal and I are in the same situation."



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"Not at all," replied the abbé; "you are mistaken, Madame. One of the accused will be absolved—but only one. A culprit is necessary to the king; otherwise what will become of the queen?"

"It is true," said Jeanne, in a dull tone. "The king needs a culprit; well, Monsieur de Rohan will serve the purpose as well as I."

A silence ensued, alarming to the countess. The abbé was the first to speak. "Madame," he said, "the king does not bear malice, and when his first anger is satisfied he will forget all that has happened."

"But what do you call a satisfied anger?" asked Jeanne, ironically.

"A condemnation—any—would be a satisfaction."

"Any," Monsieur!" cried Jeanne, "that is a fearful word. 'Any'! why, that means 'every'!"

"Oh, I speak only of seclusion in a convent," replied the abbé, coldly. "That is the idea, according to rumour, which the king is likely to adopt in reference to you."

Jeanne looked at him with terror, which soon gave place to furious excitement.

"Seclusion in a convent!" she exclaimed. "That is to say, a lingering death which shall appear to be an act of clemency! Tortures of hunger, of cold, of penances! No; enough of punishment, enough of shame, enough of suffering for the innocent, while the guilty one is powerful, free, honoured! Death, rather, at once; but the death I choose to punish myself with for having been born into this infamous world!"

UTTERING THESE WORDS, Jeanne rushed to the sideboard to seize a knife. The keeper, Madame Hubert, and the abbé threw themselves upon her, and prevented her reaching it. She then, with cries too violent to be natural, rushed into an adjoining cabinet, seized an enormous porcelain vase, and struck her head with it repeatedly. The vase was shattered, and Jeanne's face was covered with blood. They got her into a chair, and bathed her with perfumed waters and vinegar. She had fainted, after frightful convulsions.

When she came to herself the abbé thought she was suffocating. "See," he said, "that grating intercepts light and air. Can we not give the poor woman a chance to breathe?"

Madame Hubert, forgetting everything, ran to a closet in the chimney, and took out a key with which she opened the grating.

"Ah!" said the abbé, "I was not aware that the grating could be thus opened with a key. Why in the world are such precautions needed?"

"It is the order," replied the keeper.

"Yes, I understand," said the abbé, significantly; "that window is only seven feet from the ground; it opens on the quay. Were prisoners to escape from

your room they would find themselves at liberty without meeting either turnkey or sentinel."

"Precisely," said the keeper.

THE ABBÉ REMARKED that Madame de La Motte had heard and understood; that she had started even, and that she had raised her eyes to the closet, fastened only by a brass button, where the keeper deposited the key to the grating. That was all he wanted. His presence seemed no longer needed. He took leave; but coming back he said, "What a crowd there is in the square! All go with such eagerness in that direction that not a soul is left on the quay."

The keeper leaned out. "It is true," said he.

"Is it not thought," continued the abbé, speaking always as if Madame de La Motte could not hear him—but she heard every word—"is it not expected that the judgment will be rendered during the night? That cannot be—can it?"

"I do not imagine," said the keeper, "that it will be rendered before tomorrow morning."

"Well, then," continued the abbé, "try to let that poor Madame de La Motte have a little rest; she must need it."

"Let us withdraw to our chamber," said the worthy keeper to his wife, "and leave Madame here in the easy-chair—unless she prefers going to bed."

Jeanne, on the point of rising, met the eye of the abbé, who was watching for her reply. She fell back, and feigned sleepiness. The abbé then retired, and the keeper and his wife also went out, after quietly locking the grating, and putting back the key in its place.

As soon as she was alone Jeanne opened her eyes. "The abbé advises me to flee," she thought. "Could anyone more clearly point out the necessity of flight, and the means? To threaten me with condemnation before judgment is rendered, is the act of a friend who urges me to recover my liberty. I have only to open that closet, then that grating, and I shall be on the deserted quay. To escape! Oh, liberty!—the joy of recovering my riches, of repaying to my enemies all that I have suffered!" She darted to the closet, seized the key, and drew near to the lock of the grating. Suddenly she thought she saw on the bridge the dark form of a man. "Some one is there," she said to herself; "perhaps the abbé, awaiting my escape; he is ready to help me. Yes, but if it were a trap; if, descending to the quay, I should be surprised in the attempt to escape? Flight is confession of crime—at least, of fear. Whence comes that man! He seems to be connected with Monsieur de Provence; but he may be an emissary of the queen, or of the Rohans. They would pay heavily for a false move on my part— Yes, some one is there, Yes, some one is there, watching! To make me escape some hours before the judgment! My (Continued on page 125)

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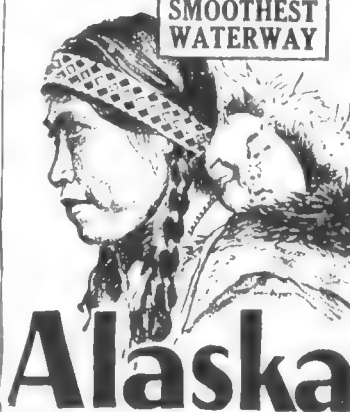
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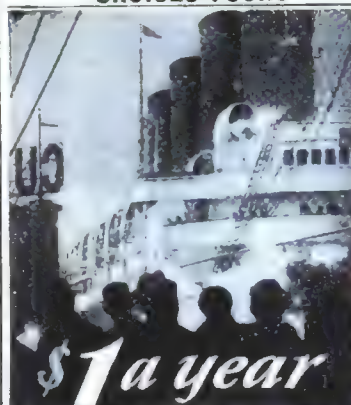
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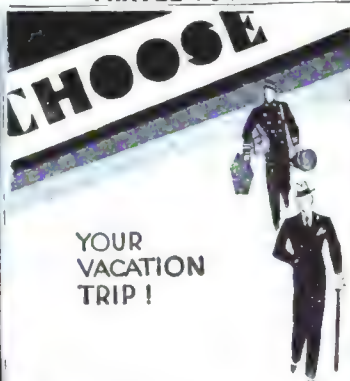
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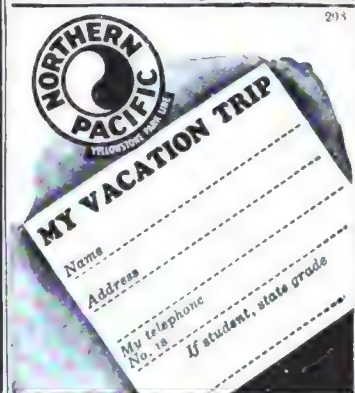


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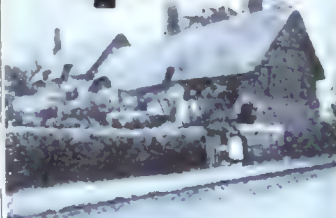
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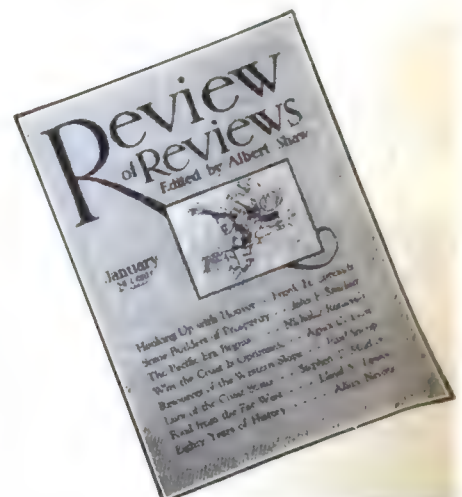
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God! may it not be that my enemies have information of my acquittal? Who knows but they wish to parry that terrible blow to the queen by a proof, that confession, would be afforded by my flight; I will remain."

Jeanne from that moment remained convinced that she had escaped a snare. She smiled, and with a firm step went to the closet, and placed in it the key of the grating. Then drawing her arm-chair nearer to the window, she watched that man who waited for her, and who at length disappeared as the first rays of daylight enabled her to distinguish the water of the river from the river-banks.

CHAPTER XCV

THE JUDGMENT

ON THE MORNING of the next day Jeanne awaited, with sanguine expectation, the news of her acquittal and release. She was not allowed to go out in search of information; but placing herself at the window she listened anxiously to the sounds from the neighbouring square. Soon she heard a noisy outbreak of cries, *bravos!*, and clapping of hands—a noise which frightened her, for she could not imagine that it was for her that so much sympathy was declared.

"A fine day for the cardinal!" said a sort of attorney's clerk, as he passed by.

"For the cardinal!" Jeanne repeated. "There is news then that the cardinal is acquitted." She returned hastily to the hall. "Madame, Madame!" she said to the woman Hubert, "what is this I hear?—a fine day for the cardinal! What is the meaning of that?"

"I do not know," replied Madame Hubert.

Jeanne looked at her steadily. "Ask your husband, I beg of you!" she said.

Madame Hubert did as requested, and her husband replied from without, "I do not know."

"What then," said Jeanne, impatiently, "could those passers-by mean? They of course were speaking with reference to the trial."

"Perhaps they meant," said the kind-hearted Hubert, "that if Monsieur de Rohan should be acquitted it would be a fine day for him."

"Do you think he will be acquitted?" cried Jeanne, clenching her hands.

"That may happen."

"I, also?"

"Oh, you, Madame—you as well as he; why not?"

Jeanne returned to the window.

"I think you are wrong, Madame," said the keeper, "in thus exposing yourself to emotions arising from distorted information. Why not wait quietly till your counsel, or Monsieur Frémyn, arrives to read to you—"

"The judgment— No! no!" and she continued to listen.

A woman was passing with friends. "He shall have my bouquet," she cried, "and a

hundred others, the dear man! Oh, if I can I will kiss him!"

"And I, too," said a companion.

"I would like to have him kiss me," said a third.

"Of whom can they be speaking?" thought Jeanne.

"He is a handsome man; you do not show bad taste," said another of the company, and they passed on.

"Still the cardinal!" murmured Jeanne. "He is acquitted! he is acquitted!"

"Eh, Madame!" said Hubert and his wife, speaking together, "why should you not wish a poor prisoner to be set free?"

Jeanne, unwilling to lose their sympathy, hastened to say, "You do not understand me. Can you believe me so wicked as to wish harm to my companions in misfortune? Oh, yes! may the cardinal be acquitted; but let me know at least what is decided in regard to me. Believe me, my friends, it is my impatience that makes me appear as I do."

Hubert and his wife looked at each other as if to measure the extent of the information they would impart. A flash of light from Jeanne's eyes stopped them as they were on the point of speaking.

"You tell me nothing?" she cried, perceiving her mistake.

"We know nothing," they replied, in a low tone.

At that moment Hubert was called out of the room. His wife, remaining alone with the captive, sought to divert her attention. But in vain. All Jeanne's intelligence was devoted to catching the sounds that came to her from without.

SUDDENLY THERE WAS a great noise in the square, accompanied by a tumultuous rush of the crowd. The shouts were continuous; they seemed to be directed toward a covered carriage drawn by two horses, which were so impeded by the crowd that they could move only slowly. The countess recognized the two men who were the objects of that enthusiasm. They were the Cardinal de Rohan and the Comte de Cagliostro.

That manifestation of public sympathy with the victims of the queen—for so they were called—inspired Jeanne with a transient joy. But then, "What!" said she, "they are already free—and I, I know nothing! Why is it that I can learn nothing?" She shuddered.

Another noise of shouting drew her attention toward the Pont-au-Change. A carriage, surrounded by a multitude, was descending the hill toward the bridge. In the carriage Jeanne recognized Oliva, smiling and holding up her child—Oliva, rejoicing in her freedom, and enjoying also the pleasantries addressed to her (a little freely sometimes) and the kisses that were sent to the fresh-looking, attractive girl. On the bridge a post-chaise was waiting. In it Monsieur Beausire was hiding behind one of his friends, who alone ventured to expose himself to the public admiration. The latter made a



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sign to Oliva, who alighted from her carriage, and getting into the post-chaise fell into the arms of Beausire, who almost stifled her in his embrace, and covered her with tears and kisses. Nor did he breathe freely until at Saint Denis they changed horses, without having been disturbed by the police.

MEANTIME JEANNE, seeing all these persons at liberty, happy, honoured, asked why she alone received no news. "By what refinement of cruelty do they withhold from me that part of the judgment which concerns me?"

"Calm yourself, Madame," said Hubert, entering the room—"calm yourself."

"It is impossible that you do not know. You know! you know! Tell me!"

"Madame—"

"If you are not a savage, tell me! You see how I suffer!"

"We are forbidden, Madame, to reveal judgments, the reading of which is the duty of the clerk of the courts."

"Why, then, it is so frightful that you do not dare to tell it!" cried Jeanne, in a transport of rage which alarmed the keeper.

"No," said he; "calm yourself—calm yourself."

"Speak, then!"

"Will you be patient, and will you do nothing to compromise me?"

"I promise, I swear it—speak!"

"Very well; Monsieur le Cardinal is acquitted."

"I know it."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro is discharged."

"I know it! I know it!"

"Mademoiselle Oliva is dropped from the accusation."

"Go on! go on!"

"Monsieur Reteau de Villette is condemned to the galleys."

"And I? and I?" cried Jeanne, in great excitement.

"Patience, Madame, patience. Is this what you promised me?"

"I am patient; come, speak! What of me?"

"Banishment!" said the keeper, in a low voice, turning away his eyes.

A flash of joy shone in the eyes of the countess, which she immediately extinguished. Then, with a loud cry, she pretended to faint, and fell into the arms of her friends.

"What then would have been the consequence," whispered Hubert to his wife, "if I had told her the truth?"

"Banishment!" thought Jeanne, while pretending she was ill—"it is liberty, wealth, vengeance; it is all that I have hoped. I have won!"

CHAPTER XCVI

THE PUNISHMENT

JEANNE WAS STILL AWAITING the arrival of the clerk who, according to the keeper, would read the sentence pronounced against her. Released from the

agony of suspense, she was saying to herself, "What matters it to me that Monsieur de Rohan has been adjudged less guilty than I? Do they punish me for a fault? No. Had I been duly recognized as a Valois; had I been able, like the cardinal, to hedge myself about with princes and dukes—they would have refused nothing to the poor Comtesse de La Motte, and certainly would have spared the descendant of the Valois the disgrace of the stool of interrogation."

"But why occupy myself with the past, which is dead? Here ends the great business of my life. Banished! I am banished; that is to say, I can carry my million whither I will, and nothing can hinder me—young, beautiful, celebrated—from living as I please, either with my husband, if he too is banished (and I know that he is free), or with the friends that youth and fortune always provide."

"Let anyone say to me, then—to me the condemned; to me the banished; to me the disgraced—that I am not richer than the queen, more honoured, more fully acquitted. For she was not concerned for my condemnation; the earth-worm is of no consequence to the lion. She was concerned to have Monsieur de Rohan condemned, and Monsieur de Rohan is acquitted."

"Now how will they proceed to communicate to me my sentence, and have me conducted out of the kingdom? Will they revenge themselves on a woman by subjecting her to a strict execution of the law? Will they put me in the keep of archers to be taken to the frontier? Will some one say to me solemnly, 'Unworthy one, the king banishes you from his kingdom'? No, my masters are good-natured; they wish me no harm. Their anger is directed against the good people of Paris who shout under their windows, 'Long live Monsieur le Cardinal!' 'Long live Cagliostro!' 'Long live the parliament!' Oh, yes; that is their real enemy—the people. I counted on the moral support of public opinion—and I have succeeded!"

At this point in her meditations a recollection of Reteau de Villette crossed her mind. "Poor fellow!" she said, with a wicked smile. "It is he who pays for all. Always some paltry soul is needed for expiation, and the emergency which calls it up devours it. Poor Reteau! The wretched creature now pays for his diatribes against the queen, and for his forgeries. God, who allots to everyone his part in the world, appointed to him beatings, intermittent lous d'or, ambuscades, concealments, and at last the galleys. This is the fate of trickery without intelligence, of cunning without boldness, of aggression without perseverance and strength."

Jeanne took dinner with her keepers in a very happy state of mind; but they had wholly lost their cheerfulness; they did not even affect to conceal their embarrassment. Jeanne attributed this coldness to the condemnation pronounced against her,

and said so to them. They replied that nothing was sadder to them than the sight of those against whom sentence had been pronounced.

Jeanne was so happy that she wished to be alone; and she intended, after dinner, to retire at once to her chamber. She was agreeably surprised when Hubert said to her, with solemn constraint, "Madame, we are under orders not to keep with us persons who have been condemned by parliament."

"Good!" said Jeanne to herself; "he anticipates my wishes." She rose from the table. "I should not wish," she said, "to involve you in disobedience; that would be a poor return for all your kindness. I will therefore retire to my chamber."

She watched for the effect of these words. Hubert rolled a key in his fingers. His wife turned her head away, as if to hide her emotion.

"But," added the countess, "where will they come to read my sentence; and when?"

"They are waiting, perhaps, till Madame shall be in her own room," Hubert hastened to say.

"Decidedly," thought Jeanne, "he sends me away." A vague feeling of anxiety troubled her for a moment, but was immediately dismissed.

SEEING THAT JEANNE was leaving, Madame Hubert went up to her quickly, and seized her hands, with an impulse of pity which did not escape the countess's observation. This time she felt something like fright, but this feeling also she easily banished from a soul full of joy and hope. Nevertheless, she would have liked to ask Madame Hubert for an explanation of her pity. She opened her mouth for that purpose; but Hubert took her hand, with more decision than politeness, and led her to the door.

The countess found in the corridor eight archers waiting—she wondered for whom, or for what. In advance of the archers was the turnkey who every evening conducted her to her chamber. He went on before Jeanne, as if to show her the way.

"I am to return to my room?" asked the countess.

"Yes, Madame," replied the turnkey.

Jeanne took hold of the iron railing and ascended the stairs, preceded by the man. Reassured, she suffered herself to be locked in her chamber, and even thanked the kindly turnkey, who immediately withdrew.

As soon as she was alone, Jeanne began to give vent to the joy she had so long concealed. Suddenly she heard steps in the corridor, the jingling of keys, a key in the lock of her door.

"What now?" thought she, lifting her head and listening.

The turnkey entered.

"What is it, Jean?" asked Jeanne, in her gentle, careless tone.

"Will Madame please to follow me?"

"Whither?"

"Downstairs, Madame."

"Downstairs—what do you mean?"

"To the office."

"For what, if you please?"

"Madame——"

Jeanne took a step toward him, as he hesitated, and then she saw, in the corridor, the archers whom she had noticed before. "Come," she said, with some agitation, "tell me why they summon me to the office."

"Madame, Monsieur Doillot your counsel is there, and wishes to see you."

"At the office? Why not here?"

"Madame, Monsieur Doillot has received letters from Versailles, which he wishes to communicate to you."

JEANNE FAILED to notice that this reply was no answer. "Letters from Versailles!" she said to herself—"from the court! Has the queen, then, interceded for me? Is it possible that— But why waste time in guessing, when in two minutes I can know the truth?" Then, to the turnkey, "Wait for me a moment while I arrange my dress."

"I will wait, Madame; but I beg you to consider that Monsieur Doillot has but little time to spare."

Jeanne closed the door, and in five minutes had completed her preparations, in such eager haste was she to receive the expected order for her departure. She followed the turnkey downstairs in the excitement of joyous anticipation; but instead of turning to the left, toward the office, the turnkey turned toward a small door at the right.

"Where are you going, then?" Jeanne asked. "The office is not there."

"Come, come, Madame," said the turnkey, in a coaxing manner, "this is the way to the place where Monsieur Doillot is awaiting you." He passed through in advance, drawing after him the prisoner, who heard the door close, and bolts on the outside pushed noisily to their places. She was surprised, but seeing no one in the darkness, hazarded no questions. She took two or three steps forward, and stopped. By aid of a faint light, penetrating an iron grating covered with spiders' webs and dust, she discovered that she was in a dungeon, alone with her conductor.

"Monsieur," she said, subduing her terror, "why are we here? Where is Monsieur Doillot, to whom you were to conduct me?"

The turnkey made no reply. He turned around as if to see whether the door by which they had entered was securely closed. Jeanne followed this movement with terror. The idea came to her that she had to do with one of those amorous jailers described in the romances of the period, who, when their prey is about to escape them, constitute themselves tyrannic masters of the fair captive, and offer liberty in exchange for love.



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Jeanne was strong, and had no fear of being taken by surprise; nor was she encumbered by modesty. She approached the turnkey, smiling, and said, "My friend, what do you want? Have you something to say to me? The time of a prisoner within reach of liberty is precious. It is an ugly sort of rendezvous you have selected for your conversation with me."

The turnkey did not understand her, and made no reply. He sat down and waited.

"But," said Jeanne, "I ask you again, why are we here?" She began to think the man was crazy.

"We are waiting for Monsieur Doillot," replied the turnkey.

JEANNE SHOOK her head. "Monsieur has chosen badly his time and place for communicating to me the letters from Versailles. It is not possible that he should make me wait here. No; there is something else."

She had hardly spoken these words when a door, which she had not noticed, was opened in front of her. Beyond this door was an obscure passage, and beyond that Jeanne caught a momentary glimpse of an open place thronged with eager-looking men and women. Three men appeared at the door. Behind them Jeanne could see four bayonets. Three men entered the dungeon, and the door was closed.

Jeanne passed from surprise to surprise—or rather, from anxiety to terror. Her name was called before she had recovered herself sufficiently to exclaim. He who called her name was the youngest of the three men. He was dressed in black, kept his hat on his head, and held in his hand a roll of papers. "You are, Madame," he said, "Jeanne de Saint-Remy de Valois, married to Marie Antoine Nicolas, Comte de La Motte?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You were born at Fontette, July 22, 1756?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You reside at Paris, in the Rue Saint Claude?"

"Yes, Monsieur; but why these questions?"

"Madame, I am sorry that you do not recognize me; I have the honour to be the clerk of the court."

"I recognize you."

"Then, Madame, I may perform the duty of my office, recognized by you."

"To what, if you please, does your official duty call you?"

"To read to you, Madame, the sentence pronounced against you by the court."

Jeanne shuddered. "You are," she said, "Breton the clerk; but who are these two gentlemen with you?"

The clerk was about to answer, when the turnkey, moved by pity or by apprehension, rushed to him and whispered, "Don't tell her!"

Jeanne heard him, and looked at those two men more attentively. Their aspect frightened her, and she recoiled.

The clerk went nearer to her, and said, "On your knees, Madame, if you please."

"On my knees!" cried Jeanne—"on my knees!—I, a Valois, on my knees!"

"It is the order, Madame," said the clerk, bowing.

"But, Monsieur, one is obliged to kneel only after being sentenced to a degrading punishment, and banishment is not so regarded in the law of France."

"I have not told you, Madame, that you were condemned to banishment," said the clerk, in a tone of sadness.

"To what, then, am I condemned?" cried Jeanne.

"You will learn that by listening to the sentence, Madame; and you will first, if you please, kneel down."

"Never! never!"

"Madame, it is ordered that if the condemned refuses to kneel, force must be employed—"

"Force!—to a woman?"

"A woman has no more right than a man to fail in respect to the king and the law."

"And to the queen!" cried Jeanne, furiously, "for I recognize in this the hand of an angry woman."

"You are wrong in accusing the queen, Madame. She has nothing to do with the judgments of the court. Come, Madame, I entreat; spare us the necessity of violence. On your knees!"

"Never! never! never!"

The clerk made a sign to the two men who had entered with him, who thereupon seized Jeanne, and dragged her to the middle of the dungeon in spite of her cries and shrieks.

"It is useless to cry out in this way," said the clerk: "no one outside can hear you, and you cannot hear me read the sentence."

"Allow me to hear it standing, and I will listen in silence," said Jeanne, panting.

"Whenever a culprit is to be whipped," said the clerk, "the punishment—"

"Whipped!" shrieked Jeanne—"whipped! Ah, you scoundrel, whipped!"

Her cries became so appalling that all the men, bewildered, thought only of meeting force by force; they threw themselves upon Jeanne, and forced her down. But she resisted victoriously; when they would place her in a kneeling posture, she made her muscles as stiff as steel, meanwhile inflicting serious wounds with her feet and hands. One of the men took hold of her feet, and held them as in a vise. Two others held her by the wrists, and all called on the clerk to read the sentence.

"I will never allow a sentence to be read that condemns me to infamy," cried Jeanne, struggling with superhuman strength; and she uttered such cries and shrieks that she could not hear a word of what was read to her. When she thought he had finished, she became silent, and sought to recover strength for a renewal of the struggle.

"And," calmly continued the clerk, "the

sentence is to be executed, as usual, in the court-yard of the Palace of Justice."

"Publicly!" screamed the unhappy woman. "Oh—"

"Monsieur de Paris," said the clerk, to one of the men with him, "I place this woman in your hands."

"Who, then, is that man?" asked Jeanne, in a last paroxysm of rage and terror.

"The executioner," said the clerk, bowing and readjusting his ruffles.

THE TWO MEN took hold of Jeanne, and lifted her up to carry her toward the passage-way which she had seen when the door was opened. It is impossible to describe the resistance she made. This woman, who ordinarily would have fainted on receiving the slightest wound, sustained for nearly an hour the harsh treatment and the blows of the executioner and his assistant. She was dragged to the outer door without ceasing for a moment to utter the most frightful cries.

Beyond this door was the court-yard, to which a crowd of two or three thousand spectators had been drawn by the erection of the scaffold. From every direction cries arose, "Here she is! here she is!" together with epithets not complimentary to the condemned, and here and there remarks not very considerate of the judges. For Jeanne had calculated correctly; since her condemnation, fixing her attitude of hostility to the queen, a party had been formed in her favour.

But Monsieur de Crosne had taken his precautions. The front rows were occupied by spectators who were devoted to those who paid the expenses of the spectacle. The anger against the queen had been utilized in her favour; the supporters of the cardinal hooted Jeanne, who had separated her cause from his. So that on her appearance there were loud cries of, "Down with La Motte! down with the forger!"

Jeanne was almost at the end of her strength, but not at the end of her rage. In her clear, vibrating, metallic voice she launched a few words which, as if by enchantment, stilled the noisy murmurs. "Do you know who I am?" she said. "Do you know that I am of the blood of your kings? Do you know that in me they strike at, not a culprit, but a rival?—not a rival only, but an accomplice?"

Here she was interrupted by the cries of persons in Monsieur de Crosne's employment. But she had awakened curiosity, if not interest; and the curiosity of a mob is a thirst that must be assuaged. The silence proved to Jeanne that they wished to hear more.

"Yes," she repeated, "an accomplice! In me they punish one who knows the secrets of—"

"Be careful!" whispered the clerk.

She turned around. The executioner held a whip in his hand. "Mercy! mercy!" she cried, in a heart-rending tone.

(Continued on page 133)

The hootings of the crowd drowned her voice. Jeanne clung to the executioner's knees, and succeeded in getting hold of his hand; but he raised the other hand, and let the whip fall gently on the countess's shoulders. Strange to say, when she found that the executioner was sparing her, she rushed upon his assistant, and sought to overcome him, and throw herself from the scaffold. But suddenly she sprang back. This man held in his hand a red-hot iron which he had that moment withdrawn from a brazier. He raised this iron, and Jeanne started back with a wild cry. "Branded!" she exclaimed—"branded!"

The mob replied by a terrible cry. "Yes! yes!" roared three thousand mouths.

"Help! help!" cried Jeanne, beside herself, trying to break the cords with which they had bound her hands.

MEANTIME THE EXECUTIONER was tearing, being unable to open, the dress of the countess, and while with a trembling hand he parted the torn material he tried to seize the hot iron offered by his assistant. But Jeanne rushed upon the assistant, making him draw back, for he did not dare to touch her; so that the executioner, unable to grasp the sinister implement, expected from the crowd some denunciation of himself. The multitude, excited, and beginning to admire that vigorous defence, manifested their impatience; the confusion became threatening.

"Make an end of it," cried a voice from the front ranks—an imperious voice, which doubtless the executioner recognized; for by a mighty effort he threw Jeanne down, bending her nearly double, and with his left hand, inclining her head. She sprang up again, more heated than the iron with which she was threatened, and in a voice that rose above the tumult, "Cowardly Frenchmen!" she cried, "you do not defend me! You suffer me to be tortured!"

"Be silent!" said the clerk.

"Be silent!" said the commissary.

"Silent! Ah, yes!" replied Jeanne. "To what does silence bring me? Yes, I submit to the disgrace; it is my own fault."

"Ah! ah! ah!" cried the crowd, not understanding her meaning.

"Be silent!" repeated the clerk.

"Yes, my fault," said Jeanne, still struggling; "for if I had been willing to speak out—"

"Be silent!" roared the clerk, the commissary, and the executioners.

"Had I been willing to tell all I know about the queen—well, I might have been hanged, but I should not have been dishonoured."

She could say no more; for the commissary leaped upon the scaffold, followed by agents of the police who gagged the unhappy woman, and delivered her, palpitating, bruised, her face swollen, livid, bleeding, to the two executioners. One of these again bent down his victim, at the same time seizing the iron, which his

assistant succeeded in handing to him. But Jeanne, like a serpent, eluded his grasp, and springing up once more, she turned with frenzied excitement toward the executioner, and offered her breast to him defying him with her eyes. The fatal instrument which was aimed at her shoulder struck her on the right breast, marking its smoking and consuming furrow in the living flesh, and wringing from the victim, gagged as she was, one of those moans which have no equivalent in sounds produced by the human voice. Jeanne was vanquished by the pain and shame; she fainted. The executioner took her on his shoulder, and with uncertain steps bore her down the ignominious ladder.

The multitude, silent, either because they approved or because they were filled with consternation, did not withdraw until the doors of the prison were closed once more upon the victim. Then they slowly retired, and the place resumed its ordinary tranquillity. At the end of the bridge two men, young and thoughtless, conversed as follows:

"Do you really believe, Maximilien, that it is Madame de La Motte whom the executioner has branded?"

"They say so, but I do not believe it," replied the taller of the two.

"No," said the other, a small man of vulgar appearance; "it is not Madame de La Motte whom they have branded. As they have found a Mademoiselle Oliva as a way of escape for the queen, so they have found a pretended Madame de La Motte to confess the forgery. You will say that she was branded—bah, a farce for which the executioner and the victim were paid."

"It is a great deal to consent to be branded on the breast," replied the taller speaker. "The farce of which you speak seems to me not proved. You are more of a doctor than I, and you must have smelled the burning flesh."

"A mere matter of money, I tell you. They have paid some one who was condemned to be branded—"

"There, there," said he who had been called Maximilien, "I will not follow you on that ground; it is not solid."

"But you yourself said just now that you did not believe it was Madame de La Motte who had been branded."

"No; I still do not believe it," said the young man, smiling.

"Who was it, then?"

"It was the queen," said the young man, in a sharp tone, to his sinister-looking companion; and he accented the words with his indescribable smile.

The other drew back, laughing explosively at the jest; then, looking around him, "Adieu, Robespierre," he said.

"Adieu, Marat," replied the other; and they separated.

CHAPTER XCVII

THE MARRIAGE

AT NOON OF THE SAME DAY the king came forth from his cabinet, and took his way to the square salon, in which

already was the queen, surrounded by her little court. Marie Antoinette, pale beneath her rouge, listened with forced attention to the questions regarding her health addressed to her by Madame de Lamballe and Monsieur de Calonne. But she often glanced furtively at the door—eagerly, as if desiring to see; and timorously, as if afraid to see.

"The king!" cried one of the ushers.

Louis XVI. stood on the threshold, and his eyes sought, first of all, Marie Antoinette. She rose and advanced to meet the king, who gracefully kissed her hand. "You are wonderfully beautiful today, Madame," said he.

She smiled sadly, and again searched vaguely among the throng.

"The bridal party have not yet arrived?" asked the king.

"Sire," replied the queen, with a violent effort at self-control, "Monsieur de Charny is here, and waits in the corridor till your Majesty shall order him to come in."

"Charny is there?" cried the king. "Let him come in at once." Some of the gentlemen withdrew to carry the order to Monsieur de Charny. The queen nervously placed her hand on her heart, and sat down with her back to the door.

"Why, it is noon," said the king; "the bride should be here."

Monsieur de Charny appeared at the door in time to hear the king's words, to which he immediately replied, "Your Majesty will pardon the involuntary delay of Mademoiselle de Tarverney. Since her father's death she has not left her bed. Today she rises for the first time, and she would have been here already but for a fainting fit by which she had been attacked."

"That dear child loved her father so much! Well, since she has found a good husband, let us hope that she will be consoled."

The queen listened in a motionless attitude, but the blood left her face to fill her heart.

"Monsieur de Breteuil," said the king, suddenly, "have you sent the order for Cagliostro's banishment?"

"Yes, Sire," replied the minister, with humility.

"And that La Motte, who calls herself Valois—is she not to be branded today?"

"At this moment, Sire, it is probably done."

The queen's eyes sparkled; a murmur of forced approbation was heard in the salon.

"It will annoy Monsieur le Cardinal to know that his accomplice has been branded," continued the king, with a persistence in severity which was unusual with him. Having uttered that word "accomplice," applied to an accused person acquitted by the parliament—a word that scourged the idol of the Parisians, and stigmatized as a thief and a forger one of the princes of the Church, one of the first noblemen in France—the king, as if in



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supporting the honour of his wife he would send a solemn defiance to the clergy, to the nobles, to the parliaments, to the people, looked around with eyes in which flamed that anger and that majesty which no one had seen in France since the eyes of Louis XIV. had closed in eternal sleep.

Not a murmur, not a word of assent responded to that vengeance which the king was taking on all who had conspired to dishonour the monarchy. He approached the queen, who held out both her hands with an expression of profound gratitude.

At this moment Mademoiselle de Taverny appeared, looking more like a ghost than a bride. Philippe held her by the hand. She advanced with quick steps, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, depending on her brother's guidance. Thus she approached the king. Philippe pressed her hand; she opened her eyes and saw Louis XVI. smiling upon her. She made a reverence, and a murmur of the spectators applauded her beauty.

"Mademoiselle," said the king, taking her hand, "they tell me you are suffering, and that afflicts me. But I must do what I can for the happiness of those who serve me as does Monsieur de Charny. Should you not marry him today I could not be present at the ceremony, since I set out tomorrow with the queen on a journey through France. Come with me to the queen, Mademoiselle, and thank her; for her Majesty has a strong affection for you." Thus speaking, he led Andrée to Marie Antoinette. The queen, much agitated, could hardly raise her eyes; she saw only Andrée's marriage-robe.

"To the chapel, gentlemen," said the king, and all followed the king and queen.

The Mass was begun immediately. The queen listened with her head buried in her hands, and praying with all the strength of her soul. Monsieur de Charny, pale and handsome, was as cool and brave as in the midst of battle, but was suffering much more.

Philippe gave all his attention to his sister, trembling and tottering, and was ready to support her by word and gesture.

Andrée uttered no prayer; she formed no wishes. She had nothing to hope, nothing to fear. Henceforth she was nothing in the eyes of men, nothing to God. "Am I a Christian?" she asked herself. "Am I like other persons? Hast thou appointed me to a righteous life—thou, who art called the sovereign Arbiter? Thou hast always punished me, who have never sinned. Thou hast provided that I should have for a mortal enemy the only man whom I have loved! No; the things of this world and the laws of God do not concern me; doubtless I was cursed before my birth. It is very strange. Here is a man the sound of whose name alone would make me die of happiness. Had he come to ask me for myself, I should have been obliged to kneel at his feet, and beg his pardon for my fault of other days for thy fault, my God; and he perhaps

would have repulsed me. And now this man marries me; and it is he who will beg for pardon on his knees. It is strange, strange indeed."

The ceremony concluded, the assembled party congratulated the newly married couple. The Admiral de Suffren, on the return from the chapel, took Andrée's hand, and in Olivier's name promised her the happiness she so much deserved. Andrée thanked the admiral, and begged him to conduct her to the king that she might thank him. Charny followed at a distance, without daring to approach her.

THE ADMIRAL crossed the grand salon, and conducted Andrée to the king, who kissed her on the forehead and said, "Madame la Comtesse, go to the queen; she has a nuptial present for you."

Having spoken these words, which seemed to him very gracious, the king withdrew, followed by the court, leaving the young bride despairing in Philippe's arms.

"Oh," she murmured, "it is too much! It is too much, Philippe! I thought that I had already endured enough."

"Courage!" said Philippe, in a low tone. "Only this one trial more, sister."

"No, no," said Andrée; "I cannot. If she speaks to me, if she congratulates me, I shall die."

"You will die if you must, my dear sister; and in that you will be happier than I."

Philippe uttered these words so sadly that Andrée, as if stimulated by a goad, rushed forward and entered the library, where the queen, notwithstanding the season—for it was the month of June—was sitting by a fire.

Andrée remained standing, trembling with anger and with weakness too, and waited for the word which should strike her to the heart.

A minute—a century—elapsed before the queen made any motion. Then she rose, leaning on the chair, and with trembling fingers took a paper from the table. She advanced toward Andrée, and without speaking, placed the paper in her hands.

Between these two hearts speech was superfluous. Andrée took the paper, and read it. It was as follows:

Andrée, you have saved me. My honour is preserved by you; my life is yours. In the name of that honour, which costs you so much, I declare to you that you may call me your sister. Try me; you will not see me blush. I entrust you with this paper—it is the pledge of my gratitude; it is the dowry which I give you. Your heart is noble; it will be able to appreciate the present I bestow on you.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE
LORRAINE D'AUTRICHE.

Andrée looked at the queen. She saw her eyes moistened with tears, as with drooping head she awaited a response. She slowly crossed the room, placed in the fire the queen's note, and bowing profoundly, but still without speaking, she passed out of the library. Marie Antoi-

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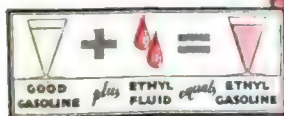
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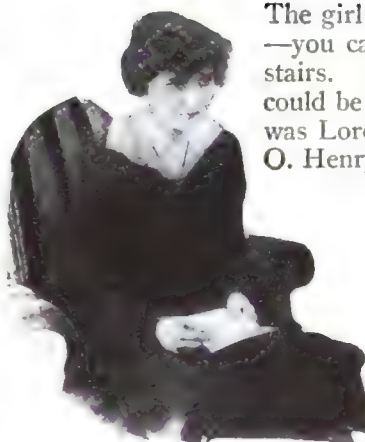
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nette made a movement to stop her, to follow her; but the inflexible countess, leaving the door open, went to rejoin her brother in the salon.

Philippe called Charny, took his hand and placed it in that of Andrée, while on the threshold of the library behind the portière, which she held aside with her arm, the queen witnessed the painful scene.

Charny withdrew like the bridegroom of Death carried off by his livid bride—looking back at the pale face of Marie Antoinette, who, as she thought, saw him disappearing forever.

At the gate of the palace two traveling-carriages were waiting. Andrée got into the first, and as Charny prepared to follow her, "Monsieur," she said, "you are, I believe, setting out for Picardy."

"Yes, Madame."

"And I am going to the place in the country where my mother died. Adieu."

"Have you remained to tell me that you are my enemy?" said Olivier to Philippe.

"No, Monsieur; you are not my enemy, since you are my brother-in-law."

Olivier offered his hand, got into the second carriage and departed.

Philippe, left alone, wrung his hands in the agony of despair, and said in a voice choked by emotion, "My God, for those who do their duty on the earth, dost thou reserve some little joy in heaven? Joy!" he exclaimed, looking once more toward the palace, "I speak of joy! I have not even the happiness of wishing to die."

Thereupon he cast his eyes aloft, without bitterness, but with the mild reproach of a Christian soul whose faith is wavering, and disappeared, as Charny had done and Andrée, amid the first blasts of a storm which was to uproot a throne, and involve in its ruin so many worldly honours and so many human passions.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following is a translation of one of the letters purported to have been written by the queen to the cardinal, delivered by the Countess de La Motte to the infatuated prelate.

May 15, 1784.

I cannot disapprove of the desire you have of seeing me. I could wish, in order to facilitate you the means, to remove all obstacles that oppose it; but you would not have me act imprudently, to bring about more expeditiously a thing which you must be persuaded you will shortly obtain.

You have enemies who have done you much disservice with the minister (1) (the countess will tell you the meaning of that word, which you must use for the future). The turning of them out cannot but be advantageous to you. I know the changes and revolutions that are to happen, and have calculated all the circumstances which will infallibly bring forward the opportunities which I desire. In the interim be very cautious, above all, discreet; and, as there is no foreseeing what may happen, be reserved, and circumspect in what you hereafter write to me.

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Travel News

By ROGER SHAW

Spain Opens Its Gates

SPAIN HAS COME to the cross-roads. This Old-World country is now making a determined bid in the world of arts, industry, and commerce, through the medium of two great expositions, one at Seville and the other at Barcelona, which are scheduled to open this Spring, between March and May, under the auspices of the King.

The former is the *Ibero-American Exposition*, stressing the arts in particular, and the latter is to be called an *International Exhibition of Arts, Industry, and Commerce*. The Marquis de Foronda, Spain's leading industrialist, is President at Barcelona, where no less than fourteen palaces are to be devoted to industry and commerce, in which the marvels of science will be shown. A classical Grecian theatre will present ancient drama, while a huge stadium seating 60,000 people will present a program including every branch of sport, from the native bull-fighting and Cuban *jai-alai* to American football.

Barcelona will offer the unique spectacle of an all-Spanish village containing 320 houses which are exact models of historic, picturesque, or merely typical homesteads scattered throughout the realm. This village is to be peopled while the exhibition is in progress, and native arts and handicrafts will be plied in the houses and on the streets. A complete domestic survey of Spanish life, it is to remain as a permanent monument in the Barcelona suburb of Mont Juich.

One of the most interesting sights which Barcelona offers is the *Sardana*, a dance most popular among Catalans native to the province, and set to a music which is Spanish, Oriental, and African. Circular groups of from three to hundreds may take part, and in fact it becomes a "free-for-all" in which soldiers, sailors, girls, old women, and babies may be found in twirling groups which nightly enliven the streets.

Other attractions at the Northern fair include the largest fountain in the world, luminous with kaleidoscopic lights and using 1,000,000 gallons of water per hour. It was constructed at a cost of \$450,000.

The first international light fair in history, tracing the development of all forms of illumination, will be an opening feature, and there is to be an International Press Congress as well as an "American Week" in honour of visitors from overseas—for whose entertainment elaborate preparations have been made.

The combined cost of palaces, fountains, gardens, and ornamentation at the two fairs amounts to around \$100,000,000—a stupendous figure.

All the buildings are being constructed for permanent use, those at Barcelona probably for consular buildings and council headquarters, while Seville's may be given over to the famous university there.

While Barcelona stresses the industrial aspects of a modern world, Seville is to

live up to its "Ibero-American" title and so extend a royal welcome to all American personages and products—North, South, and Central. Its purpose is to develop Spanish markets amid a general house-party atmosphere, and to promote good-will in the various contacts with Latin America and the United States. A great canal has been constructed—"The Alfonso XIII"—on the Guadalquivir, connecting Seville with the sea sixty miles away, and enabling ocean liners to sail directly up to the city and the exposition grounds. This canal is costing \$20,000,000—no mean gesture of hospitality to the incoming visitor.

THE CENTRAL BUILDING of the Seville exposition is the *Plaza de España*, crescent shaped, with minarets at either end in the Moorish style. It is representative of the forty-nine provinces of Spain, and within are emblazoned many historic scenes from Spanish history. The Moorish imprint is everywhere visible in the surfacing treatments of the houses of Seville. of park Maria Luisa where the exposition is situated, and in the gardens with their endless rows of flower pots in which are growing the blossoms of the East. In colouration, polychrome tile, technique in brick masonry, iron work grills, and ceiling details, the same tradition is preserved, while Spanish life moves two hours later than that of the rest of Europe—lunch at 2, dinner at 9, theatre at 11, and bed at 2, with time out for a pleasant Moorish siesta at noon-time.

Thus Spain is opening her doors to the world and its achievements, the while proudly showing what she herself can produce in the fields of art, industry, and commerce—through expositions that conclusively prove her to be most progressive with all her undoubted charm and historic past. Evidently the "booster" spirit is not exclusively a Yankee product, and much credit is due to General Primo de Rivera, under whose leadership internal peace has been preserved, the Moroccan War ended, the country's floating debt consolidated, the budget balanced, and public confidence restored—all these factors rendering possible the elaborate panoply and constructive accomplishment of Barcelona and Seville.



By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway
Seville's Tower of Gold.



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An Exhibition Village at Barcelona.

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Investment Standards

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

IT IS A WELL-ADVERTISED FACT that stock market movements have broken all precedents. Theories of investing have naturally changed, too, until the average investor is today in a state of bewilderment. He is being urged by every investment adviser to divide his savings between stocks and bonds; but he is unable to tell what particular stocks and bonds will offer the best and safest possibilities in the long run.

The investor who follows the advice of authoritative and discriminating experts eventually reaps larger returns than the one who listens to every rumour and tries to single out the best possibilities from all of the gossip he hears. Too many cooks spoil the broth. On the other hand, there are a few investment standards which every potential investor should follow if his investments are to prove profitable over a period of years.

Federal Action Compels Diversification

To be sure, fortunes have been made by people who ignored all investment theories and standards and staked everything upon the success of one or two ventures. One of the most striking of these is the Payne Whitney fortune. Superficially, the number of securities owned by the estate would seem to show wide diversity of investment. Investigation into the history of the fortune, however, shows that about fifty years ago Colonel Payne banked everything upon the success of two industries, oil and tobacco. He was more far-seeing—we cannot call him more lucky—than most, in investing in Standard Oil and American Tobacco, the two companies which were destined to become the greatest in their respective fields. In 1911, during the "trust-busting" era, these two companies were dissolved under the Sherman Act, on the ground that they held monopolies in their industries.

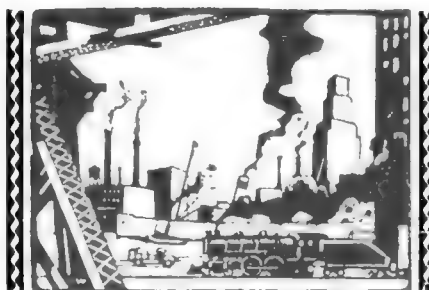
The Standard Oil was split into many smaller companies, which were made to

compete against one another. All were known collectively as the Standard Group. Some retained the name Standard, such as Standard of New York, and New Jersey; others of the group did not.

The American Tobacco Company, in disintegrating, got rid of its R. J. Reynolds stock, and some of its companies were sold to interests who formed the Liggett & Myers and P. Lorillard companies. It was thus forced to divide against itself, and to form the basis of the competition now being waged between Lucky Strike, Old Gold, Chesterfield, and Camel cigarettes.

Watching the Basket

Colonel Payne's two wisely chosen investments grew into a huge fortune, but these wise investments were made by a man who was closely associated with the companies and knew the rarely-published inside details. Investment advisers



have no quarrel with the man who puts all his money into one or two ventures, if he devotes his life to those industries. To him, Andrew Carnegie's motto applies with full force: "Put all your eggs in one basket—but watch the basket." But the investor who is not vitally concerned with the industry, who invests in the blind hope of making a killing because someone said it had a "great future," is acting unwisely. That sort of "investing" is gambling and is largely responsible for the loss

of billions of dollars by the small investor who has hoped to make an easy fortune.

Investment Standards

Investment standards are perhaps more difficult to keep in mind, and at the same time more necessary now, than ever before. The majority of the investing public is buying common stock with breathless impatience, apparently believing it a simple matter to prejudge future action. Stock and bond prices have been rising with minor interruptions for the past seven years, and, as a result, optimistic confidence has been injected into the public mind. Heedless investors are not interested in the causes of the rise. It is enough for them that tremendous paper fortunes have been piled up, and they want their share. The possibility that prices will not always rise at such a rapid pace doesn't seem to occur to them. Any new industry, whatever its uncertainties, seems to have an unlimited future if it appeals to the public imagination. For these investors there are no investment standards.

Need for Conservatism

There are still conservative investors, however, who are unwilling to believe that the old investment standards are worthless. To such people, the past seven years of rising stock prices have been years of great industrial accomplishment. They appreciate the effect which steady commodity price-level, an abundant supply of credit for business and security market expansion, and the maintenance of business at a high level have had upon both business and the security markets. Such a combination of favourable factors has invariably produced rising security prices.

As long as these conditions exist there can be no doubt about the immediate future. The question is, how long will the business situation remain so favour-

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Below you will see summaries of booklets issued by reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers and other financial institutions. Strict rules of eligibility are made concerning companies advertising in this magazine. In writing to them please mention the Golden Book.

The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a \$40,000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

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able, and how will the people react to new conditions when they arrive? It is at this moment within the power of the Reserve Banks to tighten or ease the credit situation. If a rising commodity price-level comes, will it be viewed with dismay or considered healthy? Will steps be taken to prevent an inflation of stock prices? These are only a few of the problems with which investment advisers have to contend.

As long as the country is experiencing such prosperity it is only natural for millions of small investors to be "bulls on the United States." At the same time it seems reckless to ignore the fact that for centuries business has never progressed without occasional retrogressions. The rule for all progress apparently is three steps forward and one backward.

Advice of Experts

Investment advisers still recommend the securities of those older companies with managements which have proved themselves capable of guiding them through both prosperous and troublesome times. It is not often that one can get the combined advice of several hundred investment experts. Recently, in order to get some standards from which investors could work out individual plans to fit their own cases, *Barron's Weekly* held a contest to determine what type of securities were being recommended today.

Several hundred advisers were asked to submit plans for the investing of \$100,000 by a middle-aged business man. The average results were as follows:

In Bonds		
Short term notes	8.7%	
Foreign bonds	5.2	
Government bonds	1.2	
Convertible bonds	2.0	
Other bonds	20.8	37.9%
In Preferred Stocks		
In Common Stocks		
Railroad	13.2	
Industrial	27.6	
Public Utilities	10.6	
Banks & Insurance	6.0	57.4
		100.0

While this particular plan fits only the case of a business man with \$100,000 to invest, the value of this plan lies in the standards it sets. Any investor can revise the plan to fit his own case. For instance, if the investment fund is smaller, or if there is a greater possibility that one might have to fall back on savings for cash, many advisers recommend a smaller percentage of stocks, and more bonds. Bonds can be cashed in more readily. On the other hand, if there is little possibility of needing cash in a hurry, it is generally believed that a greater risk can be taken; in other words, a larger proportion of the fund can go into common stocks.

Many of the plans submitted in the Barron contest recommended the purchase of specific securities, and it is significant that certain securities were recommended many times. There was a

notable tendency to recommend identical stocks, but a greater diversity of opinion as to which bonds were most advantageous.

Investment Stocks

The forty-five common stocks which were recommended most frequently are listed below in order of popularity. American Telephone was advised by two-thirds, United States Steel was next most popular, and Sears Roebuck is at the foot, although recommended by about one-twelfth. This list of course does not include all of the securities recommended, but only the most popular.

Stock	% Rise	Stock	% Rise
Am T & T.....	7.3	Texas Corp.....	2.28
U S Steel.....	5.0	S O Ind.....	15.2
Atchison.....	1.2	Int Harv.....	58.8
N Y Cent.....	14.7	Am Tob.....	2.3
Gen Elec.....	62.2	West Union.....	1.7
Penna R R.....	16.2	Ill Cent.....	6.8
Un Pac.....	14.0	El Bd & Shr.....	99.8
Gen Motors.....	41.9	Am Can.....	46.2
Con Gas N Y.....	71.2	Fleischman.....	17.5
Dupont.....	54.2	Gt North pf.....	13.2
South Pac.....	1.6	North Pac.....	10.9
Woolworth.....	11.4	Anaconda.....	98.3
S O N J.....	35.0	Ches & Ohio.....	6.5
Int T & T.....	31.4	Am Smelt.....	60.2
Allied Chem.....	60.8	Columbia Gas.....	51.6
Drug, Inc.....	49.9	Pub Serv N J.....	94.3
Westhouse E.....	52.8	Union Carb.....	34.4
Un Fruit.....unch'd		Am C & F.....	-13.6
Balt & Ohio.....	2.3	Can Pac.....	12.3
Kennecott.....	56.6	Com Edison.....	25.7
South Rwy.....	-1.6	Atl Coast L.....	-8.1
Eastman Ko.....	11.5	Sears Roebk.....	106.0
Nat'l Bis.....	11.0		

The prices of most of these stocks have risen steadily during the past year. The percentage increase from January to December 31st is shown above. While it is obvious that some stocks have risen more than others, it is remarkable that in a list of forty-five recommended stocks only three declined. The price changes range from a loss of 13.6 percent. to a 106 percent. increase, with the average increase for the year at 27.8 percent.

It is commonly recognized in brokerage circles that the demand for securities of this type from private investors, investment trusts, and fiduciary institutions, is taking large quantities of such certificates out of the market permanently. This reduction of the floating supply of stocks is believed to be one of the major factors influencing the trend of stock prices

Principles of Investing

There is more to be learned from this list. Every one of the forty-five most popular stocks is a dividend payer, and has been for years. Evidently, most advisers do not approve of the speculative issues for the major part of an investment list, but stick to those representative industries which promise to grow with the country, and which are already profitable enough to pay dividends. Many advisers, however, did recommend a few specialties in order to vitalize a list, although all agreed that stocks of long established concerns in fundamental industries should be in the majority. It was generally recommended that holdings be so diversified as to include at least twenty different

stock issues, representing almost as many different industries.

The bond recommendations were more varied. There was apparently some feeling that it was not always necessary to invest in bonds of the highest grade, but that middle quality often offered better possibilities.

Bond issues in the following companies were most frequently recommended:

Am Tel & Tel	Penna R R
Baltimore & Ohio	Seaboard Air Line
Anaconda Copper	Pacific Gas & Electric
Argentine Government	International Paper
Missouri Pacific	Kansas City Southern
U S Government	Chic, R I & Pac R R
Bethlehem Steel	Kingdom of Belgium
U S Rubber	Erie R R
Japanese Government	California Petroleum
Chesapeake Corporation	Kingdom of Norway
	Southern Railway

While the rapidity with which conditions change makes it impossible to tell how long these lists will be of practical use, they are valuable because they give some idea of what constitutes good investment policy according to a large group of investment advisers. There are hundreds of other stocks and bonds which offer as good or better possibilities than those named, but these plans offer standards by which the investor can make his own choice, and build a sound investment plan.



THE ELIGIBLE SON-IN-LAW

A Truly Clever Person who conducted a savings bank and lent money to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, was approached by a Tatterdemalion who applied for a loan of one hundred thousand dollars.

"What security have you to offer?" asked the Truly Clever Person.

"The best in the world," the applicant replied, confidentially; "I am about to become your son-in-law."

"That would indeed be gilt-edged," said the banker, gravely; "but what claim have you to the hand of my daughter?"

"One that cannot be lightly denied," said the Tatterdemalion. "I am about to become worth one hundred thousand dollars."

Unable to detect a weak point in this scheme of mutual advantage, the Financier gave the Promoter in Disguise an order for the money, and wrote a note to his wife directing her to count out the girl.

Fantastic Fables. (BIERCE.)

THE PROCRASTINATING BROKER

A Procrastinating Broker met a rich but simple Capitalist who was going down to Wall Street with a bag of Gold. "Tomorrow," he said to himself, "I will unload some Pacific Mail on that Snoozer." But, lo! when the morrow came, he found that the Capitalist had gone short on U. P. the night before and lost his Pile!

MORAL.—Never put off till Tomorrow the Man you can do Today.

Fables Out of "The World" (1878).

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

THE RE-ENTRY of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into the record lists of the Victor Company is an event worthy of celebration. The music the Orchestra presents is material for reflection, perhaps even fasting and prayer.

Mr. Koussevitzky gives us two of the works of Stravinsky—the "Petrushka" suite, and the music of the composer's latest ballet, "Apollon Musagetes," which may be translated as "Apollo, Ruler of the Muses." The pieces represent two phases of the mentality of this personage, who, for twenty years, has been a barometer of musical tendencies.

Igor Stravinsky runs before the wind. Pick any phase of twentieth century musical development and you may pick a work of Stravinsky to exemplify it. Coming on the stage when the Russian ballet was at the height of its international popularity, it was as a Russian nationalist that he made his name. The four great works of this period each attained (and still retain) a feverish vogue. They are the ballets "The Fire Bird," "Petrushka," and "The Rite of Spring," and the opera "The Nightingale." Of these works, the "Petrushka" of Mr. Koussevitzky's record, and the "Rite of Spring" (during the playing of which countless hungry record buyers daily face the east with appropriate chants) show in their plots and musical materials evidences of the spiritual changes to come.

"Petrushka" is a puppet show. Petrushka the puppet (Stravinsky the puppet, Everyman the puppet) loves and woos the Ballerina, whom the strong-armed Moor succeeds in winning, while the limp rags of the dead Petrushka are thrown aside carelessly by the relentless puppet-master. A simple allegory, rehearsed a thousand times by all the heart-twisters of the universe. But Stravinsky twists no hearts. Petrushka does not bleed and show his wounds. He simply crumples up and dies. There is no elegy, no cynical shout of "Ridi, Pagliaccio!" Petrushka, the mosquito on the nose of God, gets slapped, and that is all there is to it.

Again, in "The Rite of Spring" we see man in the grip of a tremendous mechanism. These are the rites of primitive Russians dancing their spring rounds, sacrificing their chosen virgins, that the earth may yield again. But it is no gay morris-dance or tripping country dance that is celebrated. The god to whom these rites are dedicated accepts the sweetly dripping blood with total indiffer-

ence. Maybe man will be permitted to live another summer, maybe not. The gods have other things, of much greater importance, to think about.

Once more, in "The Story of the Soldier," Stravinsky rattles the bones of mechanistic fate. This time the story of Faust is the theme. The soldier rises to great estate with the aid of the devil, and the devil gets him in the end. But to Faust redemption was possible. To Stravinsky's soldier nothing is offered but a flame, and no sympathetic tears are shed to cool it.

In the works of Stravinsky's cacophonous days the philosophy seems to have overcome the man. Why bother about human themes, and the will of the human molecule? Rhythms mean more than souls. A new harmony is much better than a new god. And so there is a scrambling chase after complexes in tone. Strange crystals of vibrating air fulfill the desire to give tone organized existence. Jokes, gurgles, "wise-cracks" animate musical instruments. (You may hear such in Polydor's record of the concertino for string quartet.)

The Older Musical Idiom

AND THEN MUSICAL GENIUS, actuated perhaps by this sort of spiritual desiccation in some cases, in others by a reaction from an over-emphasis upon sentiment and human sensation in music, discovered its past. There has come to be an unorganized, unrecognized pre-Beethoven brotherhood, with something of the same drive as that which motivated those painters who went behind Raphael to find purity. For, in Mozart and Haydn and Bach and Corelli music could speak deliciously its own significance. They were sure of their God, these old musicians, and so they did not worry about Him. The struggles of the heart were no concern of theirs. No discoverable passion excited their swiftly moving pens. So the grace of their music is sweet and cool to our ears.

Stravinsky was one of the first to use this older idiom. "Apollo, Ruler of the Muses," is one of his excursions in it. The ballet was commissioned by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, was written in 1927, and produced at the festival of chamber music given by Mrs. Coolidge at the Library of Congress last April. The plot is simple. Various muses demonstrate their charms to Apollo, who chooses Terpsichore, muse of the dance, as his favourite. The music moves simply

and joyously, in the manner of old-time Italian opera. At its *première* in Washington it seemed a little soft and wobbly, like an incubator baby. Perhaps when the record has made it familiar we shall feel in it a proper skeleton.

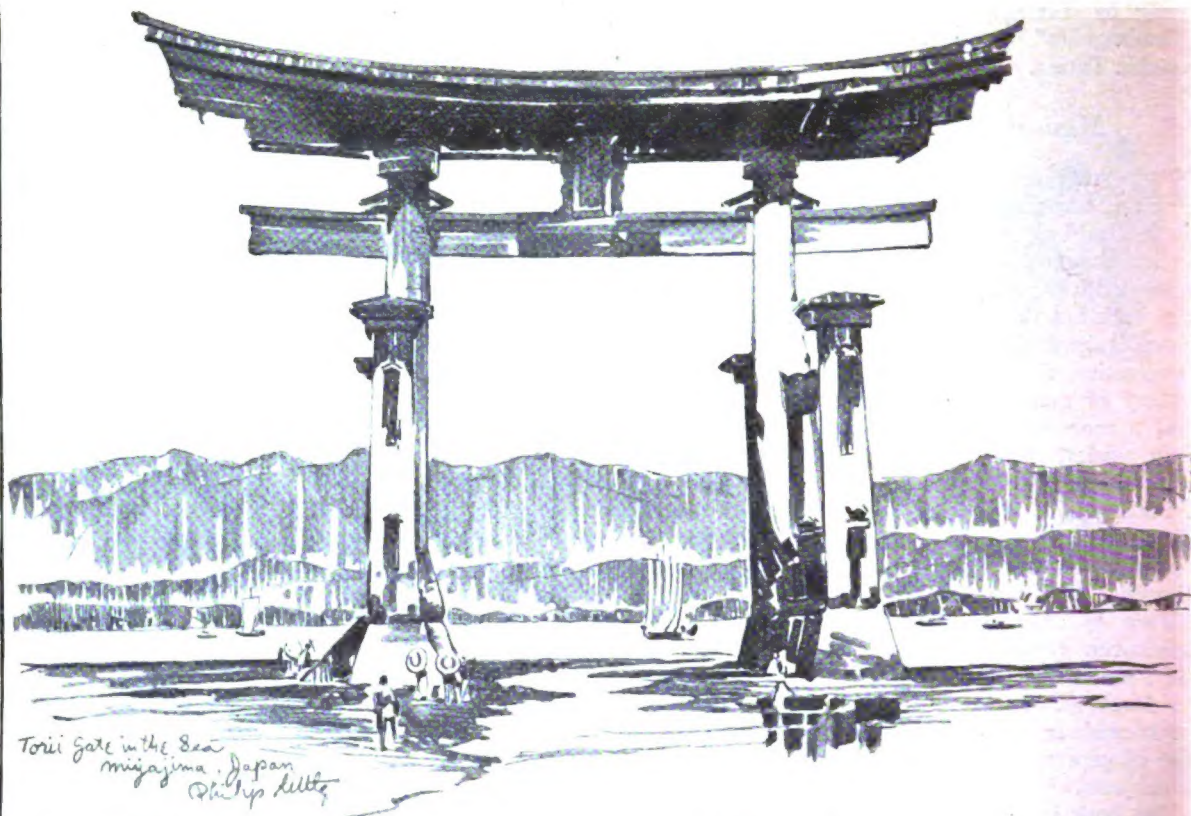
Racial Backgrounds

ANOTHER item of especial interest to be found in the new Victor lists is the records of Andres Segovia. In almost all the countries of the world music has taken on a nationalistic appearance. This national urge has taken two directions, forward and back. Composers work out new music with a racial background. Musicologists disturb old papers to discover deeply beautiful works from the forgotten past. England has its Williams, Bax, Bliss, Delius, and a hundred others to write its new music. It also has its English singers to present to us Gibbons, Weelkes, Wilbye, Morley, and the many other composers of madrigal and ballet in the days of Shakespeare and Drake. In France the new traditions are worked out by many celebrated young musicians, while the Society of Old Instruments digs up Mouret, Le Sueur, and the composers of the court of Louis Quatorze. And observe in America how we are going after our own musical background, as Spaeth, Sandburg, Odum, and all the others find our folk-songs and and publish them.

In Spain the forward tendency finds its full expression in a group of composers, of whom the most celebrated is Manuel De Falla, tone poet of Spanish spice and verve and even of Spanish geography, whose ballet suite, "The Three-Cornered Hat," concerned with Alarcón's novel, is also presented on a new Victor set. Segovia represents the backward movement. He plays the guitar, and makes of it an instrument as various as the organ. His is a miniature art. All tonal values are reduced to tiny brightnesses. Consequently his pigmy booms are louder than the orchestral monstrosities of Richard Strauss.

He does not strum the guitar. He makes it tinkle, or sing liquidly, or tell softly of far-away things, beyond the sight and memory of ordinary men. He is far from the ordinary vaudevillianous guitar virtuoso as a "confession" magazine is from Cellini's memoirs. Each of his records presents one old piece and one new. On the first is a sonatina by Torroba and a courante of J. S. Bach, and on the second record is a tremolo

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on to see the 'hairy' Ainu of the north island, quite comfortably within reach nowadays.

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